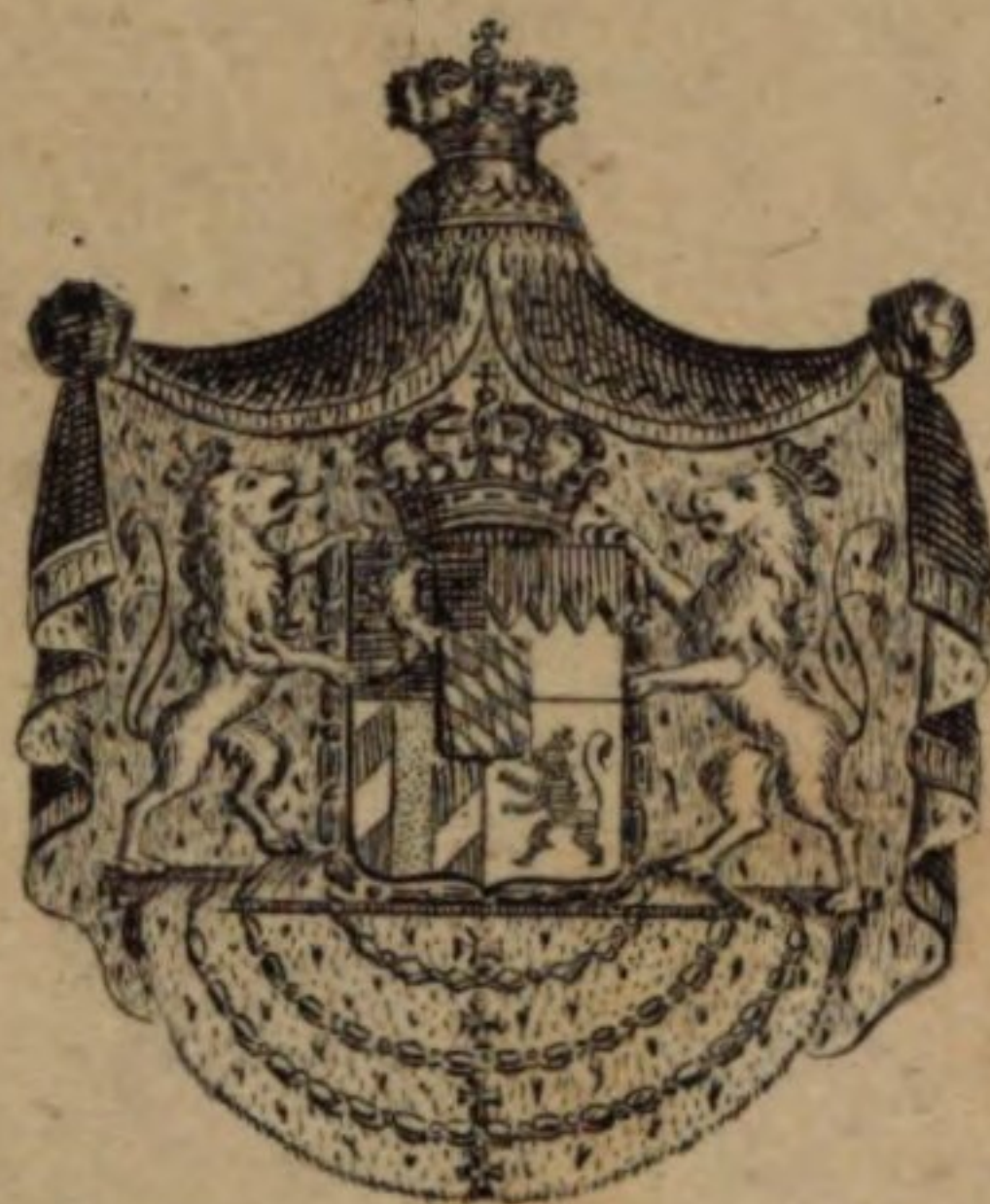


P.O. Angl.

Maria Edgeworth

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REGIA
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TALES

OF

FASHIONABLE LIFE,

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Tutta la gente in lieta fronte udiva
Le graziose e finte istorielle
Ed i difetti altrui tosto scopriva
Ciascuno, e non i proprj espressi in quelle;
O se de proprj sospettava, ignoti
Credeali a ciascun altro, e a se nol noti.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

ENNUI.—ALMERIA.—MADAME DE FLEURY.—THE DUN.



PARIS,

BAUDRY'S FOREIGN LIBRARY,

RUE DU COQ-SAINT-HONORÉ.

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1831.

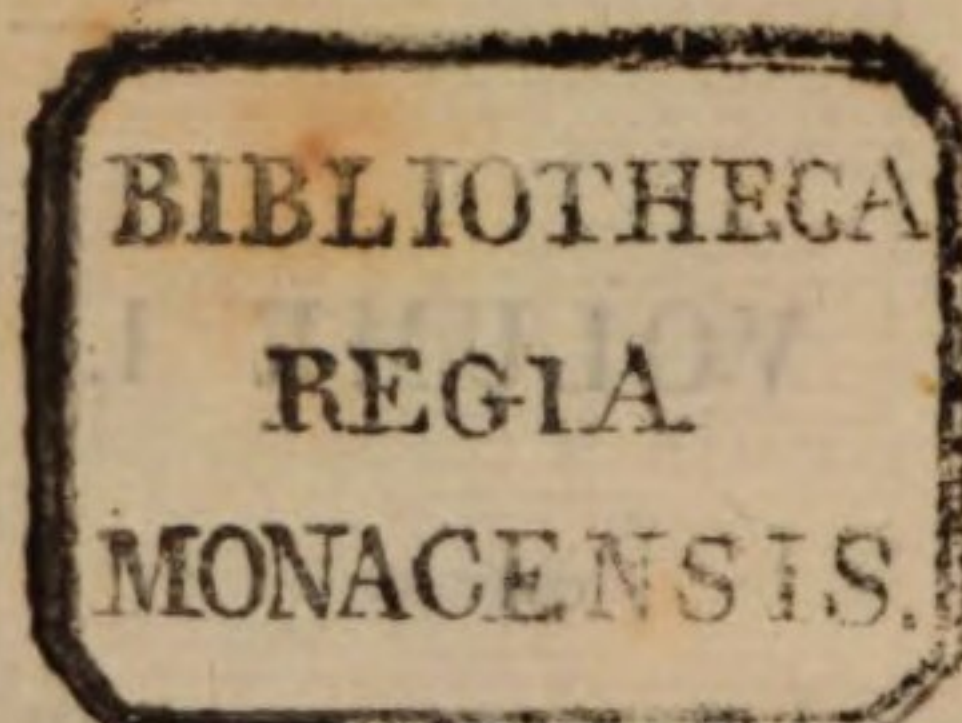
112. D.

TALLES

FASHIONABLE LIFE

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH

Yours is sent in great haste
The printer's name is not
The printer's name is not
The printer's name is not
The printer's name is not



PARIS

BAUDRY'S FOREIGN LIBRARY

ALL ALSO OF THE
THE ITALIAN; AND
THE ITALIAN; AND
THE ITALIAN; AND
THE ITALIAN; AND

1831

A CRITICAL ESSAY

ON

MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE name of Edgeworth has for many years been known and respected in the literary world. Mr. Edgeworth, the father, was a member of several philosophical societies, and the author of many valuable practical papers on the arts of social life. He particularly distinguished himself by some original experiments and tracts on the construction of roads and wheel-carriages. He also invented rational toys for purposes of education, and was for many years in habits of constant correspondence with the most distinguished literary persons of his time. The family of such a man were necessarily ingenious and literary, and one of his sons, Captain Beaufort, R. N. has acquired reputation as the author of a "Voyage in the Levant," and of "Nautical Surveys of the Coast of Caramania."

Mr. Edgeworth had three wives, two of them sisters, of the name of Sneyd, of Litchfield, and the subject of the present memoir is the eldest daughter, by the first marriage, of the said R. Lovel Edgeworth, of Edgeworth-town in the kingdom of Ireland. Superior in talents to her father, she has devoted herself to literary pursuits, with a zeal and success in which she has few rivals. One of her chief objects

has been to bring to greater perfection the system of female education, and she has succeeded in that object to a considerable degree. Her publications, all of which have been favourably received, are, *Letters to Literary Ladies*, 1799, in 1 vol. afterwards enlarged; *Practical Education*, 2 vols. 8vo., a work undoubtedly one of the best on that subject; *Early Lessons*, 10 parts, 1801; *Castle Rackrent*, a novel, 1802; *Moral Tales*, 3 vols. 12mo. 1802; in conjunction with her father, an *Essay on Irish Bulls*, 1803; *Popular Tales*, 3 vols. 1804; *The Modern Griselda*, a tale, 1804; *Leonora*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1806; *Adelaide*, 4 vols. 1806; *Tales of Fashionable Life*, 6 vols. 1809; *Essays on Professional Education*, 4to. 1809; *The Wife*, 4 vols. 1810; *Patronage*, 4 vols. 1814; *Readings on Poetry*, 1 vol. 1816; *Harrington and Ormond*, tales, 3 vols. 12mo. *The Parent's Assistant*, 7 vols. 18mo.: *Letters for Literary Ladies*, *Comic Dramas*, etc. etc.

It has been justly observed by a critic, that if it were possible for reviewers to envy the authors brought before them for judgment, we should be tempted to envy Miss Edgeworth, not so much for her matchless powers of probable invention, her never-failing good sense and cheerfulness, nor her fine discrimination of character, as for the delightful consciousness of having done more good than any other writer of her generation. The great art is the art of living, and the chief science the power of being happy. Miss Edgeworth is the great modern mistress in this school of true philosophy; by her many excellent tracts on education, she has conferred a benefit on the whole mass of the population, and discharged, with exemplary patience as well as extraordinary judgment, a task which superficial spirits may perhaps mistake for an humble and easy one. By her popular tales, she has rendered an invaluable service to the middling and lower orders of the people, and by her novels has made a great and meritorious effort to promote the happiness and respectability of the higher classes.

Novel-writing is perhaps the most remarkable addition which the moderns have made to literature. In a variety of

other instances they have prodigiously embellished and enlarged the structure bequeathed to them by antiquity: but in this they have built from the ground. Every thing that we see of this kind is planned by their genius, and fabricated out of materials exclusively their own. Some miserable attempts of the later Greeks will hardly be considered as contradicting this assertion. With the single exception of the Ethiopics of Heliodorus, they consist of a few tiresome stories, absolutely void of taste, invention, or interest, without influence even upon the declining literature of their own age, and in all probability quite unknown to the real forerunners of Richardson, Fielding, and Rousseau. In fact the means of making a novel did not exist. Slavery spread a gloomy uniformity over three-fourths of the population of Greece and Rome. The free citizens were chiefly devoted to public affairs, and their private life exhibited nothing but a stern unsocial strictness on the one hand, or a disgusting shameless profligacy on the other. To them that steady settled influence of women upon society was utterly unknown, which in modern times has given grace, variety, and interest to private life, and rendered the delineation of it one of the most entertaining and one of the most instructive forms of composition. Such persons, such feelings, and such events as our novels describe, did not exist till after the united effect of religion and chivalry—of religion in purifying—and of chivalry in softening the manners of men—had re-civilized the world with a more perfect civilization than was consistent with the habits and opinions prevalent in the most polished states of antiquity. The comic theatre of the ancients, which may be supposed to give a pretty accurate idea of their domestic habits, is barren both of character and incident, and the same notions of propriety which prevented all women above the servile state from appearing among the personages of a comedy, would equally have excluded them from any other work of fiction drawn from private life. But as soon as private life acquired sufficient interest and variety to render it worth describing, novels were invented to describe it, and following pretty

nearly the improvements of society, they have now become an important and very extensive branch of literature. In number they equal, in popularity they surpass every other. The public is delighted with the good ones, and content to read those that are bad. All classes of readers find a charm in the description of scenes which every one has witnessed, and of feelings with which every heart sympathizes. We doubt, however, whether the dignity of this species of composition has quite kept pace with its popularity—whether (speaking of Great Britain at least) people admire enough what they like perhaps too much—whether the same quantity of talent employed with equal success in any other way, would not have produced a larger share of fame. The readers of Homer and Virgil, of Sophocles and Shakspeare, are not only delighted with the genius of these great authors, but pride themselves upon the dignity of their own occupation. Nobody is at all conversant in their works who is not aware of the rank which they hold in the republic of letters: but we are inclined to suspect, that of the thousands who are charmed with the writings of Cervantes, Richardson, Fielding, and Rousseau, a very large portion are quite unaware that they are to be numbered among the most successful efforts of human wit, ingenuity, and eloquence. If there is a strong taste in favour of novels, there are also some prejudices against them. There is something undignified in their name and origin. The germ of them is to be found in those entertaining, but extravagant and unprofitable histories of giants, enchanters, knights and damsels, which were so eagerly read in a stage of society when the manners described in them were not become wholly obsolete, and when what may be called the *romantic mythology* still found a place in popular belief, but which fell into discredit at a more advanced period, and received their death-blow from the wit of Cervantes. It happened too that the earliest of those compositions to which we have now agreed to confine the name of *novels*, that is to say, the earliest fictitious accounts of probable events in private life, were of such a tendency that all grave persons were obliged, and all moral

persons were disposed, to discountenance them. Boccacio, who contributed so much to refine the language, did not a little to deprave the morals, of his country. He and his whole school are chiefly employed in the description of inflammatory scenes and profligate adventures. Even the greater and more recent writers are not free from some reproach. Le Sage's rogues are a great deal too agreeable and too prosperous. Richardson describes vice too plainly for modest ears. Rousseau and Fielding are also great offenders—though in widely different ways: Fielding too often makes virtue ridiculous; Rousseau tries to give dignity to vice.

But besides the blame justly cast upon some of the most celebrated novels for their immoral tendency, we have been sometimes inclined to suspect that this style of writing has suffered in public opinion by a prejudice derived from that 'age of erudition' which succeeded the revival of learning.

Whilst the ancients were considered (and, for some time, justly considered) as the great and only models of excellence, and whilst the successful imitation of their works was regarded as the highest point of literary ambition, a species of composition wholly unknown to them was not likely to be fairly appreciated, whatever its intrinsic merit might be. In fact, we find that Boccacio himself rested his chief title to fame, not upon his immortal 'Decamerone,' but upon some Latin books, the very names of which, though we have often met with them in the literary history of that age, we are not ashamed to say we do not recollect. The prejudice was then in its greatest force. It has grown gradually weaker, and may now be considered as wholly extinct; but if we are not much mistaken, some traces of it were observable in the literature of England till the very age in which we are living.

In respect too of morality, we are happy to observe that a great improvement has taken place of late years. It is, indeed, true that the press in England has produced some profligate novels, and that the press of France has teemed with them. But the most popular and distinguished works have been quite free from this disgrace. We owe this improve-

ment in a great measure, no doubt, to the increased morality, or at least decency of the age,—partly too, as we are inclined to think, to the circumstance of this branch of literature having fallen very much into the hands of the other sex, who are restrained by education, disposition, and custom within those bounds which have been too frequently passed by the celebrated writers of whom we have just ventured to complain. Indeed it is a task for which women appear to be particularly well qualified. They are, generally speaking, gifted with a nice perception of the various shades of character and manners. This faculty is cultivated by constant habit. Private life is every thing to them. The laws of society confine them within its sphere, and they are therefore likely to observe it with care and to describe it with precision. In France the most eminent writers of this class are females, and in England we can boast several who amply maintain the credit of their sex and nation—particularly Madame D'Arblay (Miss Burney), and the last, though not the least, Miss Edgeworth.

Of her works it is our duty to render some account in this memoir, but we trust we may be allowed in the first place to offer some general remarks upon an author already so well and so advantageously known to the world. We are the more inclined to do so, because Miss Edgeworth, with that vigour and originality which are among the principal characteristics of genius, has struck out a line of writing peculiar to herself—a line which it required considerable boldness to adopt, and no common talents to execute with effect. Not only has Miss Edgeworth interdicted to herself all those unfair and discreditable modes of obtaining popularity to which we have before alluded, but she has also voluntarily renounced many others that may be deemed fair, and comparatively harmless. We do not mean to speak merely of the entire absence of castles, drawbridges, spectres, banditti-caves, forests, moonlight and other scenes, which have furnished to Mrs. Ratcliffe and her school many a gorgeous and terrific tale. Her most distinguished contemporaries have been content to forego these easy embel-

lishments. But she has made some sacrifices, which, if we are not much mistaken, are peculiarly her own. Her pictures are all drawn in the soberest colours. She scarcely makes use of a single tint that is warmer than real life. No writer recurs so rarely, for the purpose of creating an interest, to the stronger and more impetuous feelings of our nature. Even love, the most powerful passion that acts within the sphere of domestic life—the presiding deity of the novel and the drama, is handled by her in a way very different from that in which we have been accustomed to see it treated in works of fiction. In them we find it represented sometimes as a guilty, sometimes as an innocent, but generally as an irresistible impulse—as a feeling which springs up spontaneously in the human breast,—now as a weed—now as a flower—but whether as a weed or as a flower, not to be eradicated. The old rule was for heroes and heroines to fall suddenly and irretrievably into love—if they fell in love with the right person, so much the better—if not, it could not be helped, and the novel ended unhappily. And above all, it was held quite irregular for the most reasonable people to make any use whatever of their reason on the most important occasion of their lives. Miss Edgeworth has presumed to treat this mighty power with far less reverence. She has analyzed it, and found that it does not consist of one simple element, but that several common ingredients enter into its composition—habit—esteem—a belief of some corresponding sentiment—and of some suitableness in the character and circumstances of the party. She has pronounced that reason, timely and vigorously applied, is almost a specific—and following up this bold empirical line of practice, she has actually produced cases of the entire cure of persons who had laboured under its operation. Having mastered love, of course she treats the minor passions with very little ceremony, and indeed she brings them out so curbed, watched, and circumscribed, that those who have been accustomed to see them range at large would hardly know them in their new trammels. Her favourite qualities are prudence, firmness, temper, and that active, vigilant good sense, which, without check-

ing the course of our kindly affections, exercises its influence at every moment, and surveys deliberately the motives and consequences of every action. Utility is her object, reason and experience her means. She makes vastly less allowance than has been usually made for those 'amiable weaknesses,' 'sudden impulses,' 'uncontrollable emotions,' which cut so great a figure in the works of her predecessors. Her heroes and heroines are far more thinking, cautious, philosophizing persons than ever before were produced in that character. She is, in fact, if we may be allowed to coin a word, an *anti-sentimental* novelist. Her books, so far from lending any countenance to vice, even in its most refined and agreeable form, afford some of the best lessons of practical morality with which we are acquainted. They teach, not merely by dry general maxims on the one hand, or by splendid examples on the other, but by reasons put into the mouths of the actors themselves, what is the right mode of conduct in circumstances of difficulty or temptation. She is constantly endeavouring to point out by the discussion of cases judiciously selected, or ingeniously invented, what is the road by which virtue conducts us to happiness. There is hardly any good quality to which Miss Edgeworth has not contributed her powerful recommendation; but the ultimate rewards of steadiness, independence, and honest persevering exertion, are those she is fondest of setting before our eyes, and we think her choice is sanctioned by the value of the doctrines which she inculcates. She has, doubtless, observed that this mode of instruction is not adapted to those cases in which to deviate from virtue is palpably a crime. It is to the decalogue, and to the terrors of the law that we are to look for the prevention of these graver and more striking offences. But men become fickle and indolent, and rely upon others to do that which they ought to do for themselves, before they have remarked the beginning of the evil, without foreseeing its consequences, and without being able to apply a remedy. It is to guard against these bad habits of mind—the causes of so much failure, disgrace, and misery, that Miss Edgeworth has principally directed her atten-

tion, and there is scarcely a page that does not contain some exhortation—direct or indirect—by precept or example to controul our passions and to exert our faculties. There are hardly any works of the kind that young persons can read with so much benefit. To their minds she constantly presents, in various shapes, and with a thousand illustrations, this great and salutary maxim—that nothing is to be learnt, and very little to be gained without labour—severe and continued labour. But she does not forget, in order to reconcile them to this somewhat unpalatable doctrine, to show with equal care and truth that labour becomes vastly less irksome by habit—that judiciously directed it seldom fails of its object—that laziness, even to those whose rank and fortune screen them from its most dreadful consequences—poverty and contempt—is in itself wearisome and painful—that the pauses and recreations of successful diligence comprize within them more cheerfulness and real gratification than are spread over the whole surface of a merely pleasurable life. With this view her principal characters are represented as persons of good, but not of extraordinary faculties; they do nothing suddenly and ‘*per saltum*,’ and their success and attainments are no more than what half the world may hope the equal by following the same means. She deals in examples, not in wonders; her’s are models of *imitable* excellence, and she rarely abuses the license of fiction to exhibit those miraculous combinations of virtue and talents, which, though they delight us for a moment with the image of perfection, serve to perplex and discourage, not to guide, the ordinary race of mortals.

Our readers we presume are aware, and if they are not they will be very far from doing justice to Miss Edgeworth’s merits, that so far as effect is concerned, this uniform systematic preference of what is *useful* to what is *splendid*, is a prodigious disadvantage. It is upon dazzling characters, in which virtue bordering in its excess upon the contiguous fault, more resembles a generous instinct, than a quality cultivated and strengthened by reason, that the writers of novels

have justly relied for securing the public attention. Discretion and a logical head, they thought by no means fit for the heroes and heroines of romance. And undoubtedly if effect were the only object, they did much better with rash courage, inconsiderate generosity, hasty confidence, and love ardent and irresistible at first sight, qualities infinitely more attractive to the bulk of mankind, than those with which Miss Edgeworth has ventured to invest the principal persons of her drama.

If then, in spite of sacrifices to which hardly any one else has submitted, she has contrived to render her works highly entertaining and popular, she surely deserves double praise; not merely for having surmounted a difficulty, which, when that difficulty has been made only for the purpose of being surmounted, is a merit of a very inferior order, but because the purpose for which she voluntarily encountered it, was highly useful and important.

To the accomplishment of this task, she has brought very considerable talents and acquirements, various reading, knowledge which, though she is too judicious to display it with ostentation, seems to be both extensive and accurate; a nice observation of manners and character, both in individuals and in society; a clear, easy, unencumbered style, and a keen sense of the ridiculous. Her two strong points are good sense and humour, and it is by the buoyant power of her humour, that she has been able to diffuse among the public so large a portion of her good sense. Nothing can be more chaste and correct, and at the same time more ludicrous, than the representation of themselves, which her characters are made to give in their own conversation. That condition so indispensable to the true comic, their utter unconsciousness of the effect they are producing, is strictly observed. The hand of the author is never perceived (as it almost constantly is in our modern comedies, to the entire disgust of all persons of tolerable taste), but they are led in the most natural manner imaginable, and without saying any thing that they might not be supposed to say, to cover themselves with ridicule. The absolute want of colouring

and exaggeration, only serves to improve the picture, and strengthens the impression almost up to that of the same circumstances in real life. We have always thought these dramatic parts of Miss Edgeworth's books, which indeed take up a considerable share of them, very much the best; and it is to this remarkable talent for humour, that she is indebted for the popularity she enjoys, in spite, not only of the disadvantages to which (as we have already observed) she has spontaneously submitted, but also of some defect which we shall now, though unwillingly, proceed to notice.

In the first and one of the most material branches of novel-writing, that of framing a story, she is remarkably deficient. It must at the same time be owned, that this art when carried to its highest pitch, is a great and therefore uncommon specimen of genius and skill. Indeed if we were to mention that which, in a choice of excellencies, we most admire in Fielding's great work, it would perhaps be that wonderful variety of incidents arising without improbability, and introduced without confusion, and tending through a story constantly rising in interest, to an unforeseen catastrophe. Any comparison with so happy an effort of so great a master, would necessarily be unfair; but the truth is, that in this respect Miss Edgeworth is inferior, not only to those that are generally her superiors, but to many among those that are vastly below her in every thing else. She has little fertility in contriving, and still less dexterity in combining events. It is in characters that she shines; when she attempts to give interest to events, it is almost always at the expense of nature and probability. Her narrative is hammered out 'invitâ Minervâ,' and she never would have attempted it at all, except as a convenient vehicle for sketches of life and manners.

On her morality we have bestowed its due praise. It is of that sort which is most calculated to do real practical good; but the desire of instructing is too little disguised. The reader sees too plainly that he is under discipline. There is too much downright lecturing. The serious parts have a *prim* didactic air. The lesser rules of conduct are

deduced, truly enough, but with too much parade of accuracy and strictness, from general principles. We know how necessary the square and the rule are to the architect, but we do not like to see the chalk-marks on the building. Morality ought not to smell of the lamp. It has been Miss Edgeworth's fancy to give all her virtuous characters a tincture of science, and to make them fond of chemistry and mechanics. We have no sort of objection to see them endowed with this useful knowledge, provided it does not prevent them from having rather more warmth, and rather more grace. To say the truth, we are inclined to think that in avoiding the common error of novel-writers, who make morality depend too much upon feeling, and too little upon the understanding, she has not completely escaped the opposite fault, but has ascribed too large a share of it to the head, and too little to the heart.

It may be difficult to add to the reputation which Miss Edgeworth has already acquired; but at any rate we will venture to say, that she has never written without adding to the stock of public amusement, and strengthening those impressions that are favourable to virtue.

Q. R.

PREFACE.

My daughter asks me for a Preface; from a pardonable weakness she calls upon me for parental protection: but, in fact, the public judges of every work not from the sex but from the merit of the author.

What we feel, and see, and hear, and read, affects our conduct from the moment when we begin till the moment when we cease to think. It has therefore been my daughter's aim to promote, by all her writings, the progress of education, from the cradle to the grave.

Miss Edgeworth's former works consist of tales for children—of stories for young men and women—and of tales suited to that great mass which does not move in the circles of fashion. The present are intended to point out some of those errors to which the higher classes of society are disposed.

All the parts of this series of moral fictions bear upon the faults and excellencies of different ages and classes; and they have all arisen from that view of society which we have laid before the public in more didactic works on education. In the PARENT'S ASSISTANT, in MORAL and in POPULAR TALES, it was my daughter's aim to exemplify the principles contained in PRACTICAL EDUCATION. In this volume, and in others which are to follow, she endeavours to disseminate, in a familiar form, some of the ideas that are unfolded in ESSAYS ON PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION.

The first of these stories is called

ENNUI.—The causes, curses, and cure of this disease are exemplified, I hope, in such a manner, as not to make the remedy worse than the disease. Thiebauld tells us, that a prize-essay on Ennui was read to the Academy of Berlin, which put all the judges to sleep.

ALMERIA—gives a view of the consequences which usually follow the substitution of the gifts of fortune in the place of merit; and shows the meanness of those who imitate manners and haunt company above their station in society.

Difference of rank is a continual excitement to laudable emulation; but those who consider the being admitted into circles of fashion as the summit of human bliss and elevation, will here find how grievously such frivolous ambition may be disappointed and chastised.

MADAME DE FLEURY—points out some of the means which may be employed by the rich for the real advantage of the poor. This story shows that sowing gold does not always produce a golden harvest, but that knowledge and virtue, when early implanted in the human breast, seldom fail to make ample returns of prudence and felicity.

THE DUN—is intended as a lesson against the common folly of believing that a debtor is able by a few cant phrases to alter the nature of right and wrong. We had once thoughts of giving to these books the title of FASHIONABLE TALES: alas! the Dun could never have found favour with fashionable readers.

MANŒUVRING—is a vice to which the little great have recourse, to show their second-rate abilities. Intrigues of gallantry upon the continent frequently lead to political intrigue;

amongst us the attempts to introduce this *improvement* of our manners have not yet been successful; but there are, however, some, who, in every thing they say or do, show a predilection for “left-handed wisdom.” It is hoped that the picture here represented of a *manœuvrer* has not been made alluring.

I may be permitted to add a word on the respect with which Miss Edgeworth treats the public—their former indulgence has not made her careless or presuming. The dates subjoined to each of these stories show, that they have not been hastily intruded upon the reader.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

Edgeworthstown,

March, 1809.

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our manners have not yet been successful; but there are,
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Richard Lovell Edgeworth

Edgeworthstown

March 1809

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S general views, in these stories, are explained in the preceding Preface. I cannot, however, omit repeating, that public favour has not yet rendered her so presumptuous as to offer hasty effusions to her readers, but that she takes a longer time to revise what she writes than the severe ancients required for the highest species of moral fiction.

VIVIAN exposes one of the most common defects of mankind.—To be “infirm of purpose” is to be at the mercy of the artful, or at the disposal of accident. Look round, and count the numbers who have, within your own knowledge, failed from want of firmness.

An excellent and wise mother gave the following advice with her dying breath : “My son, learn early how to say, No!”—This precept gave the first idea of the story of Vivian.

EMILIE DE COULANGES exposes a fault into which the good and generous are liable to fall.

Great sacrifices and great benefits cannot frequently be made or conferred by private individuals; but, every day, kindness and attention to the common feelings of others is within the power, and may be the practice, of every age, and sex, and station. Common faults are reprov'd by all writers on morality; but there are errors and defects that require to be treated in a lighter manner, and that come, with propriety, within the province of essayists and of writers for the stage.

THE ABSENTEE is not intended as a censure upon those whose duties, and employments, and superior talents, lead them to the capital; but to warn the thoughtless and the unoccupied from seeking distinction by frivolous imitation of fashion and ruinous waste of fortune.

A country gentleman, or even a nobleman, who does not sit in parliament, may be as usefully and as honourably employed in Yorkshire, Mid Lothian, or Ireland, as at a club-house or an assembly in London.

Irish agents are here described as of two different species. That there have been bad and oppressive Irish agents, many great landed English proprietors have felt; that there are well-informed, just, and honourable Irish agents, every-day experience can testify.

R. L. EDGEWORTH.

May, 1812.

ENNUI.

ENNUI;

CHAPTER I.

OR,

MEMOIRS OF THE EARL OF GLENTHORN.

“ ‘Que faites-vous à Potzdam?’ demandais-je un jour au prince Guillaume.

‘Monsieur,’ me répondit-il, ‘nous passons notre vie à conjuguer tous le même verbe : *Je m’ennuie, tu t’ennuies, il s’ennuie, nous nous ennuyons, vous vous ennuyez, ils s’ennuient ; je m’ennuyais, je m’ennuierai,* ’ ” etc.

THIEBAULD, Mém. de Frédéric le Grand.

ENNUI;

MEMOIRS OF THE EARL OF GLENTHORN.

“Que faites-vous à Paris?” demandais-je un jour au prince Guillaume.
“Monsieur,” me répondit-il, “nous passons notre vie à conjuguer tous les
même verbe: Je m’amuse, tu t’amuses, il s’amuse, nous nous amusons,
vous vous amusez, ils s’amusent; je m’amuse, je m’amuse, etc.”

Translation, Mém. de Frédéric le Grand.

A. L. ECKWORTH.

ENNUI.

CHAPTER I.

BRED up in luxurious indolence, I was surrounded by friends who seemed to have no business in this world but to save me the trouble of thinking or acting for myself; and I was confirmed in the pride of helplessness by being continually reminded that I was the only son and heir of the Earl of Glenthorn. My mother died a few weeks after I was born; and I lost my father when I was very young. I was left to the care of a guardian, who, in hopes of winning my affection, never controlled my wishes or even my whims: I changed schools and masters as often as I pleased, and consequently learned nothing. At last I found a private tutor who suited me exactly, for he was completely of my own opinion, "that every thing which the young Earl of Glenthorn did not know by the instinct of genius was not worth his learning." Money could purchase a reputation for talents, and with money I was immoderately supplied; for my guardian expected to bribe me with a part of my own fortune, to forbear inquiring what had become of a certain deficiency in the remainder. This tacit compact I perfectly understood: we were consequently on the most amicable terms imaginable, and the most confidential; for I thought it better to deal with my guardian than with Jews.

Thus at an age when other young men are subject to some restraint, either from the necessity of their circumstances or the discretion of their friends, I became completely master of myself and of my fortune. My companions envied me; but even their envy was not sufficient to make me happy. Whilst yet a boy, I began to feel the dreadful symptoms of that mental malady which baffles the skill of medicine, and for which wealth can purchase only temporary alleviation. For this complaint there is no precise English name; but, alas! the foreign term is now naturalized in England. Among the higher classes, whether in the wealthy or the fashionable world, who is unacquainted with *ennui*?—At first I was unconscious of being subject to this disease; I felt that something was the matter with me, but I did not know what: yet the symptoms were sufficiently marked. I was afflicted with frequent fits of fidgeting, yawning, and stretching, with a constant restlessness of mind and body; an aversion to the place I was in, or the thing I was doing, or rather to that which was passing before my eyes, for I was never doing any thing; I had an utter abhorrence and an incapacity of voluntary exertion. Unless roused by external stimulus, I sank into that kind of apathy, and vacancy of ideas, vulgarly known by the name of *a brown study*. If confined in a room for more than half an hour by bad weather or other contrarieties, I would pace backwards and forwards, like the restless *cavia* in his den, with a fretful, unmeaning pertinacity. I felt an insatiable longing for something new, and a childish love of locomotion.

My physician and my guardian, not knowing what else to do with me, sent me abroad. I set out upon my travels in my eighteenth year, attended by my favourite tutor as my *companion*. We perfectly agreed in our ideas of travelling; we hurried from place to place as fast as horses and wheels, and curses and guineas, could carry us. Milord

Anglois rattled over half the globe without getting one inch farther from his ennui. Three years were to be consumed before I should be of age. What sums did I spend during this interval in expedition-money to Time! but the more I tried to hasten him, the slower the rogue went. I lost my money and my temper.

At last the day for which I had so long panted arrived—I was twenty-one! and I took possession of my estate. The bells rang, the bonfires blazed, the tables were spread, the wine flowed, huzzas resounded, friends and tenants crowded about me, and nothing but the voice of joy and congratulation was to be heard. The bustle of my situation kept me awake for some weeks; the pleasure of property was new, and, as long as the novelty lasted, delightful. I cannot say that I was satisfied; but my mind was distended by the sense of the magnitude of my possessions. I had large estates in England; and in one of the remote maritime counties of Ireland, I was lord over an immense territory, annexed to the ancient castle of Glenthorn;—a noble pile of antiquity! worth ten degenerate castles of modern days. It was placed in a bold romantic situation; at least as far as I could judge of it by a picture, said to be a striking likeness, which hung in my hall at Sherwood Park in England. I was born in Ireland, and nursed, as I was told, in an Irish cabin, for my father had an idea that this would make me hardy: he left me with my Irish nurse till I was two years old, and from that time forward neither he nor I ever revisited Ireland. He had a dislike to that country, and I grew up in his prejudices. I declared that I would always reside in England. Sherwood Park, my English country-seat, had but one fault; it was completely finished. The house was magnificent, and in the modern taste; the furniture fashionably elegant, and in all the gloss of novelty. Not a single luxury omitted; not a fault could be found by the most fastidious critic. My

park, my grounds, displayed all the beauties of nature and of art, judiciously combined. Majestic woods, waving their dark foliage, overhung——But I will spare my readers the description, for I remember falling asleep myself whilst a poet was reading to me an ode on the beauties of Sherwood Park. These beauties too soon became familiar to my eye; and even the idea of being the proprietor of this enchanting place soon palled upon my vanity. Every casual visitor, all the strangers, even the common people, who were allowed once a week to walk in my pleasure-grounds, enjoyed them a thousand times more than I could. I remember, that, about six weeks after I came to Sherwood Park, I one evening escaped from the crowds of *friends* who filled my house, to indulge myself in a solitary, melancholy walk. I saw at some distance a party of people, who were coming to admire the place; and to avoid meeting them I took shelter under a fine tree, the branches of which, hanging to the ground, concealed me from the view of passengers. Thus seated, I was checked in the middle of a desperate yawn, by hearing one among the party of strangers exclaiming—

“How happy the owner of this place must be!”

Yes: had I known how to enjoy the goods of life, I might have been happy; but want of occupation, and antipathy to exertion, rendered me one of the most miserable men upon earth. Still I imagined that the cause of my discontent proceeded from some external circumstance. Soon after my coming of age, business of various sorts required my attention; papers were to be signed, and lands were to be let: these things appeared to me terrible difficulties. Not even that minister of state, who so feelingly describes his horror at the first appearance of the secretary with the great portfolio, ever experienced sensations so oppressive as mine were, when my steward began to talk to me of my own affairs. In the peevishness of my indo-

lence, I declared that I thought the pains overbalanced the pleasures of property. Captain Crawley, a friend—a sort of a friend—an humble companion of mine, a gross, unblushing, thorough-going flatterer, happened to be present when I made this declaration : he kindly undertook to stand between me and the shadow of trouble. I accepted this offer.

“Ay, Crawley,” said I, “do see and settle with these people.”

I had not the slightest confidence in the person into whose hands, to save myself from the labour of thinking, I thus threw all my affairs ; but I satisfied my understanding, by resolving that, when I should have leisure, I would look out for an agent, upon whom I could depend.

I had now been nearly two months at Sherwood Park ; too long a time, I thought, to remain in any place, and I was impatient *to get away*. My steward, who disliked the idea of my spending my summers at home, found it easy to persuade me that the water on my estate had a brackish unwholesome taste. The man who told me this stood before me in perfect health, though he had drunk this insalubrious water all his life : but it was too laborious a task for my intellects to compare the evidence of my different senses, and I found it most easy to believe what I heard, though it was in direct opposition to what I saw. Away I hurried to a *watering-place*, after the example of many of my noble contemporaries, who leave their delightful country-seats, to pay, by the inch, for being squeezed up in lodging houses, with all imaginable inconvenience, during the hottest months in summer. I whiled away my time at Brighton, cursing the heat of the weather, till the winter came, and then cursing the cold, and longing for the London winter.

The London winter commenced ; and the young earl of Glenthorn, and his entertainments, and his equipages, and

extravagance, were the conversation of all the world, and the joy of the newspapers. The immense cost of the fruit at my desserts was recorded; the annual expense of the vast nosegays of hot-house flowers worn daily by the footmen who clung behind my coach was calculated; the hundreds of wax lights, which burned nightly in my house, were numbered by the idle admirers of folly; and it was known by the servants of every genteel family in town, that Lord Glenthorn suffered nothing but wax to be burned in his stables; that his servants drank nothing but claret and champagne; that his liveries, surpassing the imagination of ambassadors, vied with regal magnificence, whilst their golden trappings could have stood even the test of Chinese curiosity. My coachmaker's bill for this year, if laid before the public, would amuse and astonish sober-minded people, as much as some charges which have lately appeared in our courts of justice for *extraordinary coaches* and *very extraordinary landaus*. I will not enter into the detail of my extravagance in minor articles of expense; these, I thought, could never be felt by such a fortune as that of the Earl of Glenthorn: but, for the information of those who have the same course to run or to avoid, I should observe, that my diurnal visits to jewellers' shops mounted, in time, to sums worth mentioning. Of the multitude of baubles that I bought, the rings, the seals, the chains, I will give no account; it would pass the belief of man, and the imagination of woman. Those who have the least value for their time have usually the greatest number of watches, and are the most anxious about the exactness of their going. I and my repeaters were my own plagues, and the profit of all the fashionable watchmakers, whose shops I regularly visited for a *lounge*. My history, at this period, would be a complete lounge's journal; but I will spare my readers this diary. I wish, however, as I have had ample experience, to impress it on the minds of all whom it may con-

cern, that a loungee of fortune *must* be extravagant. I went into shops merely to pass an idle hour, but I could not help buying something; and I was ever at the mercy of tradesmen, who took advantage of my indolence, and who thought my fortune inexhaustible. I really had not any taste for expense; but I let all who dealt with me, especially my servants, do as they pleased, rather than be at the trouble of making them do as they ought. They assured me, that Lord Glenthorn must have such and such things, and must do so and so; and I quietly submitted to this imaginary necessity.

All this time I was the envy of my acquaintance; but I was more deserving of their compassion. Without anxiety or exertion, I possessed every thing they wanted; but then I had no motive—I had nothing to desire. I had an immense fortune, and I was the Earl of Glenthorn: my title and wealth were sufficient distinctions; how could I be anxious about my boots, or the cape of my coat, or any of those trifles which so happily interest and occupy the lives of fashionable young men, who have not the misfortune to possess large estates? Most of my companions had some real or imaginary grievance, some old uncle or father, some *cursed* profession to complain of; but I had none. They had hopes and fears; but I had none. I was on the pinnacle of glory, which they were endeavouring to reach; and I had nothing to do but to sit still, and enjoy the barrenness of the prospect.

In this recital I have communicated, I hope, to my readers some portion of that ennui which I endured; otherwise they cannot form an adequate idea of my temptation to become a gambler. I really had no vice, nor any of those propensities which lead to vice; but ennui produced most of the effects that are usually attributed to strong passions or a vicious disposition.

CHAPTER II.

“O ressource assurée,

Viens ranimer leur langueur desœuvrée :

Leur âme vide est du moins amusée

Par l'avarice en plaisir déguisée.”

GAMING relieved me from that insuperable listlessness by which I was oppressed. I became interested—I became agitated; in short, I found a new kind of stimulus, and I indulged in it most intemperately. I grew immoderately fond of that which supplied me with sensations. My days and nights were passed at the gaming-table. I remember once spending three days and three nights in the hazard-room of a well-known house in St. James's-street: the shutters were closed, the curtains down, and we had candles the whole time; even in the adjoining rooms we had candles, that when our doors were opened to bring in refreshments, no obtrusive gleam of daylight might remind us how the hours had passed. How human nature supported the fatigue, I know not. We scarcely allowed ourselves a moment's pause to take the sustenance our bodies required. At last, one of the markers, who had been in the room with us the whole time, declared that he could hold out no longer, and that sleep he must. With difficulty he obtained an hour's truce: the moment he got out of the room he fell asleep, absolutely at the very threshold of our door. By the rules of the house he was entitled to a bonus on every transfer of property at the hazard-table; and he had made, in the course of these three days, upwards of three hundred pounds. Sleep and avarice had struggled to the utmost, but, with his vulgar habits, sleep

prevailed. We were wide awake. I never shall forget the figure of one of my noble associates, who sat holding his watch, his eager eyes fixed upon the minute-hand, whilst he exclaimed continually, "This hour will never be over!" Then he listened to discover whether his watch had stopped; then cursed the lazy fellow for falling asleep, protesting that, for his part, he never would again consent to such waste of time. The very instant the hour was ended, he ordered "*that dog*" to be awakened, and to work we went. At this sitting 35,000*l.* were lost and won. I was very fortunate, for I lost—a mere trifle—ten thousand pounds; but I could not expect to be always so lucky.—Now we come to the old story of being ruined by play. My English John-o'-the-Scales warned me that he could *advance* no more money; my Irish agent, upon whom my drafts had indeed been unmerciful, could not *oblige* me any longer, and he threw up his agency, after having made his fortune at my expense. I railed, but railing would not pay my debts of honour. I inveighed against my grandfather for having tied me up so tight; I could neither mortgage nor sell: my Irish estate would have been sold instantly, had it not been settled upon a Mr. Delamere. The pleasure of abusing him, whom I had never seen, and of whom I knew nothing but that he was to be my heir, relieved me wonderfully. He died, and left only a daughter, a mere child. My chance of possessing the estate in fee-simple increased: I sold this increased value to the Jews, and gamed on. Miss Delamere, some time afterwards, had the small-pox. Upon the event of her illness I laid bets to an amazing amount.

She recovered. No more money could be raised, and my debts were to be paid. In this dilemma I recollected that I once had a guardian, and that I had never settled accounts with him. Crawley, who continued to be my factotum and flatterer in ordinary and extraordinary, informed me, upon

looking over these accounts, that there was a mine of money due to me, if I could but obtain it by law or equity. To law I went: and the anxiety of a lawsuit might have, in some degree, supplied the place of gambling; but that all my business was managed for me by Crawley, and I charged him never to mention the subject to me till a verdict should be obtained.

A verdict was obtained against me. It was proved in open court by my own witnesses, that I was a fool; but as no judge, jury, or chancellor, could believe that I was so great a fool as my carelessness indicated, my guardian stood acquitted in equity of being so great a rogue as he really was. What was now to be done? I saw my doom. As a highwayman knows that he must come to the gallows at last, and acts accordingly, so a fashionably extravagant youth knows that, sooner or later, he must come to matrimony. No one could have more horror of this catastrophe than I felt; but it was in vain to oppose my destiny. My opinion of women had been formed from the commonplace jests of my companions, and from my own acquaintance with the worst part of the sex. I had never felt the passion of love, and, of course, believed it to be something that might have existed in former ages, but that it was in our days quite obsolete, at least, among the *knowing* part of the world. In my imagination, young women were divided into two classes; those who were to be purchased, and those who were to purchase. Between these two classes, though the division was to be marked externally by a certain degree of ceremony, yet I was internally persuaded, that there was no essential difference. In my feelings towards them there was some distinction; of the first class I was tired, and of the second I was afraid. Afraid! Yes—afraid of being taken in. With these fears, and these sentiments, I was now to choose a wife. I chose her by the numeration table: Units, tens, hundreds,

thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands. I was content, in the language of the newspapers, *to lead to the hymeneneal altar* any fashionable fair one whose fortune came under the sixth place of figures. No sooner were my *dispositions* known than the friends of a young heiress, who wanted to purchase a coronet, settled a match between us. My bride had one hundred wedding-dresses, elegant as a select committee of dress-makers and milliners, French and English, could devise. The least expensive of these robes, as well as I remember, cost fifty guineas : the most admired came to about five hundred pounds, and was thought, by the best judges in these matters, to be wonderfully cheap, as it was of lace such as had never before been trailed in English dust, even by the lady of a nabob. These things were shown in London as a *spectacle* for some days, by the dress-maker, who declared that she had lost many a night's rest, in contriving how to make such a variety of dresses sufficiently magnificent and *distinguished*. The jewellers also requested and obtained permission to exhibit the different sets of jewels : these were so numerous that Lady Glenthorn scarcely knew them all. One day, soon after her marriage, somebody at court, observing that her diamonds were prodigiously fine, asked where she bought them. "Really," said she, "I cannot tell. I have so many sets, I declare I don't know whether *it's* my Paris, or my Hamburgh, or my London set."

Poor young creature ! I believe her chief idea of happiness in marriage was the possession of the jewels and paraphernalia of a countess—I am sure it was the only hope she could have, that was likely to be realised, in marrying me. I thought it manly and fashionable to be indifferent, if not contemptuous to my wife : I considered her only as an incumbrance, that I was obliged to take along with my fortune. Besides the disagreeable ideas generally connected with the word *wife*, I had some peculiar reasons

for my aversion to my Lady Glenthorn. Before her friends would suffer me to take possession of her fortune, they required from me a solemn oath against gambling: so I was compelled to abjure the hazard-table and the turf, the only two objects in life that could keep me awake. This extorted vow I set down entirely to my bride's account; and I therefore became even more averse from her than men usually are who marry for money. Yet this dislike subsided. Lady Glenthorn was only childish—I, of an easy temper. I thought her ridiculous, but it was too much trouble to tell her so continually. I let the occasions pass, and even forgot her ladyship, when she was not absolutely in my way. She was too frivolous to be hated, and the passion of hatred was not to be easily sustained in my mind. The habit of ennui was stronger than all my passions put together.

CHAPTER III.

“Or realize what we think fabulous,
I’ th’ bill of fare of Eliogabalus.”

AFTER my marriage, my old malady rose to an insupportable height. The pleasures of the table were all that seemed left to me in life. Most of the young men of any *ton*, either were, or pretended to be, *connoisseurs* in the science of good eating. Their *talk* was of sauces and of cooks, what dishes each cook was famous for; whether his *forte* lay in white sauces or brown, in soups, *lentilles*, *fricandeaus*, *bechamele*, *matelottes*, *daubes*, etc. Then the history and genealogy of the cooks came after the discussion of the merit of their works; whom my lord C—’s

cook lived with formerly—what my Lord D—— gave his cook—where they met with these great geniuses, etc. I cannot boast that our conversation at these select dinners, from which the ladies were excluded, was very entertaining; but true good eaters detest wit at dinner-time, and sentiment at all times. I think I observed that amongst these cognoscenti there was scarcely one to whom the delicacy of taste did not daily prove a source of more pain than pleasure. There was always a cruel something that spoiled the rest; or if the dinner were excellent, beyond the power of the most fastidious palate to condemn, yet there was the hazard of being placed far from the favourite dish, or the still greater danger of being deputed to carve at the head or foot of the table. How I have seen a heavy nobleman, of this set, dexterously manœuvre to avoid the dangerous honour of carving a haunch of venison! “But, good heavens!” said I, when a confidential whisper pointed out this first to my notice, “why does he not like to carve?—he would have it in his power to help himself to his mind, which nobody else can do so well.”—“No! if he carves, he must give the *nice bits* to others; every body here understands them as well as he—each knows what is upon his neighbour’s plate, and what ought to be there, and what must be in the dish.” I found that it was an affair of calculation—a game at which nobody can cheat without being discovered and disgraced. I emulated, and soon equalled my experienced friends. I became a perfect epicure, and gloried in the character, for it could be supported without any intellectual exertion, and it was fashionable. I cannot say that I could ever eat as much as some of my companions. One of them I once heard to exclaim, after a monstrous dinner, “I wish my digestion was equal to my appetite.” I would not be thought to exaggerate, therefore I shall not recount the wonders I have seen performed by these capacious heroes of the table. After what

I have beheld, to say nothing of what I have achieved, I can believe any thing that is related of the capacity of the human stomach. I can credit even the account of the dinner which madam de Bavière affirms she saw eaten by Lewis the Fourteenth, *viz.* “quatre assiettes de différentes soupes; un faisan tout entier; une perdrix; une grande assiette pleine de salade; du mouton coupé dans son jus avec de l’ail; deux bons morceaux de jambon; une assiette pleine de pâtisserie; du fruit et des confitures!” Nor can I doubt the accuracy of the historian, who assures us, that a Roman emperor,* one of the most moderate of those imperial gluttons, *took* for his breakfast, 500 figs, 100 peaches, 10 melons, 100 beccaficoes, and 400 oysters.

Epicurism was scarcely more prevalent during the decline of the Roman empire than it is at this day amongst some of the wealthy and noble youths of Britain. Not one of my select dinner-party but would have been worthy of a place at the *turbot consultation* immortalized by the Roman satirist. A friend of mine, a bishop, one day went into his kitchen, to look at a large turbot, which the cook was dressing. The cook had found it so large, that he had cut off the fins: “What a shame!” cried the bishop; and immediately calling for the cook’s apron, he spread it before his cassock, and actually sewed the fins again to the turbot with his own episcopal hands.

If I might judge from my own experience, I should attribute fashionable epicurism in a great measure to ennui. Many affect it, because they have nothing else to do; and sensual indulgences are all that exist for those who have not sufficient energy to enjoy intellectual pleasures. I dare say, that if Heliogabalus could be brought in evidence in his own case, and could be made to understand the meaning of the word ennui, he would agree with me in

* Clodius Albinus.

opinion, that it was the cause of half his vices. His offered reward for the discovery of a new pleasure is stronger evidence than any confession he could make. I thank God that I was not born an emperor, or I might have become a monster. Though not in the least inclined to cruelty, I might have acquired the taste for it, merely for desire of the emotion which real tragedies excite. Fortunately, I was only an earl and an epicure.

My indulgence in the excesses of the table injured my health; violent bodily exercise was necessary to counteract the effects of intemperance. It was my maxim, that a man could never eat or drink too much, if he would but take exercise enough. I killed fourteen horses,* and survived; but I grew tired of killing horses, and I continued to eat immoderately. I was seized with a nervous complaint, attended with extreme melancholy. Frequently the thoughts of putting an end to my existence occurred, and I had many times determined upon the means; but very small, and apparently inadequate and ridiculous motives, prevented the execution of my design. Once I was kept alive by a *piggery*, which I wanted to see finished. Another time, I delayed destroying myself, till a statue, which I had just purchased at a vast expense, should be put up in my Egyptian *salon*. By the awkwardness of the unpacker, the statue's thumb was broken. This broken thumb saved my life; it converted ennui into anger. Like Montaigne and his sausage, I had now something to complain of, and I was happy. But at last my anger subsided, the thumb would serve me no longer as a subject of conversation, and I relapsed into silence and black melancholy. I was "a'weary of the

* I was not the nobleman, who laid a wager, that he could ride a fine horse to death in fifteen minutes. Indeed, I must do myself the justice to say, that I rejoiced at this man's losing his bet. He *blew* the horse in four minutes, and killed it; but it did not die within the time prescribed by the bet.

sun;" my old thoughts recurred. At this time I was just entering my twenty-fifth year. Rejoicings were preparing for my birthday. My Lady Glenthorn had prevailed upon me to spend the summer at Sherwood Park, because it was new to her. She filled the house with company and noise; but this only increased my discontent. My birthday arrived—I wished myself dead—and I resolved to shoot myself at the close of the day. I put a pistol into my pocket, and stole out towards the evening, unobserved by my jovial companions. Lady Glenthorn and her set were dancing, and I was tired of these sounds of gaiety. I took the private way to the forest, which was near the house; but one of my grooms met me with a fine horse, which an old tenant had just sent as a present on my birthday. The horse was saddled and bridled, the groom held the stirrup, and up I got. The fellow told me the private gate was locked, and I turned as he pointed to go through the grand entrance. At the outside of the gate sat upon the ground, huddled in a great red cloak, an old woman, who started up and sprang forwards the moment she saw me, stretching out her arms and her cloak with one and the same motion.

"Ogh! is it you I see?" cried she, in a strong Irish tone.

At this sound and this sight, my horse, who was shy, backed a little. I called to the woman to stand out of my way.

"Heaven bless your sweet face! I'm the nurse that suckled yees when ye was a baby in Ireland. Many's the day I've been longing to see you," continued she, clasping her hands, and standing her ground in the middle of the gateway, regardless of my horse, which I was pressing forward.

"Stand out of the way, for God's sake, my good woman, or I shall certainly ride over you."

"So! so! so!" said I, patting my restless horse.

“Oh! he’s only shy, God bless him! he’s as *quite* now as a lamb; and kiss one or other of *yees*, I must,” cried she, throwing her arms about the horse’s neck.

The horse, unaccustomed to this mode of salutation, suddenly plunged, and threw me. My head fell against the pier of the gate. The last sound I heard was the report of a pistol; but I can give no account of what happened afterwards. I was stunned by my fall, and senseless. When I opened my eyes, I found myself stretched on one of the cushions of my landau, and surrounded by a crowd of people, who seemed to be all talking at once: in the buzz of voices I could not distinguish any thing that was said, till I heard Captain Crawley’s voice above the rest, saying,

“Send for a surgeon instantly: but it’s all over! it’s all over! Take the body the back way to the banqueting-house; I must run to Lady Glenthorn.”

I perceived that they thought me dead. I did not at this moment feel that I was hurt. I was curious to know what they would all do; so I closed my eyes again before any one perceived that I had opened them. I lay motionless, and they proceeded with me, according to Captain Crawley’s orders, to the banqueting-house. When we arrived there, my servants laid me on one of the Turkish sofas; and the crowd, after having satisfied their curiosity, dropped off one by one, till I was left with a single footman and my steward.

“I don’t believe he’s quite dead,” said the footman, “for his heart beats.”

“Oh, he’s the same as dead, for he does not stir hand or foot, and his skull, they say, is fractured for certain; but it will all be seen when the surgeon comes. I am sure he will never do. Crawley will have every thing his own way now, and I may as well decamp.”

“Ay; and among them,” said the footman, “I only hope I may get my wages.”

“What a fool that Crawley made of my lord!” said the steward.

“What a fool my lord made of himself,” said the footman, “to be ruled, and let all his people be ruled, by such an upstart! With your leave, Mr. Turner, I’ll just run to the house to say one word to James, and be back immediately.”

“No, no, you must stay, Robert, whilst I step home to lock my places, before Crawley begins to rummage.”

The footman was now left alone with me. Scarcely had the steward been gone two minutes, when I heard a low voice near me saying, in a tone of great anxiety, “Is he dead?”

I half opened my eyes to see who it was that spoke. The voice came from the door which was opposite to me; and whilst the footman turned his back, I raised my head, and beheld the figure of the old woman, who had been the cause of my accident. She was upon her knees on the threshold—her arms crossed over her breast. I never shall forget her face, it was so expressive of despair.

“Is he dead?” she repeated.

“I tell you yes,” replied the footman.

“For the love of God, let me come in, if he is here,” cried she.

“Come in, then, and stay here whilst I run to the house.”*

The footman ran off; and my old nurse, on seeing me, burst into an agony of grief. I did not understand one

* If any one should think it impossible that a man of Lord Glenthorn’s consequence should, at the supposed moment of his death, be thus neglected, let them recollect the scenes that followed the death of Tiberius—of Henry the Fourth of France—of William Rufus—and of George the Second.

word she uttered, as she spoke in her native language; but her lamentations went to my heart, for they came from hers. She hung over me, and I felt her tears dropping upon my forehead. I could not refrain from whispering, "Don't cry—I am alive."

"Blessings on him!" exclaimed she, starting back: she then dropped down on her knees to thank God. Then calling me by every fondling name that nurses use to their children, she begged my forgiveness, and alternately cursed herself, and prayed for me.

The strong affections of this poor woman touched me more than any thing I had ever yet felt in my life; she seemed to be the only person upon earth who really cared for me; and in spite of her vulgarity, and my prejudice against the tone in which she spoke, she excited in my mind emotions of tenderness and gratitude. "My good woman, if I live, I will do something for you: tell me what I can do," said I. "Live! live! God bless you, live; that's all in the wide world I want of you, my jewel; and, till you are well, let me watch over you at nights, as I used to do when you were a child, and I had you in my arms all to myself, dear."

Three or four people now ran into the room, to get before Captain Crawley, whose voice was heard at this instant at a distance. I had only time to make the poor woman understand that I wished to appear to be dead; she took the hint with surprising quickness. Captain Crawley came up the steps, talking in the tone of a master to the steward and people who followed.

"What is this old hag doing here? Where is Robert? Where is Thomas? I ordered them to stay till I came. Mr. Turner, why did not you stay? What! has not the coroner been here yet? The coroner must see the body, I tell you. Good God! What a parcel of blockheads

you all are! How many times must I tell you the same thing? Nothing can be done till the coroner has seen him; then we'll talk about the funeral, Mr. Turner—one thing at a time. Every thing shall be done properly, Mr. Turner. Lady Glenthorn trusts every thing to me—Lady Glenthorn wishes that I should order every thing.”

“To be sure—no doubt—very proper—I don't say against that.”

“But,” continued Crawley, turning towards the sofa upon which I lay, and seeing Ellinor kneeling beside me, “what keeps this old Irish witch here still? What business have you here, pray; and who are you, or what are you?”

“Plase your honour, I was his nurse formerly, and so had a nat'ral longing to see him once again before I would die.”

“And did you come all the way from Ireland on this wise errand?”

“Troth I did—every inch of the way from his own sweet place.”

“Why, you are little better than a fool, I think,” said Crawley.

“Little better, plase your honour; but I was always so about them *childer* that I nursed.”

“*Childer*! Well, get along about your business now; you see your nursing is not wanted here.”

“I'll not stir out of this, while he is here,” said my nurse, catching hold of the leg of the sofa, and clinging to it.

“You'll not stir, you say,” cried Captain Crawley: “Turn her out!”

“Oh, sure you would not have the cru'ltty to turn his old nurse out before he's even *cowld*. And won't you let me see him buried?”

“Out with her! out with her, the old Irish hag! We’ll have no howling here. Out with her, John!” said Crawley to my groom.

The groom hesitated, I fancy; for Crawley repeated the order more imperiously, “Out with her! or go yourself.”

“May be it’s you that will go first yourself,” said she.

“Go first myself!” cried Captain Crawley, furiously: “Are you insolent to *me*?”

“And are not you cru’l to me, and to my child I nursed, that lies all as one as dead before you, and was a good friend to you in his day, no doubt?”

Crawley seized hold of her: but she resisted with so much energy, that she dragged along with her the sofa to which she clung, and on which I lay.

“Stop!” cried I, starting up. There was sudden silence. I looked round, but could not utter another syllable. Now, for the first time, I was sensible that I had been really hurt by the fall. My head grew giddy, and my stomach sick. I just saw Crawley’s fallen countenance, and him and the steward looking at one another; they were like hideous faces in a dream. I sank back.

“Ay, lie down, my darling, don’t be disturbing yourself for such as them,” said my nurse. “Let them do what they will with me; it’s little I’d care for them, if you were but once in safe hands.”

I beckoned to the groom, who had hesitated to turn out Ellinor, and bid him go to the housekeeper, and have me put to bed. “She,” added I, pointing to my old nurse, “is to sit up with me at night.” It was all I could say. What they did with me afterwards, I do not know; but I was in my bed, and a bandage was round my temples, and my poor nurse was kneeling on one side of the bed, with a string of beads in her hand; and a surgeon and physician, and Crawley and my Lady Glenthorn were on the other side, whispering together. The curtain was drawn between me

and them; but the motion I made on wakening was instantly observed by Crawley, who immediately left the room. Lady Glenthorn drew back my curtain, and began to ask me how I did: but when I fixed my eyes upon her, she sunk upon the bed, trembling violently, and could not finish her sentence. I begged her to go to rest, and she retired. The physician ordered that I should be kept quiet, and seemed to think I was in danger. I asked what was the matter with me? and the surgeon, with a very grave face, informed me, that I had an ugly contusion on my head. I had heard of a concussion of the brain; but I did not know distinctly what it was, and my fears were increased by my ignorance. The life which, but a few hours before, I had been on the point of voluntarily destroying, because it was insupportably burdensome, I was now, the moment it was in danger, most anxious to preserve; and the interest which I perceived others had in getting rid of me increased my desire to recover. My recovery was, however, for some time doubtful. I was seized with a fever, which left me in a state of alarming debility. My old nurse, whom I shall henceforward call by her name of Ellinor, attended me with the most affectionate solicitude during my illness; * she scarcely stirred

* "For fostering, I did never hear or read, that it was in use or reputation in any country, barbarous or civil, as it hath been, and yet is, in Ireland. * * * In the opinion of this people, fostering hath always been a stronger alliance than blood; and the foster-children do love and are beloved of their foster-fathers and their sept (or *clan*) more than of their natural parents and kindred; and do participate of their means more frankly, and do adhere unto them, in all fortunes, with more affection and constancy. * * * * *

* * * * * Such a general custom in a kingdom, in giving and taking children to foster, making such a firm alliance as it doth in Ireland, was never seen or heard of in any other country of the world beside." DAVIES.

See in Lodge's Peerage of Ireland an account of an Irish nurse, who went from Kerry to France, and from France to Milan, to see her foster-son, the Lord Thomas Fitzmaurice; and to warn him that his estate was in danger from an heir-at-law, who had taken possession of it in his absence. The nurse, being very old, died on her return home.

from my bedside, night or day; and, indeed, when I came to the use of my senses, she was the only person whom I really liked to have near me. I knew that she was sincere; and, however unpolished her manners, and however awkward her assistance, the good-will with which it was given, made me prefer it to the most delicate and dexterous attentions which I believed to be interested. The very want of a sense of propriety, and the freedom with which she talked to me, regardless of what was suited to her station, or due to my rank, instead of offending or disgusting me, became agreeable; besides, the novelty of her dialect, and of her turn of thought, entertained me as much as a sick man could be entertained. I remember once her telling me, that, “if it *plased* God, she would like to die on a Christmas-day, of all days; *becaase* the gates of Heaven, they say, will be open all that day; and who knows but a body might slip in *unknownst*?” When she sat up with me at nights, she talked on eternally; for she assured me there was nothing like talking, as she had always found, to put one *asy asleep*. I listened or not, just as I liked; *any way* she was *contint*. She was inexhaustible in her anecdotes of my ancestors, all tending to the honour and glory of the family; she had also an excellent memory for all the insults, or traditions of insults, which the Glenthorns had received for many ages back, even to the times of the old kings of Ireland; long and long before they stooped to be *lorded*; when their “names, which it was a pity and a murder, and moreover a burning shame, to change, was O’Shagnasee.” She was well stored with histories of Irish and Scottish chiefs. The story of O’Neill, the Irish black-beard, I am sure I ought to remember, for Ellinor told it to me at least six times. Then she had a large assortment of fairies and *shadowless** witches, and *banshees*; and be-

* In Ireland it is a belief among the vulgar, that witches have no shadows.

sides, she had legions of spirits and ghosts, and haunted castles without end, my own castle of Glenthorn not excepted, in the description of which she was extremely eloquent; she absolutely excited in my mind some desire to see it. For many a long year, she said, it had been her nightly prayer, that she might live to see me in my own castle; and often and often she was coming over to England to tell me so, only her husband, as long as he lived, would not let her set out on what he called a fool's errand; but it pleased God to take him to himself last fair day, and then she resolved that nothing should hinder her to be with her own child against his birthday: and now, could she see me in my own Castle Glenthorn, she would die *contint*—and what a pity but I should be in it! I was only a lord, as she said, in England; but I could be all as one as a king in Ireland.

Ellinor impressed me with the idea of the sort of feudal power I should possess in my vast territory, over tenants who were almost vassals, and amongst a numerous train of dependants. We resist the efforts made by those who, we think, exert authority or employ artifice to change our determinations; whilst the perverse mind insensibly yields to those, who appear not to have power, or reason, or address, sufficient to obtain a victory. I should not have heard any human being with patience try to persuade me to go to Ireland, except this ignorant poor nurse, who spoke, as I thought, merely from the instinct of affection to me and to her native country. I promised her that I would, *sometime or other*, visit Glenthorn Castle: but this was only a vague promise, and it was but little likely that it should be accomplished. As I regained my strength, my mind turned, or rather was turned, to other thoughts.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE morning—it was the day after my physicians had pronounced me out of all danger—Crawley sent me a note by Ellinor, congratulating me upon my recovery, and begging to speak to me for half an hour. I refused to see him; and said, that I was not yet well enough to do business. The same morning Ellinor came with a message from Turner, my steward, who, with his humble duty, requested to see me for five minutes, to communicate to me something of importance. I consented to see Turner. He entered with a face of suppressed joy and affected melancholy.

“Sad news I am bound in duty to be the bearer of, my lord. I was determined, whatever came to pass, however, not to speak till your honour was out of danger, which, I thank Heaven, is now the case, and I am happy to be able to congratulate your lordship upon looking as well as——”

“Never mind my looks. I will excuse your congratulations, Mr. Turner,” said I, impatiently; for the recollection of the banqueting-house, and the undertaker, whom Turner was so eager to introduce, came full into my mind. “Go on, if you please; five minutes is all I am at present able to give to any business, and you sent me word you had something of importance to communicate.”

“True, my lord; but in case your lordship is not at present well enough, or not so disposed, I will wait your lordship’s leisure.”

“Now or never, Mr. Turner. Speak, but speak at once.”

“My lord, I would have done so long ago, but was loth to make mischief; and besides, could not believe what heard whispered, and would scarce believe what I verily saw; though now, as I cannot reasonably have a doubt, I think it would be a sin, and a burden upon my conscience, not to speak; only that I am unwilling to shock your lordship too much, when but just recovering, for that is not the time one would wish to tell or to hear disagreeable things.”

“Mr. Turner, either come to the point at once, or leave me; for I am not strong enough to bear this suspense.”

“I beg pardon, my lord: why then, my lord, the point is Captain Crawley.”

“What of him? I never desire to hear his name again.”

“Nor I, I am sure, my lord; but there are some in the house might not be of our opinion.”

“Who? you sneaking fellow; speak out, can’t you?”

“My lady—my lord——Now it is out. She’ll go off with him this night, if not prevented.”

My surprise and indignation were as great as if I had always been the fondest and the most attentive of husbands. I was at length roused from that indifference and apathy into which I had sunk; and though I had never loved my wife, the moment I knew she was lost to me for ever was exquisitely painful. Astonishment, the sense of disgrace, the feeling of rage against that treacherous parasite by whom she had been seduced, all combined to overwhelm me. I could command my voice only enough to bid Turner leave the room, and tell no one that he had spoken to me on this subject. “Not a soul,” he said, “should be told, or could guess it.”

Left to my own reflections, as soon as the first emotions of anger subsided, I blamed myself for my conduct to Lady

Glenthorn. I considered that she had been married to me by her friends, when she was too young and childish to judge for herself; that from the first day of our marriage I had never made the slightest effort to win her affections, or to guide her conduct; that, on the contrary, I had shown her marked indifference, if not aversion. With fashionable airs, I had professed, that provided she left me at liberty to spend the large fortune which she brought me and in consideration of which she enjoyed the title of Countess of Glenthorn, I cared for nothing farther. With the consequences of my neglect I now reproached myself in vain. Lady Glenthorn's immense fortune had paid my debts, and had for two years supplied my extravagance, or rather my indolence: little remained, and she was now, in her twenty-third year, to be consigned to public disgrace, and to a man whom I knew to be destitute of honour and feeling. I pitied her, and resolved to go instantly and make an effort to save her from destruction.

Ellinor, who watched all Crawley's motions, informed me, that he was gone to a neighbouring town, and had left word that he should not be home till after dinner. Lady Glenthorn was in her dressing-room, which was at a part of the house farthest from that which I now inhabited. I had never left my room since my illness, and had scarcely walked farther than from my bed to my arm-chair; but I was so much roused by my feelings at this instant, that, to Ellinor's great astonishment, I started from my chair, and, forbidding her to follow me, walked without any assistance along the corridor, which led to the backstairs, and to Lady Glenthorn's apartment. I opened the private door of her dressing-room suddenly—the room was in great disorder—her woman was upon her knees packing a trunk: Lady Glenthorn was standing at a table, with a parcel of open letters before her, and a diamond necklace in her hand. She started at the sight of me as if she had beheld

a ghost: the maid screamed, and ran to a door at the farther end of the room, to make her escape, but that was bolted. Lady Glenthorn was pale and motionless, till I approached; and then, recollecting herself, she reddened all over, and thrust the letters into her table-drawer. Her woman, at the same instant, snatched a casket of jewels, swept up in her arms a heap of clothes, and huddled them altogether into the half-packed trunk.

“Leave the room,” said I to her, sternly. She locked the trunk, pocketed the key, and obeyed.

I placed a chair for Lady Glenthorn, and sat down myself. We were almost equally unable to stand. We were silent for some moments. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and she leaned her head upon her hand in an attitude of despair. I could scarcely articulate: but making an effort to command my voice, I at last said—

“Lady Glenthorn, I blame myself more than you for all that has happened.”

“For what?” said she, making a feeble attempt at evasion, yet at the same time casting a guilty look towards the drawer of letters.

“You have nothing to conceal from me,” said I.

“Nothing!” said she, in a feeble voice.

“Nothing,” said I, “for I know every thing”—she started—“and am willing to pardon every thing.”

She looked up in my face astonished. “I am conscious,” continued I, “that you have not been well treated by me. You have had much reason to complain of my neglect. To this I attribute your error. Forget the past—I will set you the example. Promise me never to see the man more, and what has happened shall never be known to the world.”

She made me no answer, but burst into a flood of tears. She seemed incapable of decision, or even of thought. I felt suddenly inspired with energy.

“Write this moment,” continued I, placing a pen and ink before her, “write to forbid him ever to return to this house, or ever more to appear in your presence. If he appears in mine, I know how to chastise him, and to vindicate my own honour. To preserve your reputation, I refrain, upon these conditions, from making my contempt of him public.”

I put a pen into Lady Glenthorn’s hand; but she trembled so that she could not write. She made several ineffectual attempts, then tore the paper; and again giving way to tears, exclaimed, “I cannot write—I cannot think—I do not know what to say. Write what you will, and I will sign it.”

“I write to Captain Crawley! Write what *I* will? Lady Glenthorn, it must be your will to write, not mine. If it be not your will, say so.”

“Oh! I do not say so—I do not say *that*. Give me a moment’s time. I do not know what I say. I have been very foolish—very wicked. You are very good—but it is too late: it will all be known. Crawley will betray me; he will tell it to Mrs. Mattocks: so whichever way I turn, I am undone. Oh! what *will* become of me?”

She wrung her hands and wept, and was for an hour in this state, in all the indecision and imbecility of a child. At last, she wrote a few scarcely legible lines to Crawley, forbidding him to see or think of her more. I despatched the note, and she was full of penitence, and gratitude, and tears. The next morning, when I wakened, I in my turn received a note from her ladyship.

“Since I saw you Captain Crawley has convinced me that I am his wife, *in the eye of Heaven*, and I therefore desire a divorce, as much as your *whole conduct*, since my marriage, convinces me you must in your *heart*, whatever may be your motives to *pretend* otherwise. Before you receive

this I shall be *out of your way*, and *beyond your reach* : so do not think of pursuing one who is no longer

Yours,

A. CRAWLEY."

After reading this note, I thought not of pursuing or saving Lady Glenthorn. I was as anxious for a divorce as she could be. Some months afterwards the affair was brought to a public trial. When the cause came on, so many circumstances were brought in mitigation of damages, to prove my utter carelessness respecting my wife's conduct, that a suspicion of collusion arose. From this imputation I was clear in the opinion of all who really knew me ; and I repelled the charge publicly, with a degree of indignation that surprised all who knew the usual apathy of my temper. I must observe, that during the whole time my divorce-bill was pending, and whilst I was in the greatest possible anxiety, my health was perfectly good. But no sooner was the affair settled, and a decision made in my favour, than I relapsed into my old nervous complaints.

CHAPTER V.

" 'Twas doing nothing was his curse ;
Is there a vice can plague us worse ?
The wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs, that others may be fed,
Feels less fatigue than that decreed
To him who cannot think or read. "

ILLNESS was a sort of occupation to me, and I was always sorry to get well. When the interest of being in danger ceased, I had no other to supply its place. I fancied that I should enjoy my liberty after my divorce ; but " even

freedom grew tasteless." I do not recollect any thing that wakened me from my torpor, during two months after my divorce, except a violent quarrel between all my English servants and my Irish nurse. Whether she assumed too much upon the idea that she was a favourite, or whether national prejudice was alone the cause of the hatred that prevailed against her, I know not; but they one and all declared that they could not, and would not, live with her. She expressed the same dislike to *consorting* with them; "but would *put up* with worse, ay, with the devils themselves, to oblige my honour, and to lie under the same roof *wid* my honour."

The rest of the servants laughed at her blunders. This she could bear with good-humour; but when they seriously affected to reproach her with having, by her uncouth appearance, at her first presenting herself at Sherwood Park, endangered my life, she retorted, "And who cared for him in the wide world but I, amongst you all, when he lay for dead? I ask you that," said she.

To this there was no reply; and they hated her the more for their having been silenced by her shrewdness. I protected her as long as I could; but, for the sake of peace, I at last yielded to the combined forces of the steward's room and the servants' hall, and despatched Ellinor to Ireland, with a renewal of the promise that I would visit Glenthorn Castle this year or the next. To comfort her at parting, I would have made her a considerable present; but she would take only a few guineas, to bear her expenses back to her native place. The sacrifice I made did not procure me a peace of any continuance in my own house:—ruined by indulgence, and by my indolent, reckless temper, my servants were now my masters. In a large, ill-regulated establishment, domestics become, like spoiled children, discontented, capricious, and the tyrants over those who have not the sense or steadiness to command.

I remember one delicate puppy *parted with me*, because, as he informed me, the curtains of his bed did not close at the foot; he had never been used to such a thing, and had told the housekeeper so three times, but could obtain no redress, which necessitated him to beg my permission to retire from the service.

In his stead another coxcomb came to offer himself, who, with an incomparably easy air, begged to know whether I wanted *a man of figure* or *a man of parts*? For the benefit of those to whom this fashionable classification of domestics may not be familiar, I should observe, that the department of *a man of figure* is specially and solely to announce company on gala days; the business of *the man of parts* is multifarious: to write cards of invitation, to speak to impertinent tradesmen, to carry confidential messages, et cetera. Now, where there is an et cetera in an agreement, there is always an opening for dispute. The functions of *the man of parts* not being accurately defined, I unluckily required from him some service which was not in his bond; I believe it was to go for my pocket handkerchief: "He could not possibly do it, because it was not his business;" and I, the laziest of mortals, after waiting a full quarter of an hour, whilst they were settling whose business it was to obey me, was forced to get up and go for what I wanted. I comforted myself by the recollection of the poor king of Spain and *le brasier*. With a regal precedent I could not but be satisfied. All great people, said I to myself, are obliged to submit to these inconveniences. I submitted with so good a grace, that my submission was scarcely felt to be a condescension. My *bachelor's* house soon exhibited in perfection "High Life below Stairs."

It is said that a foreign nobleman permitted his servants to take their own way so completely, that one night he and his guests being kept waiting an unconscionable time

For supper, he at last went down stairs to inquire into the cause of the delay: he found the servant, whose business it was to take up supper, quietly at cards with a large party of his friends. The man coolly remonstrated, that it was impossible to leave his game unfinished. The master candidly acknowledged the force of his plea; but insisted upon the man's going up stairs to lay the cloth for supper, whilst he took his cards, sat down, and finished the game for him.

The suavity of my temper never absolutely reached this degree of complaisance. My home was disagreeable to me: I had not the resolution to remove the causes of the discontents. Every day I swore I would part with all these rascals the next morning; but still they staid. Abroad I was not happier than at home. I was disgusted with my former companions: they had convinced me, the night of my accident at Sherwood Park, that they cared not whether I was alive or dead; and ever since that time I had been more and more struck with their selfishness as well as folly. It was inexpressibly fatiguing and irksome to me to keep up a show of good fellowship and joviality with these people, though I had not sufficient energy to make the attempt to quit them. When these *dashers* and *loungers* found that I was not always at their disposal, they discovered that Glenthorn had always something *odd* about him; that Glenthorn had always a melancholy turn; that it ran in the family, etc. Satisfied with these phrases, they let me take my own way, and forgot my existence. Public amusements had lost their charm; I had sufficient steadiness to resist the temptation to game: but, for want of stimulus, I could hardly endure the *tedium* of my days. At this period of my life, ennui was very near turning into misanthropy. I balanced between becoming a misanthrope and a democrat.

Whilst I was in this critical state of ineptitude, my attention was accidentally roused by the sight of a boxing-

match. My feelings were so much excited, and the excitation was so delightful, that I was now in danger of becoming an amateur of the pugilistic art. It did not occur to me, that it was beneath the dignity of a British nobleman to learn the vulgar terms of the boxing *trade*. I soon began to talk very *knowingly* of *first-rate* bruisers, *game* men, and *pleasing* fighters; *making play—beating a man under the ropes—sparring—rallying—sawing—and chopping*. What farther proficiency I might have made in this language, or how long my interest in these feats of prize-fighters might have continued, had I been left to myself, I cannot determine; but I was unexpectedly seized with a fit of national shame, on hearing a foreigner of rank and reputation express astonishment at our taste for these savage spectacles. It was in vain that I repeated the arguments of some of the parliamentary panegyrists of boxing and bull-baiting; and asserted, that these diversions render a people hardy and courageous. My opponent replied, that he did not perceive the necessary connexion between cruelty and courage; that he did not comprehend how the standing by in safety to see two men bruise each other almost to death could evince or inspire heroic sentiments or warlike dispositions. He observed, that the Romans were most eager for the fights of gladiators during the reigns of the most effeminate and cruel emperors, and in the decline of all public spirit and virtue. These arguments would have probably made but a feeble impression on an understanding like mine, unaccustomed to general reasoning, and on a temper habituated to pursue, without thought of consequences, my immediate individual gratification; but it happened that my feelings were touched at this time by the dreadful sufferings of one of the pugilistic combatants. He died a few hours after the battle. He was an Irishman: most of the spectators being English, and triumphing in the victory of their countryman, the poor fellow's fate was

scarcely noticed. I spoke to him a little while before he died, and found that he came from my own county. His name was Michael Noonan. He made it his dying request, that I would carry half-a-guinea, the only money he possessed, to his aged father, and a silk handkerchief he had worn round his neck, to his sister. Pity for this unfortunate Irishman recalled Ireland to my thoughts. Many small reasons concurred to make me now desirous of going to that country. I should get rid at once of a tormenting establishment, and of servants, without the odium of turning them away; for they all declined going into banishment, as they called it. Beside this, I should leave my companions, with whom I was disgusted. I was tired of England, and wanted to see something new, even if it were to be worse than what I had seen before. These were not my ostensible reasons: I professed to have more exalted motives for my journey. It was my duty, I said, to visit my Irish estate, and to encourage my tenantry, by residing some time among them. Duties often spring up to our view at a convenient opportunity. Then my promise to poor Ellinor; it was impossible for a man of honour to break a promise, even to an old woman: in short, when people are determined upon any action, they seldom fail to find arguments capable of convincing them that their resolution is reasonable. Mixed motives govern the conduct of half mankind; so I set out upon my journey to Ireland.

CHAPTER VI.

“Es-tu contente à la fleur de tes ans?

As-tu des goûts et des amusemens?

Tu dois mener une assez douce vie.

L'autre en deux mots répondait ‘Je m’ennuie.’

C’est un grand mal, dit la fée, et je croi

Qu’un beau secret est de rester chez soi.”——

I WAS detained six days by contrary winds at Holyhead. Sick of that miserable place, in my ill-humour I cursed Ireland, and twice resolved to return to London: but the wind changed, my carriage was on board the packet, so I sailed and landed safely in Dublin. I was surprised by the excellence of the hotel at which I was lodged. I had not conceived that such accommodation could have been found in Dublin. The house had, as I was told, belonged to a nobleman: it was fitted up and appointed with a degree of elegance, and even magnificence, beyond what I had been used to in the most fashionable hotels in London.

“Ah! sir,” said an Irish gentleman, who found me in admiration upon the staircase, “this is all very good, very fine, but it is too good and too fine to last; come here again in two years, and I am afraid you will see all this going to rack and ruin. This is too often the case with us in Ireland: we can project, but we can’t calculate; we must have every thing upon too large a scale. We mistake a grand beginning for a good beginning. We begin like princes, and we end like beggars.”

I rested only a few days in a capital, in which, I took it for granted, there could be nothing worth seeing by a person who was just come from London. In driving through

the streets, I was, however, surprised to see buildings, which my prejudices could scarcely believe to be Irish. I also saw some things, which recalled to my mind the observations I had heard at my hotel. I was struck with instances of grand beginnings and lamentable want of finish, with mixture of the magnificent and the paltry; of admirable and execrable taste. Though my understanding was wholly uncultivated, these things struck my eye. Of all the faculties of my mind, my taste had been most exercised, because its exercise had given me least trouble.

Impatient to see my own castle, I left Dublin. I was again astonished by the beauty of the prospects, and the excellence of the roads. I had in my ignorance believed that I was never to see a tree in Ireland, and that the roads were almost impassable. With the promptitude of credulity, I now went from one extreme to the other: I concluded that we should travel with the same celerity as upon the Bath road; and I expected, that a journey for which four days had been allotted might be performed in two. Like all those who have nothing to do any where, I was always in a prodigious hurry to get from place to place; and I ever had a noble ambition to go over as much ground as possible in a given space of time. I travelled in a light barouche, and with my own horses. My own man (an Englishman), and my cook (a Frenchman), followed in a hackney chaise: I cared not how, so that they kept up with me; the rest was their affair. At night, my gentleman complained bitterly of the Irish post carriages, and besought me to let him follow at an easier rate the next day; but to this I could by no means consent: for how could I exist without my own man and my French cook? In the morning, just as I was ready to set off, and had thrown myself back in my carriage, my Englishman and Frenchman came to the door, both in so great a rage, that the one was inarticulate and the other unintelligible. At

length the object of their indignation spoke for itself. From the inn yard came a hackney chaise, in a most deplorable crazy state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forwards, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered great-coat, tied round his waist by a hay-rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of his coat showing his bare legs marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe.

In an indignant voice I called to the landlord, "I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants."

The innkeeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postilion, both in the same instant exclaimed, "*Sorrow* better chaise in the county!"

"*Sorrow!*" said I: "what do you mean by *sorrow*?"

"That there's no better, plase your honour, can be seen. We have two more, to be sure; but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way there's no better can be seen than this same." *

*-Verbatim.

“And these horses!” cried I: “why this horse is so lame he can hardly stand.”

“Oh, plase your honour, tho’ he can’t stand, he’ll go fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, plase your honour. He’s always that way at first setting out.”

“And that wretched animal with the galled breast!”

“He’s all the better for it, when once he warms; it’s he that will go with the speed of light, plase your honour. Sure, is not he Knockecroghery? and didn’t I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luck penny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four year old at the same time!”

I could not avoid smiling at this speech: but my *gentleman*, maintaining his angry gravity, declared, in a sullen tone, that he would be cursed if he went with such horses; and the Frenchman, with abundance of gesticulation, made a prodigious chattering, which no mortal understood.

“Then I’ll tell you what you’ll do,” said Paddy; “you’ll take four, as becomes gentlemen of your quality, and you’ll see how we’ll powder along.”

And straight he put the knuckle of his fore-finger in his mouth, and whistled shrill and strong; and, in a moment, a whistle somewhere out in the fields answered him.

I protested against these proceedings, but in vain; before the first pair of horses were fastened to the chaise, up came a little boy with the others *fresh* from the plough. They were quick enough in putting these to; yet how they managed it with their tackle, I know not. “Now we’re fixed handsomely,” said Paddy.

“But this chaise will break down the first mile.”

“Is it this chaise, plase your honour? I’ll engage it will go the world’s end. The universe wouldn’t break it down now; sure it was mended but last night.”

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed

up his stockings with the other: so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachman-like, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coach-box. "Throw me the loan of a trusty Bartly, for a cushion," said he. A frieze coat was thrown up over the horses' heads—Paddy caught it. "Where are you, Hosey?" cried he. "Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg," replied Hosey. "Throw me up," added this paragon of postilions, turning to one of the crowd of idle bystanders. "Arrah, push me up, can't ye?"

A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse: he was in his seat in a trice; then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet—reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, "secure in the last event of things." In vain the Englishman in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy: necessity and wit were on Paddy's side; he parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country, with invincible comic dexterity, till at last, both his adversaries, dumb-founded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to *my* postilions, bidding them "get on, and not be stopping the way any longer."

Without uttering a syllable, they drove on: but they could not, nor could I, refrain from looking back to see how those fellows would manage. We saw the fore-horses make towards the right, then to the left, and every way but straight forwards; whilst Paddy bawled to Hosey—"Keep the middle of the road, can't ye? I don't want ye to draw a pound at-all-at-all."

At last, by dint of whipping, the four horses were compelled to set off in a lame gallop; but they stopped short

at a hill near the end of the town, whilst a shouting troop of ragged boys followed, and pushed them fairly to the top. Half an hour afterwards, as we were putting on our drag-chain to go down another steep hill,—to my utter astonishment, Paddy, with his horses in full gallop, came rattling and *chehupping* past us. My people called to warn him that he had no *drag*: but still he cried “Never fear!” and shaking the long reins, and stamping with his foot, on he went thundering down the hill. My Englishmen were aghast.

“The turn yonder below, at the bottom of the hill, is as sharp and ugly as ever I see,” said my postilion, after a moment’s stupified silence. “He will break their necks, as sure as my name is John.”

Quite the contrary: when we had dragged and undragged, and came up with Paddy, we found him safe on his legs, mending some of his tackle very quietly.

“If that breeching had broke as you were going down the steep hill,” said I, “it would have been all over with you, Paddy.”

“That’s true, plase your honour: but it never happened me going down hill—nor never will, by the blessing of God, if I’ve any luck.”

With this mixed confidence in a special providence, and in his own good luck, Paddy went on, much to my amusement. It was his glory to keep before us; and he rattled on till he came to a narrow part of the road, where they were rebuilding a bridge. Here there was a dead stop. Paddy lashed his horses, and called them all manner of names; but the wheel-horse, Knockecroghery, was restive, and at last began to kick most furiously. It seemed inevitable that the first kick which should reach the splinter-bar, at which it was aimed, must demolish it instantly. My English gentleman and my Frenchman both put their heads out of the only window which was pervious, and

called most manfully to be let out. "Never fear," said Paddy. To open the door for themselves was beyond their force or skill. One of the hind wheels, which had belonged to another carriage, was too high to suffer the door to be opened, and the blind at the other side prevented their attempts, so they were close prisoners. The men who had been at work on the broken bridge came forward, and rested on their spades to see the battle. As my carriage could not pass, I was also compelled to be a spectator of this contest between man and horse.

"Never fear," reiterated Paddy, "I'll engage I'll be up wid him. Now for it, Knockecroghery! Oh the rogue, he thinks he has me at a *nonplush*, but I'll show him the *differ*."

After this brag of war, Paddy whipped, Knockecroghery kicked; and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were by miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators.

"Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then? Oh the villain, to be browbating me! I'm too cute for him yet. See there, now, he's come to; and I'll be his bail he'll go *asy* enough wid me. Ogh! he has a fine spirit of his own, but it's I that can match him: 'twould be a poor case if a man like me cou'dn't match a horse any way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vicious."

After this hard-fought battle, and suitable rejoicing for the victory, Paddy walked his subdued adversary on a few yards to allow us to pass him; but to the dismay of my positions, a hay-rope was at this instant thrown across the road, before our horses, by the road-makers, who, to ex-

plain this proceeding, cried out, "Plase your honour, the road is so dry, we'd expect a trifle to wet it."

"What do these fellows mean?" said I.

"It's only a tester or a hog they want, your honour, to give 'em to drink your honour's health," said Paddy.

"A hog to drink my health?"

"Ay, that is a thirteen, plase your honour; all as one as an English shilling."

I threw them a shilling: the hay-rope was withdrawn, and at last we went on. We heard no more of Paddy till evening. He came in two hours after us, and expected to be doubly paid *for driving my honour's gentlemen so well.*

I must say that on this journey, though I met with many delays and disasters; though one of my horses was lamed in shoeing by a smith, who came home drunk from a funeral; and though the back pannel of my carriage was broken by the pole of a chaise; and though one day I went without my dinner at a large desolate inn, where nothing was to be had but whiskey; and though one night I lay in a little smoky den, in which the meanest of my servants in England would have thought it impossible to sleep; and though I complained bitterly, and swore it was impracticable for a gentleman to travel in Ireland; yet I never remember to have experienced, on any journey, less ennui.* I was out

* Since lord Glenthorn's Memoirs were published, the editor has received letters and information from the east, west, north, and south of Ireland, on the present state of posting in that country. The following is one of the many, which is vouched by indisputable authority as a true and recent anecdote, given in the very words in which it was related to the editor.....Mr. ****, travelling in Ireland, having got into a hackney chaise, was surprised to hear the driver knocking at each side of the carriage—"What are you doing?"—"A'n't I nailing your honour up?"—"Why do you nail me up? I don't wish to be nailed up."—"Augh! would your honour have the doors fly off the hinges?" When they came to the end of the stage, Mr.**** begged the man to unfasten the doors—"Ogh! what would I be taking out the nails for, to be racking the doors?"—"How shall I get out then?"—"Can't your

of patience twenty times a day, but I certainly felt no ennui; and I am convinced that the benefit some patients receive from a journey is in an inverse proportion to the ease and luxury of their mode of travelling. When they are compelled to exert their faculties, and to use their limbs, they forget their nerves, as I did. Upon this principle I should recommend to wealthy hypochondriacs a journey in Ireland, preferably to any country in the civilised world. I can promise them, that they will not only be moved to anger often enough to make their blood circulate briskly, but they will even, in the acmè of their impatience, be thrown into salutary convulsions of laughter, by the comic concomitants of their disasters: besides, if they have hearts, their best feelings cannot fail to be awakened by the warm, generous hospitality they will receive in this country, from the cabin to the castle.

Late in the evening of the fourth day, we came to an inn on the verge of the county where my estate was situate.

honour get out of the window like any other *jantleman*?" Mr. **** began the operation; but having forced his head and shoulder out, could get no farther, and called again to the postilion.—"Augh! did any one ever see any one get out of a chay head foremost? Can't your honour put out your feet first, like a Christian?"

Another correspondent from the south relates, that when he refused to go on till one of the four horses who wanted a shoe, was shod, his two postilions in his hearing commenced thus: "Paddy, where *will* I get a shoe, and no smith nigh hand?"—"Why don't you see yon *jantleman's* horse in the field; can't you go and unshoe him?"—"True for ye," said Jem, "but that horse's shoe will never fit him."—"Augh! you can but try it," said Paddy.—So the gentleman's horse was actually unshod, and his shoe put upon the hackney horse; and, fit or not fit, Paddy went off with it.

Another gentleman, travelling in the north of Ireland in a hackney chaise during a storm of wind and rain, found that two of the windows were broken, and two could not by force or art of man be pulled up: he ventured to complain to his Paddy of the inconvenience he suffered from the storm pelting in his face.—His consolation was, "Augh! God bless your honour, and can't you get out and *set* behind the carriage, and you'll not get a drop at all, I'll engage."

It was one of the wildest parts of Ireland. We could find no horses, nor accommodations of any sort, and we had several miles farther to go. For our only comfort, the dirty landlady, who had married the hostler, and wore gold drop ear-rings, reminded us, that, "Sure, if we could but wait an hour, and take a fresh egg, we should have a fine moon."

After many fruitless imprecations, my French cook was obliged to mount one of my saddle-horses; my groom was left to follow us the next day; I let my gentleman sit on the barouche box, and proceeded with my own tired horses. The moon, which my landlady had promised me, rose, and I had a full view of the face of the country. As we approached my maritime territories, the cottages were thinly scattered, and the trees had a stunted appearance; they all slanted one way, from the prevalent winds that blew from the ocean. Our road presently stretched along the beach, and I saw nothing to vary the prospect but rocks, and their huge shadows upon the water. The road being sandy, the feet of the horses made no noise, and nothing interrupted the silence of the night but the hissing sound of the carriage-wheels passing through the sand.

"What o'clock is it now, think you, John?" said one of my postilions to the other.

"Past twelve for *sartain*," said John; "and this *bees* a strange Irish place," continued he in a drawling voice; "with no possible way o' getting at it, as I see." John, after a pause, resumed, "I say, Timothy, to the best of my opinion, this here road is leading *on* us into the sea." John replied, that he did suppose there might be such a thing as a boat farther on, but where he could not say for *sartain*." Dismayed and helpless, they at last stopped to consult whether they had come the right road to the house. In the midst of their consultation there came up an Irish carman, whistling as he walked beside his horse and car.

"Honest friend, is this the road to Glenthorn Castle?"

“To Glenthorn, sure enough, your honour.”

“Whereabouts is the castle?”

“Forenent you, if you go on to the turn.”

“*Forenent* you!” As the postilions pondered upon this word, the carman, leaving his horse and car, turned back to explain by action, what he could not make intelligible by words.

“See, isn’t here the castle?” cried he, darting before us to the turn of the road, where he stood pointing at what we could not possibly see, as it was hid by a promontory of rock. When we reached the spot where he was stationed, we came full upon the view of Glenthorn Castle: it seemed to rise from the sea, abrupt and insulated, in all the gloomy grandeur of ancient times, with turrets and battlements, and a huge gateway, the pointed arch of which receded in perspective between the projecting towers.

“It’s my lord himself, I’m fond to believe!” said our guide, taking off his hat—“I had best step on and tell ’em at the castle.”

“No, my good friend, there is no occasion to trouble you farther; you had better go back to your horse and car, which you have left on the road.”

“Oh! they are used to that, plase your honour; they’ll go on very *quite*, and I’ll run like a redshank with the news to the castle.”

He ran on before us with surprising velocity, whilst our tired horses dragged us slowly through the sand. As we approached, the gateway of the castle opened, and a number of men, who appeared to be dwarfs, when compared with the height of the building, came out with torches in their hands. By their bustle, and the vehemence with which they bawled to one another, one might have thought that the whole castle was in flames; but they were only letting down a drawbridge. As I was going over this bridge, a casement window opened in the castle; and a

voice, which I knew to be old Ellinor's, exclaimed, "Mind the big hole in the middle of the bridge, God bless *yees*!"

I passed over the broken bridge, and through the massive gate, under an arched way, at the farthest end of which a lamp had just been lighted: then I came into a large open area, the court of the castle. The hollow sound of the horses' feet, and of the carriage rumbling over the draw-bridge, was immediately succeeded by the strange and eager voices of the people, who filled the court with variety of noises, contrasting, in the most striking manner, with the silence in which we had travelled over the sands. The great effect that my arrival instantaneously produced upon the multitude of servants and dependents, who issued from the castle, gave me an idea of my own consequence beyond any thing which I had ever felt in England. These people seemed "born for my use": the officious precipitation with which they ran to and fro; the style in which they addressed me; some crying, "Long life to the Earl of Glenthorn!" some blessing me for coming to reign over them; all together gave more the idea of vassals than of tenants, and carried my imagination centuries back to feudal times.

The first person I saw on entering the hall of my castle was poor Ellinor: she pushed her way up to me—

"'Tis himself!" cried she. Then turning about suddenly, "I've seen him in his own castle—I've seen him—and if it pleases God this minute to take me to himself, I would die with pleasure."

"My good Ellinor," said I, touched to the heart by her affection, "my good Ellinor, I hope you will live many a happy year; and if I can contribute——"

"And himself to speak to me so kind before them all!" interrupted she. "Oh! this is too much—quite too much!" She burst into tears; and, hiding her face with her arm, made her way out of the hall.

The flights of stairs which I had to ascend, and the length of galleries through which I was conducted, before I reached the apartment where supper was served, gave me a vast idea of the extent of my castle; but I was too much fatigued to enjoy fully the gratifications of pride. To the simple pleasures of appetite I was more sensible: I ate heartily of one of the most profusely hospitable suppers that ever was prepared for a noble baron, even in the days when oxen were roasted whole. Then I grew so sleepy, that I was impatient to be shown to my bed. I was ushered through another suite of chambers and galleries; and, as I was traversing one of these, a door of some strange dormitory opened, and a group of female heads were thrust out, in the midst of which I could distinguish old Ellinor's face; but, as I turned my head, the door closed so quickly, that I had no time to speak: I only heard the words "Blessings on him! that's he!"

I was so sleepy, that I rejoiced having escaped an occasion where I might have been called upon to speak, yet I was really grateful to my poor nurse for her blessing. The state tower, in which, after reiterated entreaties, I was at last left alone to repose, was hung with magnificent, but ancient tapestry. It was so like a room in a haunted castle, that if I had not been too much fatigued to think of any thing, I should certainly have thought of Mrs. Radcliffe. I am sorry to say that I have no mysteries, or even portentous omens, to record of this night; for the moment that I lay down in my antiquated bed, I fell into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN I awoke, I thought that I was on shipboard; for the first sound I heard was that of the sea booming against the castle walls. I arose, looked out of the window of my bedchamber, and saw that the whole prospect bore an air of savage wildness. As I contemplated the scene, my imagination was seized with the idea of remoteness from civilized society: the melancholy feeling of solitary grandeur took possession of my soul.

From this feeling I was relieved by the affectionate countenance of my old nurse, who at this instant put her head half in at the door.

"I only just made bold to look in at the fire, to see did it burn, because I lighted it myself, and would not be blowing of it for fear of wakening you."

"Come in, Ellinor, come in," said I. "Come quite in."

"I will, since you've nobody with you that I need be afraid of," said she, looking round satisfied, when she saw my own man was not in the room.

"You need never be afraid of any body, Ellinor, whilst I am alive," said I; "for I will always protect you. I do not forget your conduct, when you thought I was dead in the banqueting-room."

"Oh! don't be talking of that; thanks be to God there was nothing in it! I see you well now. Long life to you! Sure you must have been tired to death last night, for this morning early you lay so *quite*, sleeping like an angel; and I could see a great likeness in *yees*, to what you were when you were a child in my arms."

“But sit down, sit down, my good Ellinor,” said I, “and let us talk a little of your own affairs.”

“And are not these my own affairs?” said she, rather angrily.

“Certainly; but I mean, that you must tell me how you are going on in the world, and what I can do to make you comfortable and happy.”

“There’s one thing would make me happy,” said she.

“Name it,” said I.

“To be let light your fire myself every morning, and open your shutters, dear.”

I could not help smiling at the simplicity of the request. I was going to press her to ask something of more consequence, but she heard a servant coming along the gallery, and, starting from her chair, she ran and threw herself upon her knees before the fire, blowing it with her mouth with great vehemence.

The servant came to let me know that Mr. M’Leod, my agent, was waiting for me in the breakfast-room.

“And will I be let light your fire then every morning?” said Ellinor eagerly, turning as she knelt.

“And welcome,” said I.

“Then you won’t forget to speak about it for me,” said she, “else may be I won’t be let up by them English. God bless you, and don’t forget to speak for me.”

“I will remember to speak about it,” said I: but I went down stairs and forgot it.

Mr. M’Leod, whom I found reading the newspaper in the breakfast-room, seemed less affected by my presence than any body I had seen since my arrival. He was a hard-featured, strong-built, perpendicular man, with a remarkable quietness of deportment: he spoke with deliberate distinctness, in an accent slightly Scotch; and, in speaking, he made use of no gesticulation, but held himself surprisingly still. No part of him, but his eyes, moved; and they

had an expression of slow, but determined good sense. He was sparing of his words; but the few that he used said much, and went directly to the point. He pressed for the immediate examination and settlement of his accounts: he enumerated several things of importance, which he had done for my service: but he did this without pretending the slightest attachment to me; he mentioned them only as proofs of his having done his duty to his employer, for which he neither expected nor would accept of thanks. He seemed to be cold and upright in his mind as in his body. I was not influenced in his favour even by his striking appearance of plain-dealing, so strong was the general abhorrence of agents, which Crawley's treachery had left in my mind. The excess of credulity, when convinced of its error, becomes the extreme of suspicion. Persons not habituated to reason often argue absurdly, because, from particular instances, they deduce general conclusions, and extend the result of their limited experience of individuals indiscriminately to whole classes. The labour of thinking was so great to me, that having once come to a conclusion upon any subject, I would rather persist in it, right or wrong, than be at the trouble of going over the process again to revise and rectify my judgment.

Upon this occasion, national prejudice heightened the prepossession which circumstances had raised. Mr. M'Leod was not only an agent, but a Scotchman; and I had a notion that all Scotchmen were crafty: therefore I concluded that his blunt manner was assumed, and his plain-dealing but a more refined species of policy.

After breakfast, he laid before me a general statement of my affairs; obliged me to name a day for the examination of his accounts; and then, without expressing either mortification or displeasure at the coldness of my behaviour, or at my evident impatience of his presence, he, unmoved

of spirit, rang for his horse, wished me a good morning, and departed.

By this time my castle-yard was filled with a crowd of "great-coated suitors," who were all *come to see—could they see my lordship? or waiting just to say two words to my honour.* In various lounging attitudes, leaning against the walls, or pacing backwards and forwards before the window, to catch my eye, they, with a patience passing the patience of courtiers, waited, hour after hour, the live-long day, for their turn, or their chance, of an audience. I had promised myself the pleasure of viewing my castle this day, and of taking a ride through my grounds; but that was totally out of the question. I was no longer a man with a will of my own, or with time at my own disposal.

"*Long may you live to reign over us?*" was the signal that I was now to live, like a prince, only for the service of my subjects. How these subjects of mine had contrived to go on for so many years in my absence, I was at a loss to conceive; for the moment I was present, it seemed evident that they could not exist without me.

One had a wife and six *childer*, and not a spot in the wide world to live in, if my honour did not let him live under me, in any bit of a skirt of the estate that would feed a cow.

Another had a brother in jail, who could not be *got out* without me.

Another had three lives dropped in a *lase* for ever; another wanted a renewal; another a farm; another a house; and one *expected* my lard would make his son an exciseman; and another that I would make him a policeman; and another was *racked*, if I did not settle the *mearing* between him and Corny Corkran; and half a hundred had given in *proposals* to the agent for lands that would be out next May; and half a hundred more came with legends of traditionary

promises from the old lord, my lordship's father that was: and for hours I was forced to listen to long stories *out of the face*, in which there was such a perplexing and provoking mixture of truth and fiction, involved in language so figurative, and tones so new to my English ears, that, with my utmost patience and strained attention, I could comprehend but a very small portion of what was said to me.

Never were my ears so weary any day of my life as they were this day. I could not have endured the fatigue, if I had not been supported by the agreeable idea of my own power and consequence; a power seemingly next to despotic. This new stimulus sustained me for three days that I was kept a state-prisoner in my own castle, by the crowds who came to do me homage, and to claim my favour and protection. In vain every morning was my horse led about saddled and bridled: I never was permitted to mount. On the fourth morning, when I felt sure of having despatched all my tormentors, I was in astonishment and despair on seeing my levee crowded with a fresh succession of petitioners. I gave orders to my people to say that I was going out, and absolutely could see nobody. I supposed that they did not understand what my English servants said, for they never stirred from their posts. On receiving a second message, they acknowledged that they understood the first; but replied, that they could wait there till my honour came back from my ride. With difficulty I mounted my horse, and escaped from the closing ranks of my persecutors. At night I gave directions to have the gates kept shut, and ordered the porter not to admit any body at his peril. When I got up, I was delighted to see the coast clear: but the moment I went out, lo! at the outside of the gate, the host of besiegers were posted, and in my lawn, and along the road, and through the fields, they pursued me; and when I forbade them to speak to me when I was on horseback, the next day I found parties in ambuscade, who laid wait for

me in silence, with their hats off, bowing and bowing, till I could not refrain from saying, “Well, my good friend, what do you stand bowing there for?” Then I was fairly prisoner, and held by the bridle for an hour.

In short, I found that I was now placed in a situation where I could hope neither for privacy nor leisure; but I had the joys of power: my rising passion for which would certainly have been extinguished in a short time by my habitual indolence, if it had not been kept alive by jealousy of Mr. M’Leod.

One day, when I refused to hear an importunate tenant, and declared that I had been persecuted with petitioners ever since my arrival, and that I was absolutely tired to death, the man answered, “True, *for ye*, my lard; and it’s a shame to be troubling you this way. Then, may be it’s to Mr. M’Leod I’ll go? Sure the agent will do as well, and no more about it. Mr. M’Leod will do every thing the same way as usual.”

“Mr. M’Leod will do every thing!” said I, hastily: “no, by no means.”

“Who will we speak to, then?” said the man.

“To myself,” said I, with as haughty a tone as Louis XIV could have assumed, when he announced to his court his resolution to be his own minister. After this intrepid declaration to act for myself, I could not yield to my habitual laziness. So much had my pride been hurt, as well as my other feelings, by Captain Crawley’s conduct, that I determined to show the world I was not to be duped a second time by an agent.

When, on the day appointed, Mr. M’Leod came to settle accounts with me, I, with an air of self-important capability, as if I had been all my life used to look into my own affairs, sat down to inspect the papers; and, incredible as it may appear, I went through the whole at a sitting, without a single yawn; and, for a man who never before had looked

into an account, I understood the nature of debtor and creditor wonderfully well: but, with my utmost desire to evince my arithmetical sagacity, I could not detect the slightest error in the accounts; and it was evident that Mr. M'Leod was not Captain Crawley; yet, rather than believe that he could be both an agent and an honest man, I concluded, that if he did not cheat me out of my money, his aim was to cheat me out of power; and, fancying that he wished to be a man of influence and consequence in the county, I transferred to him instantly the feelings that were passing in my own mind, and took it for granted that he must be actuated by a love of power in every thing that he did apparently for my service.

About this time I remember being much disturbed in my mind, by a letter which Mr. M'Leod received in my presence, and of which he read to me only a part: I never rested till I saw the whole. The epistle proved well worth the trouble of deciphering: it related merely to the paving of my chicken-yard. Like the king of Prussia, * who was said to be so jealous of power, that he wanted to regulate all the mouse-traps in his dominions, I soon engrossed the management of a perplexing multiplicity of minute insignificant details. Alas! I discovered, to my cost, that trouble is the inseparable attendant upon power: and many times, in the course of the first ten days of my reign, I was ready to give up my dignity from excessive fatigue.

* Mirabeau—Secret Memoirs.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY one morning, after having passed a feverish night, tortured in my dreams by the voices and faces of the people who had surrounded me the preceding day, I was wakened by the noise of somebody lighting my fire. I thought it was Ellinor; and the idea of the disinterested affection of this poor woman came full into my mind, contrasted in the strongest manner with the recollection of the selfish encroaching people by whom, of late, I had been worried.

“How do you do, my good Ellinor?” said I: “I have not seen any thing of you this week past.”

“It’s not Ellinor at all, my lard,” said a new voice.

“And why so? Why does not Ellinor light my fire?”

“Myself does not know, my lard.”

“Go for her directly.”

“She’s gone home these three days, my lard.”

“Gone! is she sick?”

“Not as I know *on*, my lard. Myself does not know what ailed her, except she would be jealous of my lighting the fire. But I can’t say what ailed her; for she went away without a word good or bad, when she seen me lighting this fire, which I did by the housekeeper’s orders.”

I now recollected poor Ellinor’s request, and reproached myself for having neglected to fulfil my promise, upon an affair which, however trifling in itself, appeared of consequence to her. In the course of my morning’s ride I determined to call upon her at her own house, and make my apologies: but first I satisfied my curiosity about a prodigious number of *parks* and *towns* which I had heard of upon my estate. Many a ragged man had come to me, with the

modest request that I would let him *one of the parks near the town*. The horse-park, the deer-park, the cow-park, were not quite sufficient to answer the ideas I had attached to the word *park*: but I was quite astonished and mortified when I beheld the bits and corners of land near the town of Glenthorn, on which these high-sounding titles had been bestowed:—just what would feed a cow is sufficient in Ireland to constitute a park.

When I heard the names of above a hundred towns on the Glenthorn estate, I had an exalted idea of my own territories; and I was impatient to make a progress through my dominions: but, upon visiting a few of these places, my curiosity was satisfied. Two or three cabins gathered together were sufficient to constitute a town, and the land adjoining thereto is called a town-land. The denominations of these town-lands having continued from generation to generation, according to ancient surveys of Ireland, it is sufficient to show the boundaries of a town-land, to prove that there must be a town; and a tradition of a town continues to be satisfactory, even when only a single cabin remains. I turned my horse's head away in disgust from one of these traditionary towns, and desired a boy to show me the way to Ellinor O'Donoghoe's house.

“So I will, plase your honour, my lard; sure I've a right to know, for she's my own granny.”

The boy, or, as he was called, the *gossoon*, ran across some fields where there was abundance of fern and of rabbits. The rabbits, sitting quietly at the entrance of their holes, seemed to consider themselves as proprietors of the soil, and me and my horse as intruders. The boy apologized for the number of rabbit-holes on this part of the estate: “It would not be so, my lard, if I had a gun allowed me by the gamekeeper, which he would give me if he knew it would be plasing to your honour.” The inge-

nuity with which even the young boys can introduce their requests in a favourable moment sometimes provoked me, and sometimes excited my admiration. This boy made his just at the time he was rolling out of my way a car that stopped a gap in the hedge; and he was so hot and out of breath with running in my service, that I could not refuse him *a token to the gamekeeper that he might get a gun*, as soon as I understood what it meant.

We came to Ellinor's house, a wretched-looking, low, and mud-walled cabin: at one end it was propped by a buttress of loose stones, upon which stood a goat reared on his hind legs, to browse on the grass that grew on the house-top. A dunghill was before the only window, at the other end of the house, and close to the door was a puddle of the dirtiest of dirty water, in which ducks were dabbling. At my approach there came out of the cabin a pig, a calf, a lamb, a kid, and two geese, all with their legs tied; followed by turkeys, cocks, hens, chickens, a dog, a cat, a kitten, a beggar-man, a beggar-woman with a pipe in her mouth, children innumerable, and a stout girl with a pitchfork in her hand; all together more than I, looking down upon the roof as I sat on horseback, and measuring the superficies with my eye, could have possibly supposed the mansion capable of containing. I asked if Ellinor O'Donoghoe was at home; but the dog barked, the geese cackled, the turkeys gobbled, and the beggars begged, with one accord, so loudly, that there was no chance of my being heard. When the *girl* had at last succeeded in appeasing them all with her pitchfork, she answered, that Ellinor O'Donoghoe was at home, but that she was out with the potatoes; and she ran to fetch her, after calling to *the boys, who was within in the room smoking*, to come out to his honour. As soon as they had crouched under the door, and were able to stand upright,

they welcomed me with a very good grace, and were proud to see me in *the kingdom*. I asked if they were all Ellinor's sons?

"All entirely," was the first answer.

"Not one but one," was the second answer. The third made the other two intelligible.

"Plase your honour, we are all her sons-in-law, except myself, who am her lawful son."

"Then you are my foster-brother?"

"No, plase your honour, it's not me, but my brother, and he's *not in it*."

"*Not in it?*"

"No, plase your honour; because he's in the forge up *abow*."

"Abow!" said I, "what does he mean?"

"Sure he's the blacksmith, my lard."

"And what are you?"

"I'm Ody, plase your honour; the short for Owen."

"And what is your trade?"

"Trade, plase your honour, I was bred to none, more than another; but expects, only that my mother's not willing to part me, to go into the militia next month; and I'm sure she'd let me, if your honour's lordship would spake a word to the colonel, to see to get me made a serjeant *immadiately*."

As Ody made his request, all his companions came forward in sign of sympathy, and closed round my horse's head to make me *sinsible* of their expectations: but at this instant Ellinor came up, her old face colouring all over with joy when she saw me.

"So, Ellinor," said I, "you were affronted, I hear, and left the castle in anger?"

"In anger! And if I did, more shame for me—but anger does not last long with me any way; and against you, my

lord, dear, how could it? Oh, think how good he is, coming to see me in such a poor place!"

"I will make it a better place for you, Ellinor," said I. Far from being eager to obtain promises, she still replied, that "all was good enough for her." I desired that she would come and live with me at the castle, till a better house than her present habitation could be built for her; but she seemed to prefer this hovel. I assured her that she should be permitted to light my fire.

"Oh it's better for me not!" said she; "better keep out of the way. I could not be asy if I got any one ill-will."

I assured her that she should be at liberty to do just as she liked: and whilst I rode home I was planning a pretty cottage for her near the porter's lodge. I was pleased with myself for my gratitude to this poor woman. Before I slept, I actually wrote a letter, which obtained for Ody the honour of being made a serjeant in the ——— militia; and Ellinor, dazzled by this military glory, was satisfied that he should leave home, though he was her favourite.

"Well, let him leave me then," said she; "I won't stand in his light. I never thought of my living to see Ody a serjeant. Now, Ody, have done being wild, honey-dear, and be a credit to your family, and to his honour's commendation—God bless him for ever for it! From the very first I knew it was he that had the kind heart."

I am not sure that it was a very good action to get a man made a serjeant, of whom I knew nothing but that he was son to my nurse. Self-complacency, however, cherished my first indistinct feelings of benevolence. Though not much accustomed to reflect upon my own sensations, I think I remember, at this period, suspecting that the feeling of benevolence is a greater pleasure than the possession of *barouches*, and horses, and castles, and parks—greater

even than the possession of power. Of this last truth, however, I had not as yet a perfectly clear conception. Even in my benevolence I was as impatient and unreasonable as a child. Money, I thought, had the power of Aladdin's lamp, to procure with magical celerity the gratification of my wishes. I expected that a cottage for Ellinor should rise out of the earth at my command. But the slaves of Aladdin's lamp were not Irishmen. The delays, and difficulties, and blunders, in the execution of my orders, provoked me beyond measure; and it would have been difficult for a cool spectator to decide, whether I or my workmen were most in fault; they for their dilatory habits, or I for my impatient temper.

“Well, *plase* your honour, when the *pratees* are set, and the turf cut, we'll *fall-to* at Ellinor's house.”

“Confound the potatoes and the turf! you must *fall-to*, as you call it, directly.”

“Is it without the lime, and *plase* your honour? Sure that same is not drawn yet, nor the stones quarried, since it is of stone it will be—nor the foundations itself dug, and the horses were all putting out dung.”

Then after the bog and the potatoes came funerals and holidays innumerable. The masons were idle one week waiting for the mortar, and the mortar another week waiting for the stones, and then they were at a stand for the carpenter when they came to the door-case, and the carpenter was looking for the sawyer, and the sawyer was gone to have the saw mended. Then there was a *stop* again at the window-sills for the stone-cutter, and he was at the quarter-sessions, processing his brother for *tin and tinpence, hay-money*. And when, in spite of all delays and obstacles, the walls reached their destined height, the roof was a new plague; the carpenter, the slater, and the nailer, were all at variance, and I cannot tell which was the most provoking rogue of the three. At last, however,

the house was roofed and slated: then I would not wait till the walls were dry before I plastered, and papered, and furnished it. I fitted it up in the most elegant style of English cottages; for I was determined that Ellinor's habitation should be such as had never been seen in this part of the world. The day when it was finished, and when I gave possession of it to Ellinor, paid me for all my trouble; I tasted a species of pleasure that was new to me, and which was the sweeter from having been earned with some difficulty. And now, when I saw a vast number of my tenants assembled at a rural feast which I gave on Ellinor's *installation*, my benevolence enlarged, even beyond the possibility of its gratification, and I wished to make all my dependents happy, provided I could accomplish it without much trouble. The method of doing good, which seemed to require the least exertion, and which I, therefore, most willingly practised, was giving away money. I did not wait to inquire, much less to examine, into the merits of the claimants; but, without selecting proper objects, I relieved myself from the uneasy feeling of pity, by indiscriminate donations to objects apparently the most miserable.

I was quite angry with Mr. M'Leod, my agent, and considered him as a selfish, hard-hearted miser, because he did not seem to sympathise with me, or to applaud my generosity. I was so much irritated by his cold silence, that I could not forbear pressing him to say something.

"*I doubt*, then," said he, "since you desire me to speak my mind, my lord, *I doubt* whether the best way of encouraging the industrious is to give premiums to the idle."

"But, idle or not, these poor wretches are so miserable, that I cannot refuse to give them something; and, surely, when one can do it so easily, it is right to relieve misery. Is it not?"

"Undoubtedly, my lord; but the difficulty is, to relieve

present misery, without creating more in future. Pity for one class of beings sometimes makes us cruel to others. I am told that there are some Indian Brahmins so very compassionate, that they hire beggars to let fleas feed upon them: I doubt whether it might not be better to let the fleas starve."

I did not in the least understand what Mr. M'Leod meant: but I was soon made to comprehend it, by crowds of eloquent beggars, who soon surrounded me: many who had been resolutely struggling with their difficulties, slackened their exertions, and left their labour for the easier trade of imposing upon my credulity. The money I had bestowed was wasted at the dram-shop, or it became the subject of family-quarrels; and those whom I had *relieved* returned to *my honour*, with fresh and insatiable expectations. All this time my industrious tenants grumbled, because no encouragement was given to them; and, looking upon me as a weak, good-natured fool, they combined in a resolution to ask me for long leases, or reduction of rent.

The rhetoric of my tenants succeeded, in some instances; and again I was mortified by Mr. M'Leod's silence. I was too proud to ask his opinion. I ordered, and was obeyed. A few leases for long terms were signed and sealed; and when I had thus my own way completely, I could not refrain from recurring to Mr. M'Leod's opinion.

"I doubt, my lord," said he, "whether this measure may be as advantageous as you hope. These fellows, these middle-men, will underset the land, and live in idleness, whilst they *rack* a parcel of wretched under-tenants."

"But they said they would keep the land in their own hands, and improve it; and that the reason why they could not afford to improve before was, that they had not long leases."

“It may be doubted whether long leases alone will make improving tenants; for in the next county to us, there are many farms of the dowager Lady Ormsby’s land let at ten shillings an acre, and her tenantry are beggars: and the land now, at the end of the leases, is worn out, and worse than at their commencement.”

I was weary listening to this cold reasoning, and resolved to apply no more for explanations to Mr. M’Leod; yet I did not long keep this resolution: infirm of purpose, I wanted the support of his approbation, at the very time I was jealous of his interference.

At one time I had a mind to raise the wages of labour: but Mr. M’Leod said, “*It might be doubted* whether the people would not work less, when they could with less work have money enough to support them.”

I was puzzled: and then I had a mind to lower the wages of labour, to force them to work or starve. Still provoking Mr. M’Leod said, “*It might be doubted* whether it would not be better to leave them alone.”

I gave marriage-portions to the daughters of my tenants, and rewards to those who had children; for I had always heard that legislators should encourage population.

Still Mr. M’Leod hesitated to approve; he observed, “that my estate was so populous, that the complaint in each family was, that they had not land for the sons. *It might be doubted* whether, if a farm could support but ten people, it were wise to encourage the birth of twenty. *It might be doubted* whether it were not better for ten to live, and be well fed, than for twenty to be born, and to be half-starved.”

To encourage manufactures in my town of Glenthorn, I proposed putting a clause in my leases, compelling my tenants to buy stuffs and linens manufactured at Glenthorn, and nowhere else. Stubborn M’Leod, as usual, began

with, “*I doubt* whether that will not encourage the manufacturers at Glenthorn to make bad stuffs and bad linen, since they are sure of a sale, and without danger of competition.”

At all events, I thought my tenants would grow rich and *independent*, if they made every thing *at home* that they wanted: yet Mr. M'Leod perplexed me by his “doubt whether it would not be better for a man to buy shoes, if he could buy them cheaper than he could make them.” He added something about the division of labour, and Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; to which I could only answer—“Smith's a Scotchman.”

I cannot express how much I dreaded Mr. M'Leod's *I doubt*—and—*It may be doubted*.

From the pain of doubt, and the labour of thought, I was soon most agreeably reprieved by the company of a Mr. Hardcastle, whose visits I constantly encouraged by a most gracious reception. Mr. Hardcastle was the agent of the dowager Lady Ormsby, who had a large estate in my neighbourhood: he was the very reverse of my Mr. M'Leod in his deportment and conversation. Talkative, self-sufficient, peremptory, he seemed not to know what it was *to doubt*; he considered doubt as a proof of ignorance, imbecility, or cowardice. “*Can any man doubt?*” was his usual beginning. On every subject of human knowledge, taste, morals, politics, economy, legislation; on all affairs, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, he decided at once in the most confident tone. Yet he “never read, not he!” he had nothing to do with books; he consulted only his own eyes and ears, and appealed only to common sense. As to theory, he had no opinion of theory; for his part, he only pretended to understand practice and experience—and his practice was confined steadily to his own practice, and his experience uniformly to what he had tried at New-town-Hardcastle.

At first I thought him a mighty clever man, and I really

rejoiced to see my *doubter* silenced. After dinner, when he had finished speaking in this decisive manner, I used frequently to back him with a—*Very true—very fair—very clear*—though I understood what he said as little as he did himself; but it was an ease to my mind to have a disputed point settled—and I filled my glass with an air of triumph, whilst M'Leod never contradicted my assertions, nor controverted Mr. Hardcastle's arguments. There was still an air of content and quiet self-satisfaction in M'Leod's very silence, which surprised and vexed me.

One day, when Hardcastle was laying down the law upon several subjects in his usual dictatorial manner, telling us how he managed his people, and what order he kept them in, I was determined that M'Leod should not enjoy the security of his silence, and I urged him to give us his general opinion, as to the means of improving the poor people in Ireland.

“I doubt,” said M'Leod, “whether any thing effectual can be done, till they have a better education.”

“Education!—Pshaw!—There it is now—these book-men,” cried Hardcastle: “Why, my dear sir, can any man alive, who knows this country, doubt that the common people have already too much education, as it is called—a vast deal too much? Too many of them know how to read, and write, and cipher, which I presume is all you mean by education.”

“Not entirely,” said M'Leod: “a good education comprehends something more.”

“The more the worse,” interrupted Hardcastle. “The more they know, the worse they are, sir, depend on that; I know the people of this country, sir; I have a *good right* to know them, sir, being born amongst them, and bred amongst them; so I think I may speak with some confidence on these matters. And I give it as my decided humble opinion, founded on irrefragable experience, which

is what I always build upon, that the way to ruin the poor of Ireland would be to educate them, sir. Look at the poor scholars, as they call themselves; and what are they? a parcel of young vagabonds in rags, with a book under their arm instead of a spade or a shovel, sir. And what comes of this? that they grow up the worst-disposed, and the most troublesome seditious rascals in the community. I allow none of them about New-town-Hardcastle—none—banished them all. Useless vagrants—hornets—vipers, sir: and show me a quieter, better-managed set of people than I have made of mine. I go upon experience, sir; and that's the only thing to go upon; and I'll go no farther than New-town-Hardcastle: if that won't bring conviction home to you, nothing will."

"I never was at New-town-Hardcastle," said M'Leod, drily.

"Well, sir, I hope it will not be the case long. But in the mean time, my good sir, do give me leave to put it to your own common sense, what can reading or writing do for a poor man, unless he is to be a bailiff or an exciseman? and you know all men can't expect to be bailiffs or excisemen. Can all the book-learning in the world, sir, dig a poor man's potatoes for him, or plough his land, or cut his turf? Then, sir, in this country, where's the advantages of education, I humbly ask? No, sir, no, trust me—keep the Irish common people ignorant, and you keep 'em quiet; and that's the only way with them; for they are too quick and smart, as it is, naturally. Teach them to read and write, and it's just adding fuel to fire—fire to gunpowder, sir. Teach them any thing, and directly you *set them up*: now, it's our business to *keep them down*, unless, sir, you'd wish to have your throat cut. Education, sir! Lord bless your soul, sir! they have a great deal too much; they know too much already, which makes them so refractory to the laws, and so idle. I will go no farther

than New-town-Hardcastle, to prove all this. So, my good sir," concluded he triumphantly, "education, I grant you, is necessary for the rich; but tell me, if you can, what's the use of education to the poor?"

"Much the same, I apprehend, as to the rich," answered M'Leod. "The use of education, as I understand it, is to teach men to see clearly, and to follow steadily, their real interest. All morality, you know, is comprised in this definition; and——"

"Very true, sir; but all this can never apply to the poor in Ireland."

"Why, sir, are they not men?"

"Men, to be sure; but not like men in Scotland. The Irish know nothing of their interests; and as to morality, that's out of the question: they know nothing about it, my dear sir."

"That is the very thing of which I complain," said M'Leod. "They know nothing, because they have been taught nothing."

"They cannot be taught, sir."

"Did you ever try?"

"I *did*, sir, no later than last week. A fellow that I caught stealing my turf, instead of sending him to jail, I said to him, with a great deal of lenity, My honest fellow, did you never hear of the eighth commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal?' He confessed he had; but did not know it was the eighth. I showed it to him, and counted it to him myself; and set him, for a punishment, to get his whole catechism. Well, sir, the next week I found him stealing my turf again! and when I caught him by the wrist in the fact, he said, it was because the priest would not let him learn the catechism I gave him, because it was a protestant one. Now you see, sir, there's a bar for ever to all education."

Mr. M'Leod smiled, said something about time and

patience, and observed, "that one experiment was not conclusive against a whole nation." Any thing like a general argument, Mr. Hardcastle could not comprehend. He knew every blade of grass within the reach of his tether, but could not reach an inch beyond. Any thing like an appeal to benevolent feelings was lost upon him; for he was so frank in his selfishness, that he did not even pretend to be generous. By sundry self-complacent motions he showed, whilst his adversary spoke, that he disdained to listen almost as much as to read: but, as soon as M'Leod paused, he said, "What you observe, sir, may possibly be very true; but I have made up my mind." Then he went over and over again his assertions, in a louder and a louder voice, ending with a tone of interrogation that seemed to set all answer at defiance, "What have you to answer to me now, sir?—Can any man alive doubt this, sir?"

M'Leod was perfectly silent. The company broke up; and, as we were going out of the room, I maliciously asked M'Leod, why he, who could say so much in his own defence, had suffered himself to be so completely silenced? He answered me, in his low deliberate voice, in the words of Molière—"Qu'est-ce que la raison avec un filet de voix contre une gueule comme celle-là?" At some other time," added Mr. M'Leod, "my sentiments shall be at your lordship's disposal."

Indolent persons love positive people, when they are of their own opinion; because they are saved the trouble of developing their thoughts, or supporting their assertions: but the moment the positive differs in sentiment from the indolent man, there is an end of the friendship. The indolent man then hates his pertinacious adversary as much as he loved his sturdy friend. So it happened between Mr. Hardcastle and me. This gentleman was a prodigious favourite with me, so long as his opinions were not in opposition to my own; but an accident happened, which

brought his love of power and mine into direct competition, and then I found his peremptory mode of reasoning and his ignorance absurd and insufferable.

Before I can do justice to my part of this quarrel, I must explain the cause of the interest which I took in behalf of the persons aggrieved. During the time that my first hot fit of benevolence was on me, I was riding home one evening after dining with Mr. Hardcastle, and I was struck with the sight of a cabin, more wretched than any I had ever before beheld: the feeble light of a single rush-candle through the window revealed its internal misery.

"Does any body live in that hovel?" said I.

"Ay, sure, does there: the Noonans, plase your honour," replied a man on the road. Noonans! I recollected the name to be that of the pugilist, who had died in consequence of the combat at which I had been present in London; who had, with his dying breath, besought me to convey his only half-guinea and his silk handkerchief to his poor father and sister. I alighted from my horse, asking the man, at the same time, if the son of this Noonan had not died in England.

"He had, sir, a son in England, Mick Noonan, who used to send him odd guineas, *I mind*, and was a *good lad to his father*, though wild; and there's been no account of him at-all-at-all this long while: but the old man has another boy, a sober lad, who's abroad with the army in the East Indies; and it's he that is the hope of the family. And there's the father—and old as he is, and poor, and a cripple, I'd engage there is not a happier man in the three counties at this very time speaking: for it is just now I seen young Jemmy Riley, the daughter's *bachelor*, go by with a letter. What news? says I. Great news! says he: a letter from Tom Noonan to his father; and I'm going in to read it for him."

By the time my voluble informant had come to this period,

I had reached the cabin door. Who could have expected to see smiles, and hear exclamations of joy, under such a roof?

I saw the father, with his hands clasped in ecstasy, and looking up to heaven, with the strong expression of delight in his aged countenance. I saw every line of his face; for the light of the candle was full upon it. The daughter, a beautiful girl, kneeling beside him, held the light for the young man, who was reading her brother's letter. I was sorry to interrupt them.

"Your honour's kindly welcome," said the old man, making an attempt to rise.

"Pray, don't let me disturb you."

"It was only a letter from a boy of mine that's over the seas we was reading," said the old man. "A better boy to an ould father, that's good for nothing now in this world, never was, plase your honour. See what he has sent me: a draught here for ten guineas out of the little pay he has. God for ever bless him!—as he surely will."

After a few minutes' conversation, the old man's heart was so much opened towards me, that he talked as freely as if he had known me for years. I led to the subject of his other son Michael, who was mentioned in the letter as a wild chap. "Ah! your honour, that's what lies heaviest on my heart, and will to my dying day, that Mick, before he died, which they say he did surely a twelvemonth ago, over there in England, never so much as sent me one line, good or bad, or his sister a token to remember him by even!"

"Had he but sent us the least bit of a word, or the least token in life, I had been content," said the sister, wiping her eyes: "we don't so much as know how he died."

I took this moment to relate the circumstances of Michael Noonan's death: and when I told them of his dying request about the half-guinea and the silk handkerchief, they were all so much touched, that they utterly forgot the ten-guinea

draught, which I saw on the ground, in the dirt, under the old man's feet, whilst he contemplated the half-guinea which his *poor Michael* had sent him : repeating, "Poor fellow! poor fellow! 'twas all he had in the world. God bless him!—Poor Michael! he was a wild chap! but none better to his parents than he while the life was in him. Poor Michael!"

In no country have I found such strong instances of filial affection as in Ireland. Let the sons go where they may, let what will befall them, they never forget their parents at home: they write to them constantly the most affectionate letters, and send them a share of whatever they earn.

When I asked the daughter of this Noonan, why she had not married! the old man answered, "That's her own fault—if it be a fault to abide by an old father. She wastes her youth here, in the way your honour sees, tending him who has none other to mind him."

"Oh! let alone *that*," said the girl, with a cheerful smile, "we be too poor to think of marrying yet, by a great deal! so, father dear, you're no hinderance any way. For don't I know, and doesn't Jemmy there know, that it's a sin and a shame, as my mother used to say, for them that have nothing to marry and set up house-keeping, like the rogue that ruined my father?"

"That's true," said the young man, with a heavy sigh: "but times will mend, or we'll strive and mend them, with the blessing of God."

I left this miserable hut in admiration of the generosity of its inhabitants. I desired the girl to come to Glenthorn Castle the next day, that I might give her the silk handkerchief which her poor brother had sent her. The more I inquired into the circumstances of this family, the more cause I found for pity and approbation. The old man had been a good farmer in his day, as the traditions of the aged, and the memories of the young, were ready to witness;

but he was unfortunately joined in *copartnership* with a drunken rogue, who ran away, and left an arrear of rent, which ruined Noonan. Mr. Hardcastle, the agent, called upon him to pay it, and sold all that the old man possessed; and this being insufficient to discharge the debt, he was forced to give up his farm, and retire, with his daughter, to this hovel; and soon afterwards he lost the use of his side by a paralytic stroke.

I was so much pleased with the goodness of these poor people, that, in despite of my indolent disposition, I bestirred myself the very next day to find a better habitation for them on my own estate. I settled them, infinitely to their satisfaction, in a small farm; and the girl married her lover, who undertook to manage the farm for the old man. To my utter surprise I found, that Mr. Hardcastle was affronted by the part I took in this affair. He complained that I had behaved in a very ungentlemanlike manner, and had spirited away the tenants from Lady Ormsby's estate, against the regulation which he had laid down for all *the* tenants not to *emigrate* from *the estate*. Jemmy Riley, it seems, was one of the *cotters* on the Ormsby estate, a circumstance with which I was unacquainted; indeed I scarcely at that time understood what was meant by a *cotter*. Mr. Hardcastle's complaint, in matter and manner, was unintelligible to me; but I was quite content to leave off visiting him, as he left off visiting me—but here the matter did not stop. This over-wise and over-busy gentleman took upon him, amongst other offices, the regulation of the markets in the town of Ormsby; and as he apprehended, for reasons best and only known to himself, a year of scarcity, he thought fit to keep down the price of oats and potatoes. He would allow none to be sold in the market of Ormsby but at the price which he stipulated. The poor people grumbled, and, to remedy the injustice, made private bargains with each other. He had information of this, and

seized the corn that was selling above the price he had fixed. Young Riley, Noonan's son-in-law, came to me to complain, that *his little oats were seized and detained*. I remonstrated—Hardcastle resented the appeal to me, and bid him wait and be damned. The young man, who was rather of a hasty temper, and who did not much like either to wait or be damned, seized his own oats, and was marching off, when they were recaptured by Hardcastle's bailiff, whom young Riley knocked down; and who, as soon as he got up again, went *straight* and swore examinations against Riley. Then I was offended, as I had a right to be, by the custom of the country, with the magistrate who took an examination against my tenant without writing first to me. Then there was a race between the examinations of *my* justice of peace and *his* justice of peace. My indolence was conquered by my love of power: I supported the contest: the affair came before our grand jury: I conquered and Mr. Hardcastle was ever after, of course, my enemy. To English ears the possessive pronouns *my* and *his* may sound extraordinary, prefixed to a justice of peace; but, in many parts of Ireland, this language is perfectly correct. A great man talks of *making* a justice of the peace with perfect confidence; a very great man talks with as much certainty of *making* a sheriff; and a sheriff makes the jury; and the jury makes the law. We must not forget, however, that in England, during the reign of Elizabeth, a member of parliament defined a justice of peace to be "an animal, who for half a dozen chickens will dispense with half a dozen penal statutes." Time is necessary to enforce the sanctions of legislation and civilisation—But I am anticipating reflections, which I made at a much later period of my life. To return to my history.

My benevolence was soon checked by slight disappointments. Ellinor's cottage, which I had taken so much pains to build, became a source of mortification to me. One day

I found my old nurse sitting at her wheel, in the midst of the wreck and litter of all sorts of household furniture, singing her favourite song of

"There was a lady lov'd a swine ;

Honey! says she,

I'll give ye a silver trough.

Hunk! says he!"

Ellinor seemed, alas! to have as little taste for the luxuries with which I had provided her as the pig had for the silver trough. What I called conveniences, were to her encumbrances: she had not been used to them; she was put out of her way; and it was a daily torment to one of her habits, to keep her house clean and neat.

There may be, as some philosophers assure us that there is, an innate love of order in the human mind; but of this instinctive principle my poor Ellinor was totally destitute. Her ornamented farm-house became, in a wonderfully short time, a scene of dirt, rubbish, and confusion. There was a partition between two rooms, which had been built with turf or peat, instead of bricks, by the wise economy I had employed. Of course, this was pulled down to get at the turf. The stairs also were pulled down and burned, though there was no scarcity of firing. As the walls were plastered and papered before they were quite dry, the paper grew mouldy, and the plaster fell off. In the hurry of finishing, some of the woodwork had but one coat of paint. In Ireland they have not faith in the excellent Dutch proverb, "*Paint costs nothing.*" I could not get my workmen to give a second coat of paint to any of the sashes, and the wood decayed: divers panes of glass in the windows were broken, and their places filled up with shoes, an old hat, or a bundle of rags. Some of the slates were blown off one windy night: the slater lived at ten miles distance, and before the slates were replaced,

the rain came in, and Ellinor was forced to make a bed-chamber of the parlour, and then of the kitchen, retreating from corner to corner as the rain pursued, till, at last, when “*it would come every way upon her bed,*” she petitioned me to let her take the slates off and thatch the house; for a slated house, she said, was never so warm as a *tatched cabin*; and as there was no smoke, she was *kilt* with the *cowld*.

In my life I never felt so angry. I was ten times more angry than when Crawley ran away with my wife. In a paroxysm of passion, I reproached Ellinor with being a savage, an Irishwoman, and an ungrateful fool.

“Savage I am, for any thing I know; and *fool* I am, that’s certain; but ungrateful I am not,” said she, bursting into tears. She went home and took to her bed; and the next thing I heard from her son was, “that she was *lying in the rheumatism*, which had kept her awake many a long night, before she would come to complain to my honour of the house, in dread that I should blame myself for *sending* of her into it *afore* it was dry.”

The rheumatism reconciled me immediately to Ellinor; I let her take her own way, and thatch the house, and have as much smoke as she pleased, and she recovered. But I did not entirely recover my desire to do good to my poor tenants. After forming, in the first enthusiasm of my benevolence, princely schemes for their advantage, my ardour was damped, and my zeal discouraged, by a few slight disappointments.

I did not consider, that there is often, amongst uncultivated people, a mixture of obstinate and lazy content, which makes them despise the luxuries of their richer neighbours; like those mountaineers, who, proud of their own hard fare,*

* See Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxxvii, part 2, Sir George Shuckburgh’s observations to ascertain the height of mountains—for a full account of the cabin of a couple of Alpine shepherdesses.

out of a singular species of contempt, call the inhabitants of the plains *mange-rôtis*, “eaters of roast meat.” I did not consider, that it must take time to change local and national habits and prejudices; and that it is necessary to raise a taste for comforts, before they can be properly enjoyed.

In the pettishness of my disappointment, I decided that it was in vain to attempt to improve and civilise such people as the Irish. I did not recollect, perhaps at that time I did not know, that even in the days of the great queen Elizabeth, “the greatest part of the buildings in the cities and good towns of England consisted only of timber, cast over with thick clay to keep out the wind. The new houses of the nobility were indeed either of brick or stone; and glass windows were then beginning to be used in England:”^{*} and clean rushes were strewed over the dirty floors of the royal palace. In the impatience of my zeal for improvement, I expected to do the work of two hundred years in a few months: and because I could not accelerate the progress of refinement in this miraculous manner, I was out of humour with myself and with a whole nation. So easily is the humanity of the rich and great disgusted and discouraged! as if any people could be civilised in a moment, and at the word of command of ignorant pride or despotic benevolence.

^{*} See Harrison.

CHAPTER IX.

“ He saw—and but that admiration
 Had been too active, too like passion,
 Or had he been to *ton* less true,
 Cupid had shot him through and through.”

I HAVE not thought it necessary to record every visit that I received from all my country neighbours; but I must now mention one, which led to important consequences; a visit from Sir Harry Ormsby, a very dashing young man of fortune, who, in expectation of the happy moment when he should be of age, resided with his mother, the dowager Lady Ormsby. Her ladyship had heard that there had been some disagreement between her agent, Mr. Hardcastle, and *my people*; but she took the earliest opportunity of expressing her wishes, that our families should be on an amicable footing.

Lady Ormsby was just come to the country, with a large party of her fashionable friends—some Irish, some English: Lord and Lady Kilrush; my Lady Kildangan, and her daughter the Lady Geraldine*****; the knowing widow O'Connor; the English *dasher*, Lady Hauton; the interesting Mrs. Norton, *separated* but not *parted* from her husband; the pleasant Miss Bland; the three Miss Ormsbys, better known by the name of the Swadlinbar Graces; two English aides-de-camp from the Castle, and a brace of brigadiers; beside other men of inferior note.

I perceived that Sir Harry Ormsby took it for granted that I must be acquainted with the pretensions of all these persons to celebrity; his talkativeness and my taciturnity

favoured me so fortunately, that he never discovered the extent of my ignorance. He was obligingly impatient to make me personally acquainted “with those of whom I must have heard so much in England.” Observing that Ormsby Villa was too far from Glenthorn Castle for a morning visit, he pressed me to waive ceremony, and to do Lady Ormsby and him the honour of spending a week with them, as soon as I could make it convenient. I accepted this invitation, partly from a slight emotion of curiosity, and partly from my habitual inability to resist any reiterated importunity.

Arrived at Ormsby Villa, and introduced to this crowd of people, I was at first disappointed by seeing nothing extraordinary. I expected that their manners would have been as strange to me as some of their names appeared : but whether it was from my want of the powers of discrimination, or from the real sameness of the objects, I could scarcely, in this fashionable flock, discern any individual marks of distinction. At first view, the married ladies appeared much the same as those of a similar class in England, whom I had been accustomed to see. The young ladies I thought, as usual, “best distinguished by black, brown, and fair : but I had not yet seen Lady Geraldine*****; and a great part of the conversation, the first day I was at Ormsby Villa, was filled with lamentations on the unfortunate toothache, which prevented her ladyship from appearing. She was talked of so much, and as a person of such importance, and so essential to the amusement of society, that I could not help feeling a slight wish to see her. The next day at breakfast she did not appear; but, five minutes before dinner, her ladyship’s humble companion whispered, “Now Lady Geraldine is coming, my lord.” I was always rather displeased to be called upon to attend to any thing or any body, yet as Lady Geraldine entered, I gave one involuntary glance of curiosity. I saw a tall, finely shaped woman, with the commanding air of a woman of rank : she moved well;

not with feminine timidity, but with ease, promptitude, and decision. She had fine eyes and a fine complexion, yet no regularity of feature. The only thing that struck me as really extraordinary was her indifference when I was introduced to her. Every body had seemed extremely desirous that I should see her ladyship, and that her ladyship should see me; and I was rather surprised by her unconcerned air. This piqued me, and fixed my attention. She turned from me and began to converse with others. Her voice was agreeable, though rather loud: she did not speak with the Irish accent; but, when I listened maliciously, I detected certain Hibernian inflections; nothing of the vulgar Irish idiom, but something that was more interrogative, more exclamatory, and perhaps more rhetorical, than the common language of English ladies, accompanied with much animation of countenance and demonstrative gesture. This appeared to me peculiar and unusual, but not affected. She was uncommonly eloquent, and yet, without action, her words were not sufficiently rapid to express her ideas. Her manner appeared foreign, yet it was not quite French. If I had been obliged to decide, I should, however, have pronounced it rather more French than English. To determine what it was, or whether I had ever seen any thing similar, I stood considering her ladyship with more attention than I had ever bestowed on any other woman. The words *striking—fascinating—bewitching*, occurred to me as I looked at her and heard her speak. I resolved to turn my eyes away, and shut my ears; for I was positively determined not to like her; I dreaded so much the idea of a second Hymen. I retreated to the farthest window, and looked out very soberly upon a dirty fish-pond. Dinner was announced. I observed Lady Kildangan manœuvring to place me beside her daughter Geraldine, but Lady Geraldine counteracted this movement. I was again surprised and piqued. After yielding the envied position to one of the

Swadlinbar Graces, I heard Lady Geraldine whisper to her next neighbour, "Baffled, mamma!"

It was strange to me to feel piqued by a young lady's not choosing to sit beside me. After dinner, I left the gentlemen as soon as possible, because the conversation wearied me. Lord Kilrush, the chief orator, was a courtier, and could talk of nothing but Dublin Castle, and my lord lieutenant's levees, things of which I, as yet, knew nothing. The moment that I went to the ladies, I was seized upon by the officious Miss Bland: she could not speak of any thing but Lady Geraldine, who sat at so great a distance, and who was conversing with such animation herself, that she could not hear her *prôneuse*, Miss Bland, inform me that "her friend, Lady Geraldine was extremely clever: so clever, that many people were at first a little afraid of her; but that there was not the least occasion; for that, where she liked, nobody could be more affable and engaging." This judicious friend, a minute afterwards, told me, as a very great secret, that Lady Geraldine was an admirable mimic; that she could draw or *speak* caricatures; that she was also wonderfully happy in the invention of agnomens and cognomens; so applicable to the persons, that they could scarcely be forgotten or forgiven. I was a little anxious to know whether her ladyship would honour me with an agnomen. I could not learn this from Miss Bland, and I was too prudent to betray my curiosity: I afterwards heard it, however. Pairing me and Mr. M'Leod, whom she had formerly seen together, her ladyship observed, that *Sawney* and *Yawnée* were made for each other; and she sketched, in strong caricature, my relaxed elongation of limb, and his rigid rectangularity. A slight degree of fear of Lady Geraldine's powers kept my attention alert. In the course of the evening, Lady Kildangan summoned her daughter to the music-room, and asked me to come and hear an Irish song. I exerted myself so far as to follow immediately; but though

summoned, Lady Geraldine did not obey. Miss Bland tuned the harp, and opened the music-books on the piano; but no Lady Geraldine appeared. Miss Bland was sent backwards and forwards with messages; but Lady Geraldine's ultimatum was, that she could not possibly sing, because she was afraid of the tooth-ache. God knows, her mouth had never been shut all the evening. "Well, but," said Lady Kildangan, "she can play for us, cannot she?" No, her ladyship was afraid of the cold in the music-room. "Do, my Lord Glenthorn, go and tell the dear capricious creature, that we are very warm here."

Very reluctantly I obeyed. The Lady Geraldine, with her circle round her, heard and answered me with the air of a princess.

"Do you the honour to play for you, my lord! Excuse me: I am no professor—I play so ill, that I make it a rule never to play but for my own amusement. If you wish for music, there is Miss Bland; she plays incomparably, and I dare say will think herself happy to oblige your lordship." I never felt so silly, or so much abashed, as at this instant. "This comes," thought I, "of acting out of character. What possessed me to exert myself to ask a lady to play? I, that have been tired to death of music! Why did I let myself be sent ambassador, when I had no interest in the embassy?"

To convince myself and others of my apathy, I threw myself on a sofa, and never stirred or spoke the remainder of the night. I presume I appeared fast asleep, else Lady Geraldine would not have said, within my hearing, "Mamma wants me to catch somebody, and to be caught by somebody; but that will not be; for, do you know, I think somebody is nobody."

I was offended as much as it was in my nature to be offended, and I began to meditate apologies for shormenting my visit at Ormsby Villa: but, though I was shocked by

the haughtiness of Lady Geraldine, and accused her, in my own mind, of want of delicacy and politeness, yet I could not now suspect her of being an accomplice with her mother in any matrimonial designs upon me. From the moment I was convinced of this, my conviction was, I suppose, visible to her ladyship's penetrating eyes, and from that instant she showed me that she could be polite and agreeable. Now, soothed to a state of ease and complacency, I might have sunk to indifference and ennui, but fresh singularities in this lady struck me, and kept my attention awake and fixed upon her character. If she had treated me with tolerable civility at first, I never should have thought about her. High-born and high-bred, she seemed to consider more what she thought of others than what others thought of her. Frank, candid, and affable, yet opinionated, insolent, and an egotist, her candour and affability appeared the effect of a naturally good temper, her insolence and egotism only those of a spoiled child. She seemed to talk of herself purely to oblige others, as the most interesting possible topic of conversation; for such it had always been to her fond mother, who idolized her ladyship as an only daughter, and the representative of an ancient house. Confident of her talents, conscious of her charms, and secure of her station, Lady Geraldine gave free scope to her high spirits, her fancy, and her turn for ridicule. She looked, spoke, and acted, like a person privileged to think, say, and do, what she pleased. Her raillery, like the raillery of princes, was without fear of retort. She was not ill-natured, yet careless to whom she gave offence, provided she produced amusement; and in this she seldom failed; for in her conversation, there was much of the raciness of Irish wit, and the oddity of Irish humour. The singularity that struck me most about her ladyship was her indifference to flattery. She certainly preferred frolic. Miss Bland was her humble companion; Miss Tra-

cey her *butt*. Her ladyship appeared to consider Miss Bland as a necessary appendage to her rank and person, like her dress or her shadow; and she seemed to think no more of the one than of the other. She suffered Miss Bland to follow her; but she would go in quest of Miss Tracey. Miss Bland was allowed to speak; but her ladyship listened to Miss Tracey. Miss Bland seldom obtained an answer; but Miss Tracey never opened her lips without a repartee.

In describing Miss Tracey, Lady Geraldine said, "Poor simpleton! she cannot help imitating all she sees us do; yet, would you believe it, she really has starts of common sense, and some tolerable ideas of her own. Spoiled by bad company! In the language of the bird-fanciers, she has a few notes nightingale, and all the rest rubbish."

It was one of Lady Geraldine's delights to humour Miss Tracey's rage for imitating the fashions of fine people.

"Now you shall see Miss Tracey appear at the ball to-morrow, in every thing that I have sworn to her is fashionable. Nor have I cheated her in a single article; but the *tout ensemble* I leave to her better judgment; and you shall see her, I trust, a perfect monster, formed of every creature's best: Lady Kilrush's feathers, Mrs. Moore's wig, Mrs. O'Connor's gown, Mrs. Lighton's sleeves, and all the necklaces of all the Miss Ormsbys. She has no taste, no judgment; none at all, poor thing! but she can imitate as well as those Chinese painters, who, in their drawings, give you the flower of one plant stuck on the stalk of another, and garnished with the leaves of a third."

Miss Tracey's appearance the ensuing night justified all Lady Geraldine's predictions, and surpassed her ladyship's most sanguine hopes. Even I, albeit unused to the laughing mood, could not forbear smiling at the humour and ease with which her ladyship played off this girl's credulous vanity.

At breakfast the next morning, Lord Kilrush, in his grave

manner (always too solemn by half for the occasion), declared, “that no man was more willing than himself to enter into a jest in proper time, and season, and measure, and so forth; but that it was really, positively, morally unjustifiable, in *his apprehension*, the making this poor girl so publicly ridiculous.”

“My good lord,” replied Lady Geraldine, “all the world are ridiculous some way or other: some in public, some in private. Now,” continued she, with an appealing look to the whole company, “now, after all, what is there more extravagant in my Miss Tracey’s delighting, at sixteen, in six yards of pink riband, than in your courtier sighing, at sixty, for three yards of blue riband? or what is there more ridiculous in her coming simpering in a ball-room, fancying herself the mirror of fashion, when she is a figure for a print-shop, than in the courtier rising solemnly in the House of Lords, believing himself an orator, and expecting to make a vast reputation, by picking up, in every debate, the very worst arguments that every body else let fall? There would be no living in this world, if we were all to see and expose one another’s *ridicules*. My plan is much the best—to help my friends to expose themselves, and then they are infinitely obliged to me.”

Satisfied with silencing all opposition, and seeing that the majority was with her, Lady Geraldine persisted in her course; and I was glad she was incorrigible, because her faults entertained me. As to love, I thought I was perfectly safe; because, though I admired her quickness and cleverness, yet I still, at times, perceived, or fancied I perceived, some want of polish, and elegance, and *tact*. She was not exactly cut out according to my English pattern of a woman of fashion; so I thought I might amuse myself without danger, as it was partly at her ladyship’s expense. But about this time I was alarmed for myself by a slight twinge of jealousy. As I was standing lounging upon the

steps at the hall-door, almost as ennuyé as usual, I saw a carriage at a distance, between the trees, driving up the *approach*; and, at the same instant, I heard Lady Geraldine's eager voice in the hall, "Oh! they are coming; he is coming; they are come. Run, Miss Bland, run, and give Lord Craiglethorpe my message before he gets out of the carriage—before any body sees him."

Afraid of hearing what I should not hear, I walked down the steps deliberately, and turned into a shrubbery-walk, to leave the coast clear. Out ran Miss Bland: and then it was that I felt the twinge—very slight, however. "Who is this Lord Craiglethorpe, with whom Lady Geraldine is on such favourable terms? I wonder what kind of looking man he is; and what could *the message* mean?—but, at all events, it cannot concern me; yet I am curious to see this Lord Craiglethorpe. I wonder any woman can like a man with so strange a name: but does she like him after all?—Why do I plague myself about it?"

As I returned from my saunter, I was met *foreright* by Miss Bland.

"A charming day, ma'am," said I, endeavouring to pass on.

"A charming day, my lord! But I must stop your lordship a moment. Oh, I'm so out of breath—I went the wrong way——"

"The wrong way! Indeed! I am sorry, I am concerned you should have had so much trouble."

"No trouble in the world. Only I want to beg you'll keep our secret—my Lady Geraldine's secret."

"Undoubtedly, madam—a man of honour—Lady Geraldine cannot doubt—her ladyship's secret is perfectly safe."

"But do you know it? You don't know it yet, my lord."

"Pardon me; I was on the steps just now. I thought you saw me."

“I did, my lord—but I don’t understand——”

“Nor I neither,” interrupted I, half laughing; for I began to think I was mistaken in my suspicions; “pray explain yourself, my dear Miss Bland: I was very rude to be so quick in interrupting you.”

Miss Bland then made me the confidant of a charming scheme of Lady Geraldine’s for quizzing Miss Tracey.

“She has never in her life seen Lord Craiglethorpe, who is an English lord travelling through Ireland,” continued Miss Bland. “Now, you must know, that Miss Tracey is passionately fond of lords, let them be what they may. Now, Lord Craiglethorpe, this very morning, sent his groom with a note and excuse to Lady Ormsby, for not coming to us to-day; because, he said, he was bringing down in the chaise with him a surveyor, to survey his estate *near here*; and he could not possibly think of bringing the surveyor, who is a low man, to Ormsby Villa. But Lady Ormsby would take no apology, and wrote by the groom to beg that Lord Craiglethorpe would make no scruple of bringing the surveyor; for you know she is so polite and accommodating, and all that. Well, the note was scarcely gone, before Lady Geraldine thought of her charming scheme, and regretted, *of all things*, she had not put *it* into it.”

“*It into it!*” repeated I to myself. “Ma’am!” said I, looking a little bewildered.

“But,” continued my clear narrator, “I promised to remedy *all that*, by running to meet the carriage, which was what I ran for when you saw me, my lord, in such a hurry.”

I bowed—and was as wise ever.

“So, my lord, you comprehend, that the surveyor, whose name, whose odious name, is Gabbitt, is to be my Lord Craiglethorpe, and my Lord Craiglethorpe is to be passed for Mr. Gabbitt upon Miss Tracey; and, you will see, Miss Tracey will admire Mr. Gabbitt prodigiously, and

call him vastly genteel, when she thinks him a lord. Your lordship will keep our secret; and she is sure Lord Craiglethorpe will do any thing to oblige her, because he is a near connexion of hers. But, I assure you, it is not every body could get Lord Craiglethorpe to join in a joke; for he is very stiff, and cold, and high. Of course your lordship will know which is the real lord at first sight. He is a full head taller than Gabbitt."

Never was explanation finally more satisfactory: and whether the jest was really well contrived and executed, or whether I was put into a humour to think so, I cannot exactly determine; but, I confess, I was amused with the scenes that followed, though I felt that they were not quite justifiable even in jest.

The admiration of Miss Tracey for *the false Craiglethorpe*, as Lady Geraldine called Mr. Gabbitt; the awkwardness of Mr. Gabbitt with his title, and the awkwardness of Lord Craiglethorpe without it, were fine subjects of her ladyship's satirical humour.

In another point of view, Lord Craiglethorpe afforded her ladyship amusement—as an English traveller, full of English prejudices against Ireland and every thing Irish. Whenever Miss Tracey was out of the room, Lady Geraldine allowed Lord Craiglethorpe to be himself again; but he did not fare the better for this restoration to his honours. Lady Geraldine contrived to make him as ridiculous in his real as in his assumed character. Lord Craiglethorpe was, as Miss Bland had described him, very stiff, cold, and *high*. His manners were in the extreme of English reserve, and his ill-bred show of contempt for the Irish was sufficient provocation and justification of Lady Geraldine's ridicule. He was much in awe of his fair and witty cousin: she could easily put him out of countenance, for he was extremely bashful.

His lordship had that sort of bashfulness, which makes a

man surly and obstinate in his taciturnity; which makes him turn upon all who approach him, as if they were going to assault him; which makes him answer a question as if it were an injury, and repel a compliment as if it were an insult. Once, when he was out of the room, Lady Geraldine exclaimed, "That cousin Craiglethorpe of mine is scarcely an agreeable man: the awkwardness of *mauvaise honte* might be pitied and pardoned, even in a nobleman," continued her ladyship, "if it really proceeded from humility; but here, when I know it is connected with secret and inordinate arrogance, 'tis past all endurance. Even his ways of sitting and standing provoke me, they are so self-sufficient. Have you observed how he stands at the fire? Oh, the caricature of '*the English fire-side*' out-done? Then, if he sits, we hope that change of posture may afford our eyes transient relief: but worse again; bolstered up, with his back against his chair, his hands in his pockets, and his legs thrown out, in defiance of all passengers and all decorum, there he sits, in magisterial silence, throwing a gloom upon all conversation. As the Frenchman said of the Englishman, for whom even his politeness could not find another compliment, '*Il faut avouer que ce monsieur a un grand talent pour le silence*;'—he holds his tongue, till the people actually believe that he has something to say—a mistake they could never fall into if he would but speak."

Some of the company attempted to interpose a word or two in favour of Lord Craiglethorpe's timidity, but the vivacious and merciless lady went on.

"I tell you, my good friends, it is not timidity—it is all pride. I would pardon his dulness, and even his ignorance; for one, as you say, might be the fault of his nature, and the other of his education: but his self-sufficiency is his own fault, and that I will not, and cannot, pardon. Somebody says, that nature may make a fool, but a cox-

comb is always of his own making. Now, my cousin—(as he is my cousin, I may say what I please of him)—my cousin Craiglethorpe is a solemn coxcomb, who thinks, because his vanity is not talkative and sociable, that it's not vanity. What a mistake! his silent superciliousness is to me more intolerable than the most garrulous egotism that ever laid itself open to my ridicule."

Miss Bland and Miss Ormsby both confessed that lord Craiglethorpe was vastly too silent.

"For the honour of my country," continued Lady Geraldine, "I am determined to make this man talk, and he shall say all that I know he thinks of us poor Irish savages. If he would but speak, one could answer him: if he would find fault, one might defend: if he would laugh, one might perhaps laugh again: but here he comes to hospitable, open-hearted Ireland; eats as well as he can in his own country; drinks better than he can in his own country; sleeps as well as he can in his own country; accepts all our kindness, without a word or a look of thanks, and seems the whole time to think, that, 'Born for his use, we live but to oblige him.' There he is at this instant: look at him, walking in the park, with his note-book in his hand, setting down our faults, and conning them by rote. We are even with him. I understand, Lady Kilrush, that my bright cousin Craiglethorpe means to write a book, a great book, upon Ireland."

Lady Kilrush replied, that she understood Lord Craiglethorpe had it in contemplation to publish a Tour through Ireland, or a View of Ireland, or something of that nature.

"He! with his means of acquiring information!" exclaimed Lady Geraldine. "Posting from one great man's house to another, what can he see or know of the manners of any rank of people, but of the class of gentry, which in England and Ireland is much the same? As to the lower classes, I don't think he ever speaks to them; or, if he

does, what good can it do him? for he can't understand their modes of expression, nor they his: if he inquire about a matter of fact, I defy him to get the truth out of them, if they don't wish to tell it; and, for some reason or other, they will, nine times in ten, not wish to tell it to an Englishman. There is not a man, woman, or child, in any cabin in Ireland, who would not have wit and *cuteness* enough to make *my lard* believe just what they please. So, after posting from Dublin to Cork, and from the Giants' Causeway to Killarney; after travelling east, west, north, and south; my wise cousin Craiglethorpe will know just as much of the lower Irish, as the cockney who has never been out of London, and who has never, *in all his born days*, seen an Irishman but on the English stage; where the representations are usually as like the originals, as the Chinese pictures of lions, drawn from description, are to the real animal."

"Now! now! look at his lordship!" cried Miss Bland; he has his note-book out again."

"Mercy on us!" said Miss Callwell, "how he is writing!"

"Yes, yes, write on, my good cousin Craiglethorpe," pursued Lady Geraldine, "and fill the little note-book, which will soon, heigh! presto! turn to a ponderous quarto. I shall have a copy, bound in morocco, no doubt, *from the author*, if I behave myself prettily; and I will earn it, by supplying valuable information. You shall see, my friends, how I'll deserve well of my country, if you'll only keep my counsel and your own countenances."

Presently Lord Craiglethorpe entered the room, walking very pompously, and putting his note-book up as he advanced.

"O, my dear lord, open the book again; I have a bull for you."

Lady Geraldine, after putting his lordship in good hu-

mour by this propitiatory offering of a bull, continued to supply him, either directly or indirectly, by some of her confederates, with the most absurd anecdotes, incredible *facts*, stale jests, and blunders, such as were never made by true-born Irishmen; all which my Lord Craiglethorpe took down with an industrious sobriety, at which the spectators could scarcely refrain from laughing. Sometimes he would pause, and exclaim, “A capital anecdote! a curious fact! May I give my authority? may I quote your ladyship?”

“Yes, if you’ll pay me a compliment in the preface,” whispered Lady Geraldine: “and now, dear cousin, do go up stairs *and put it all in ink.*”

When she had despatched the noble author, her ladyship indulged her laughter. “But now,” cried she, “only imagine a set of sober English readers studying my cousin Craiglethorpe’s *New View of Ireland*, and swallowing all the nonsense it will contain!”

When Lord Kilrush remonstrated against the cruelty of letting the man publish such stuff, and represented it as a fraud upon the public, Lady Geraldine laughed still more, and exclaimed, “Surely you don’t think I would use the public and my poor cousin so ill. No, I am doing him and the public the greatest possible service. Just when he is going to leave us, when the writing-box is packed, I will step up to him, and tell him the truth. I will show him what a farrago of nonsense he has collected as materials for his quarto; and convince him, at once, how utterly unfit he is to write a book, at least a book on Irish affairs.— Won’t this be deserving well of my country and of my cousin?”

Neither on this occasion, nor on any other, were the remonstrances of my Lord Kilrush of power to stop the course of this lady’s flow of spirits and raillery.

Whilst she was going on in this manner with the real Lord

Craiglethorpe, Miss Tracey was taking charming walks in the park with Mr. Gabbitt, and the young lady began to be seriously charmed with her false lord. This was carrying the jest farther than Lady Geraldine had intended or foreseen; and her good-nature would probably have disposed her immediately to dissolve the enchantment, had she not been provoked by the interference of Lord Kilrush, and the affected sensibility of Miss Clementina Ormsby, who, to give me an exalted opinion of her delicacy, expostulated incessantly in favour of the deluded fair-one.

“But, my dear Lady Geraldine, I do assure you, it really hurts my feelings. This is going too far—when it comes to the heart. I can’t laugh, I own—the poor girl’s affections will be engaged—she is really falling in love with this odious surveyor.”

“But now, my dear Clementina, I do assure you it really hurts my feelings to hear you talk so childishly. ‘When it comes to the heart!’ ‘affections engaged!’ You talk of falling in love as if it were a terrible fall: for my part, I should pity a person much more for falling down stairs. Why, my dear, where is the mighty height from which Miss Tracey could fall? She does not live in the clouds, Clementina, as you do. No ladies live there now—for the best of all possible reasons—because there are no men there. So, my love, make haste and come down, before you are out of your teens, or you may chance to be left there till you are an angel or an old maid. Trust me, my dear, I, who have tried, tell you, there is no such thing as falling in love, nowadays: you may slip, slide, or stumble; but to fall in love, I defy you.”

I saw Lady Kildangan’s eyes fix upon me as her daughter pronounced the last sentence.

“Geraldine, my dear, you do not know what you are talking about,” said her ladyship. “Your time may

come, Geraldine. Nobody should be too courageous. Cupid does not like to be defied."

Lady Kildangan walked away, as she spoke, with a very well-satisfied air, leaving a party of us young people together. Lady Geraldine looked haughtily vexed. When in this mood, her wit gave no quarter; spared neither sex nor age.

"Every body says," whispered she, "that mamma is the most artful woman in the world; and I should believe it, only that every body says it: now, if it were true, nobody would know it."

Lady Geraldine's air of disdain towards me was resumed. I did not quite understand. Was it pride? was it coquetry? She certainly blushed deeply, and for the first time that I ever saw her blush, when her mother said, "Your time may come, Geraldine."

My week being now at an end, I resolved to take my leave. When I announced this resolution, I was assailed with the most pressing entreaties to stay a few days longer—one day longer. Lady Ormsby and Sir Harry said every thing that could be said upon the occasion: indeed, it seemed a matter of general interest to all, except to Lady Geraldine. She appeared wholly indifferent, and I was not even gratified by any apparent affectation of desiring my departure. Curiosity to see whether this would be sustained by her ladyship to the last gave me resolution sufficient to resist the importunities of Sir Harry; and I departed, rejoicing that my indifference was equal to her ladyship's. As Tasso said of some fair one, whom he met at the carnival of Mantua, *I ran some risk of falling in love*. I had been so far roused from my habitual apathy, that I actually made some reflections. As I returned home, I began to perceive, that there was some difference between woman and woman, beside the distinctions of

rank, fortune, and figure. I think I owe to Lady Geraldine my first relish for wit, and my first idea that a woman might be, if not a reasonable, at least a companionable animal. I compared her ladyship with the mere puppets and parrots of fashion, of whom I had been wearied; and I began to suspect, that one might find, in a lady's "lively nonsense," a relief from ennui. These reflections, however, did not prevent me from sleeping the greatest part of the morning on my way home; nor did I dream of any thing that I can remember.

At the porter's lodge I saw Ellinor sitting at her spinning-wheel; and my thoughts took up my domestic affairs just where I had left them the preceding week.

CHAPTER X.

IN vain I attempted to interest myself in my domestic affairs; the silence and solitude of my own castle appeared to me intolerably melancholy, after my return from Ormsby Villa. There was a blank in my existence during a week, in which I can remember nothing that I did, said, or thought, except what passed during one ride, which Mr. M'Leod compelled my politeness to take with him. He came with the same face to see me, and the same set of ideas, as those he had before I went to Ormsby Villa. He began to talk of my schemes for improving my tenantry, and of my wish that he should explain his notions relative to the education of the poor of Ireland, which, he said, as I now seemed to be at leisure, he was ready to do as concisely as possible. *As concisely as possible* were the only words of his address that I heard with satisfaction; but of course I bowed, said I was much obliged, and should be happy to have the advantage of Mr. M'Leod's opinions and sentiments. What these were I cannot recollect, for I settled myself in a reverie soon after his voice began to sound upon my ear; but I remember at last he awakened me, by proposing that I should ride with him to see a school-house and some cottages, which he had built on a little estate of his own in my neighbourhood: "for," said he, "'tis better, my lord, to show you what can be done with these people, than to talk of what might be effected."

"Very true," said I, agreeing readily; because I wanted to finish a conversation that wearied me, and to have a refreshing ride. It was a delightful evening; and when we

came on M'Leod's estate, I really could not help being pleased and interested. In an unfavourable situation, with all nature, vegetable and animal, against him, he had actually "created a paradise amid the wilds." There was nothing wonderful in any thing I saw around me; but there was such an air of neatness and comfort, order and activity, in the people and in their cottages, that I almost thought myself in England; and I could not forbear exclaiming,—“How could all this be brought about in Ireland!”

“Chiefly by not doing and not expecting too much at first,” said M'Leod. “We took time, and had patience. We began by setting them the example of some very slight improvements, and then, lured on by the sight of success, they could make similar trials themselves. My wife and I went among them, and talked to them in their cottages, and took an interest in their concerns, and did not want to have every thing our own way; and when they saw that, they began to consider which way was best: so by degrees we led where we could not have driven; and raised in them, by little and little, a taste for conveniences and comforts. Then the business was done: for the moment that taste and ambition were excited, to work the people went to gratify them; and according as they exerted themselves, we helped them. Perhaps it was best for them and for us, that we were not rich; for we could not do too much at a time, and were never tempted to begin grand schemes that we could not finish. There,” said M'Leod, pointing to a cottage with a pretty porch covered with woodbine, and a neat garden, in which many children were busily at work, “that house and that garden were the means of doing all the rest; that is our school-house. We could not expect to do much with the old, whose habits were fixed; but we tried to give the young children better notions, and it was a long time before we could bring that to bear. Twenty-six years we have been at this work; and in that time if we have

done any thing, it was by beginning with the children : a race of our own training has now grown up, and they go on in the way they were taught, and prosper to our hearts' content, and what is better still, to their hearts' content."

M'Leod, habitually grave and taciturn, seemed quite enlivened and talkative this day; but I verily believe that not the slightest ostentation or vanity inspired him, for I never before or since heard him talk or allude to his own good deeds : I am convinced his motive was to excite me to persevere in my benevolent projects, by showing what had been done by small means. He was so truly in earnest that he never perceived how tired I was; indeed he was so little in the habit of expecting sympathy or applause, that he never missed even the ordinary expressions of concurrent complaisance.

"Religion," continued he, "is the great difficulty in Ireland. We make no difference between protestants and catholics; we always have admitted both into our school. The priest comes on Saturday morning, and the parish minister on Saturday evening, to hear the children belonging to each church their catechisms, and to instruct them in the tenets of their faith. And as we keep to our word, and never attempt making proselytes, nor directly or indirectly interfere with their religious opinions, the priests are glad to let us instruct the catholic children in all other points, which they plainly see must advance their temporal interests."

Mr. M'Leod invited me to go in and look at the school. "In a hedge or ditch school," said he, "which I once passed on this road, and in which I saw a crowd of idle children, I heard the schoolmaster cry out, 'Rehearse ! rehearse ! there's company going by ;' and instantly all the boys snatched up their books, and began gabbling as fast as ever they could, to give an idea to the passenger of their diligence in repeating their lessons. But here, my lord," continued M'Leod,

“you will not see any exhibitions *got up* for company. I hate such tricks. Walk in, my lord, if you please.”

I walked in; but am ashamed to say, that I observed only that every thing looked as if it had been used for many years, and yet not worn out; and the whole school appeared as if all were in their places, and occupied and intent upon their business: but this general recollection is all I have retained. The enthusiasm for improvement had subsided in my mind; and though I felt a transient pleasure in the present picture of the happiness of these poor people and their healthy children, yet, as I rode home, the images faded away like a dream. I resolved, indeed, at some future period, to surpass all that Mr. M'Leod had done, or all that with his narrow income he could ever accomplish; and to this resolution I was prompted by jealousy of this man, rather than by benevolence. Before I had arranged, even in imagination, my plans, young Ormsby came one morning, and pressed me to return with him to Ormsby Villa. I yielded to his solicitations and to my own wishes. When I arrived, the ladies were all at their toilettes, except Miss Bland, who was in the book-room with the gentlemen, ready to receive me with her perpetual smile. Wherever Miss Bland went, she was always *l'amie de la maison*, accustomed to share with the lady of the house the labour of entertaining her guests. This *double* of Lady Ormsby talked to me most courteously of all the nothings of the day, and informed me of the changes which had taken place in the ever-varying succession of company at Ormsby Villa. The two brigadiers and one of the aides-de-camp were gone; but Captain Andrews, another castle aide-de-camp, was come, and my Lord O'Toole had arrived. Then followed a by-conversation between Miss Bland and some of the gentlemen, about the joy and sorrow which his lordship's arrival would create in the hearts of two *certain ladies*; one of whom, as I gathered from the innuendoes, was Lady Hauton, and the other Lady

O'Toole. As I knew nothing of Dublin intrigues and scandal, I was little attentive to all this. Miss Bland, persisting in entertaining me, proceeded to inform me, that my Lord O'Toole had brought down with him Mr. Cecil Devereux, who was a wit and a poet, very handsome and gallant, and one of the most fashionable young men in Dublin. I determined not to like him—I always hated a flourish of trumpets; whoever enters, announced in this parading manner, appears to disadvantage. Mr. Cecil Devereux entered just as the flourish ceased. He was not at all the sort of person I was prepared to see : though handsome, and with the air of a man used to good company, there was nothing of a coxcomb in his manner; on the contrary, there was such an appearance of carelessness about himself, and deference towards others, that, notwithstanding the injudicious praise that had been bestowed on him, and my consequent resolution to dislike him, I was pleased and familiar with him before I had been ten minutes in his company. Lord Kilrush introduced him to me, with great pomposity, as a gentleman of talents, for whom he and his brother O'Toole interested themselves much. This air of patronage, I saw, disgusted Mr. Devereux; and instead of suffering himself to be *shown off*, he turned the conversation from his own poems to general subjects. He asked me some questions about a curious cavern, or subterraneous way, near Castle Glenthorn, which stretched from the sea-shore to a considerable distance under the rock, and communicated with an old abbey near the castle. Mr. Devereux said, that such subterraneous places had been formerly used in Ireland as granaries by the ancient inhabitants; but a gentleman of the neighbourhood who was present observed, that the caverns on this coast had, within his memory, been used as hiding-places by smugglers : on this hint Lord Kilrush began a prosing dissertation upon smugglers and contraband traders, and talked to me a prodigious deal about exports and imports,

and bounties, and the balance of trade. Not one word he said did I comprehend, and I question whether his lordship understood the subjects upon which he spoke so dictatorially; but he thought he succeeded in giving me an opinion of his wisdom and information. His brother O'Toole appeared next: he did not look like a man of gallantry, as I had been taught to expect from the hints thrown out respecting Lady Hauton; his lordship's whole soul seemed devoted to ambition, and he talked so much of great men, and state affairs, and court intrigues, and honours and preferments, that I began to fancy I had been buried alive, because I knew little of these things. I was tired of hearing him, yet mortified that I could not speak exactly in the same manner, and with the same air of being the best possible authority. I began to wish that I also had some interest at court. The cares and troubles of the ambitious man, so utterly repugnant to the indolence of my disposition, vanished in this moment of infatuation from my view, and I thought only of the pleasures of power. Such is the infectious nature of ambition!

Mr. Devereux helped me to throw off this dangerous contagion, before it did me any injury. He happened to stay in the room with me a quarter of an hour after the other gentlemen went to dress. Though not often disposed to conversation with a stranger, yet I was won by this gentleman's easy address: he politely talked of the English fashionable world, with which he knew that I was well acquainted; I, with equal politeness, recurred to the Irish great world; we fastened together upon Lord O'Toole, who took us to Dublin Castle; and I began to express my regret that I had not yet been at the Irish court, and that I had not earlier in life made myself of political consequence. "Ambition," said I, "might help to keep a man awake and alive; all common pleasures have long since ceased to interest me—they really cannot make me stir."

“My lord,” said Mr. Devereux, “you would do better to sit or lie still all your life than to toil for such vain objects.

‘Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What Hell it is in sueing long to bide:’

Your lordship may remember Spenser’s description of that hell?”

“Not exactly,” said I, unwilling to lower the good opinion this gentleman seemed to have taken for granted of my literature. He took Spenser’s poems out of the book-case, and I actually rose from my seat to read the passage; for what trouble will not even the laziest of mortals take to preserve the esteem of one, by whom he sees that he is over-valued. I read the following ten lines without yawning!

“Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What Hell it is in sueing long to bide;
To lose good days, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent,
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow,
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs,
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.”

“Very strong, indeed,” said I, with a competent air, as if used to judge of poetry.

“And it comes with still greater force, when we consider by whom it was written. A man, you know, my lord, who had been secretary to a lord lieutenant.”

I felt my nascent ambition die away within me. I acknowledged it was better to spend an easy life. My determination was confirmed at this instant by the appearance of Lady Geraldine. Ambition and love, it is said, are incompatible passions. Neither of them had yet possession of my heart; but love and Lady Geraldine had perhaps a better

chance than ambition and Lord O'Toole. Lady Geraldine appeared in high spirits; and though I was not a vain man, I could not help fancying that my return to Ormsby Villa contributed to her charming vivacity. This gratified me secretly and soberly, as much as it visibly delighted her mother. Miss Bland, to pay her court to Lady Kildangan, observed that Lady Geraldine was in uncommonly fine spirits this evening. Lady Geraldine threw back a haughty frown over her left shoulder: this was the only time I ever saw her notice, in any manner, any thing, that fell from her obsequious friend. To avert the fair one's displeasure, I asked for Miss Tracey and Mr. Gabbitt.

"Mr. Gabbitt," said her ladyship, resuming her good-humour instantly, "Mr. Gabbitt is gone off the happiest man in Ireland, with the hopes of surveying my Lord O'Toole's estate; a good job, which I was bound in honour to obtain for him, as a reward for taking a good joke. After mocking him with the bare imagination of a feast, you know the Barmecide in the Arabian Tales gave poor Shakabac a substantial dinner, a full equivalent for the jest."

"And Miss Tracey?" said I, "what did your ladyship do for her?"

"I persuaded her mamma that the sweet creature was falling into an atrophy. So she carried the forlorn damsel post haste to the Black Rock for the recovery of her health, or her heart. Clementina, my dear, no reproachful looks; in your secret soul do not you know, that I could not do a young lady a greater favour than to give her a plausible excuse for getting away from home?"

I was afraid that lady Geraldine would feel the want of her butt; however, I found that miss Tracey's place was supplied by Captain Andrews, one of the castle aides-de-camp; and when Captain Andrews was out of the way, Lord Kilrush and his brother O'Toole were *good marks*. High and mighty as these personages thought themselves, and

respectfully, nay obsequiously, as they were treated by most others, to this lady their characters appeared only a good *study*; and to laugh at them seemed only a good *practice*.

“Perhaps, my Lord,” said she to me, “you do not yet know my Lord O’Toole?”

“I have had the honour to be introduced to him.”

“That’s well; for he thinks that,

‘Not to know him, argues yourself unknown.’

But as your lordship is a stranger in this country, you may be pardoned; and I will make you better acquainted with him. I suppose you know there are many Toolles in Ireland; some very ancient, respectable, and useful; this, however, is but a mere political tool, and the worst of all tools, a cat’s paw. There’s one thing to the credit of these brothers, they agree vastly well; for one delights in being always on the stage, and the other always behind the scenes. These brothers, with Captain Andrews—I hope they are none of them within hearing—form a charming trio, all admirable in their way. My Lord O’Toole is—artifice without art. My Lord Kilrush—importance without power. And Captain Andrews—pliability without ease. Poor Andrews! he’s a defenceless animal—safe in impenetrable armour. Give him but time—as a man said, who once showed me a land-tortoise—give him but time to draw his head into his shell, and a broad-wheeled waggon may go over him without hurting him. Lord Glenthorn, did you ever observe Captain Andrews’s mode of conversation?”

“No; I never heard him converse.”

“Converse! nor I indeed; but you have heard him talk.”

“I have heard him say—*Very true*—and *Of course*.”

“Lord Glenthorn is quite severe this evening,” said Mrs. O’Connor.

“But though your lordship,” continued Lady Geraldine, “may have observed Captain Andrew’s wonderful economy of words, do you know whence it arises? Perhaps, you think from his perception of his own want of understanding.”

“Not from his perception of the want,” said I.

“Again! again!” said Mrs. O’Connor, with an insulting tone of surprise: “Lord Glenthorn’s quite witty this evening.”

Lady Geraldine looked as if she were fully sensible of the want of politeness in Mrs. O’Connor’s mode of praising. “But, my lord,” pursued she, “you wrong Captain Andrews, if you attribute his monosyllabic replies either to stupidity or timidity. You have not guessed the reason why he never gives on any subject more than half an opinion.”

“It was in the diplomatic school he was taught that art,” said Mr. Devereux.

“You must know,” pursued Lady Geraldine, “that Captain Andrews is only an aide-de-camp till a diplomatic situation can be found for him; and to do him justice, he has been so well trained in the diplomatic school, that he will not hazard an assertion on any subject; he is not certain of any thing, not even of his own identity.”

“He assuredly wants,” said Devereux, “the only proof of existence which Descartes would admit—I *think*, therefore I am.”

“He has such a holy horror of committing himself,” continued Lady Geraldine, “that if you were to ask him if the sun rose this morning, he would answer with his sweet smile—*So I am told*—or—*So I am informed*.”

“Begging your ladyship’s pardon,” cried Mr. Devereux, “that is much too affirmative. In the pure diplomatic style, impersonal verbs must ever be used in preference to active or passive. *So I am told*, lays him open to the dan-

gerous questions, Who told you? or, By whom were you informed? Then he is forced into the imprudence of giving up his authorities; whereas he is safe in the impersonality of *So it is said*; or, *So it is reported*."

"How I should like to see a meeting between two perfectly finished diplomatists!" cried Lady Geraldine.

"That is demonstrably impossible," said Mr. Devereux; "for in certain political, as well as in certain geometrical lines, there is a continual effort to approach, without a possibility of meeting."

Lady Geraldine's raillery, like all other things, would, perhaps, soon have become tiresome to me; but that there was infinite variety in her humour. At first I had thought her merely superficial, and intent solely upon her own amusement; but I soon found that she had a taste for literature, beyond what could have been expected in one who lived so dissipated a life; a depth of reflection that seemed inconsistent with the rapidity with which she thought; and above all, a degree of generous indignation against meanness and vice, which seemed incompatible with the selfish character of a fine lady, and which appeared quite incomprehensible to the imitating tribe of her fashionable companions.

I mentioned a Mrs. Norton and Lady Hauton amongst the company at Ormsby Villa. These two English ladies, whom I had never met in any of the higher circles in London, who were persons of no consequence and of no marked character in their own country, made, it seems, a prodigious *sensation* when they came over to Ireland, and turned the heads of half Dublin by the extravagance of their dress, the impertinence of their airs, and the audacity of their conduct. Fame flew before them to the remote parts of the country; and when they arrived at Ormsby Villa, all the country gentlemen and ladies were prepared to admire these celebrated fashionable

belles. All worshipped them present, and abused them absent, except Lady Geraldine, who neither joined in the admiration nor inquired into the scandal. One morning Mrs. Norton and Lady Hauton had each collected her votaries around her: one group begging patterns of dress from Lady Hauton, who stood up in the midst of them, to have every thing she were examined and envied; the other group sat on a sofa apart, listening to Mrs. Norton, who, *sotto voce*, was telling interesting anecdotes of an English crim. con., which then occupied the attention of the fashionable world. Mrs. Norton had letters *from the best authorities* in London, which she was entreated by her auditors to read to them. Mrs. Norton went to look for the letters, Lady Hauton to direct her woman to furnish some patterns of I know not what articles of dress; and, in the mean time, all the company joined in canvassing the merits and demerits of the dress and characters of the two ladies who had just left the room. Lady Geraldine, who had kept aloof, and who was examining some prints at the farther end of the room, at this instant laid down her book, and looked upon the whole party with an air of magnanimous disdain; then smiling, as in scorn, she advanced towards them, and in a tone of irony addressing one of the Swadlinbar graces, “My dear Theresa,” said her ladyship, “you are absolutely ashamed, I see, of not being quite naked; and you, my good Bess, will, no doubt, very soon be equally scandalized, at the imputation of being a perfectly modest woman. Go on, my friends; go on, and prosper; beg and borrow all the patterns and precedents you can collect of the newest fashions of folly and vice. Make haste, make haste; they don’t reach our remote island fast enough. We, Irish, might live in innocence half a century longer, if you didn’t expedite the progress of profligacy; we might escape the plague that rages in neighbouring countries, if we didn’t, without any quarantine, and with

open arms, welcome every *suspected* stranger; if we didn't encourage the importation of whole bales of tainted fineries, that will spread the contagion from Dublin to Cork, and from Cork to Galway!"

"La!" said Miss Ormsby, "how severe your ladyship is; and all only for one's asking for a pattern!"

"But you know," pursued Mrs. O'Connor, "that Lady Geraldine is too proud to take pattern from any body."

"Too proud am I? Well, then, I'll be humble; I'll abase myself—shall I?"

'Proud as I am, I'll put myself to school;'

and I'll do what the Ladies Hauton and Norton shall advise, to heighten my charms and preserve my reputation. I must begin, must not I, Mrs. O'Connor, by learning not to blush? for I observed you were ashamed for me yesterday at dinner, when I blushed at something said by one of our fair missionaries. Then, to whatever lengths flirtations and gallantry may go between unmarried or married people, I must look on. I may shut my eyes, if I please, and look down; but not from shame—from affectation I may as often as I please, or to show my eyelashes. Memorandum—to practise this before Clementina Ormsby, my mirror of fashion. So far, so good, for my looks; but now for my language. I must reform my barbarous language, and learn from Mrs. Norton, with her pretty accommodating voice, to call an intrigue *an arrangement*, and a crim. con. *an affair in Doctors'-Commons*, or *that business before the Lords*. As to adultery, it is an odious word; found only in the Prayer-book, and fit only for our gross grandmothers:

'We never mention Hell to ears polite.'

How virtuous we shall be when we have no name for vice!

But stay, I must mind my lessons—I have more, much more to learn. From the dashing Lady Hauton I may learn, if my head be but strong, and my courage intrepid enough, ‘to touch the brink of all we hate,’ without tumbling head-long into the gulf; and from the interesting Mrs. Norton, as I hear it whispered amongst you ladies, I may learn how, with the assistance of a Humane-society, to save a half-drowned reputation. It is, I understand, the glory of one class of fashionable females, to seem worse than they are; and of another class the privilege, to be worse than they seem.”

Here clamorous voices interrupted Lady Geraldine—some justifying, some attacking, Lady Hauton and Mrs. Norton.

“O! Lady Geraldine, I assure you, notwithstanding all that was said about General ——— and Mrs. Norton, I am convinced there was nothing in it.”

“And, my dear Lady Geraldine, though Lady Hauton does go great lengths in coquetting with a certain lord, you must see that there’s *nothing wrong*; and that she means nothing, but to provoke his lady’s jealousy. You know his lordship is not a man to fall in love with.”

“So, because Lady Hauton’s passion is hatred instead of love, and because her sole object is to give pain to a poor wife, and to make mischief in families, all her sins are to be forgiven! Now, if I were forced to forgive any ill-conducted female, I would rather excuse the woman who is hurried on by love than she who is instigated by hatred.”

Miss Bland now began to support her ladyship’s opinion, that “Lady Hauton was much the worst of the two;” and all the scandal that was in circulation was produced by the partisans of each of these ladies.

“No matter, no matter, which is the worst,” cried Lady Geraldine; “don’t let us waste our time in repeating or verifying scandalous stories of either of them. I have no

enmity to these ladies; I only despise them, or, rather, their follies and their faults. It is not the sinner, but the sin, we should reprobate. O! my dear countrywomen," cried Lady Geraldine with increasing animation of countenance and manner—"O! my dear countrywomen, let us never stoop to admire and imitate these second-hand airs and graces, follies and vices. Let us dare to be ourselves!"

My eyes were fixed upon her animated countenance, and I believe, I continued gazing even after her voice ceased. Mrs. O'Connor pointed this out, and I was immediately embarrassed. Miss Bland accounted for my embarrassment by supposing, that what lady Geraldine had said of English crim. cons. had affected me. From a look and a whisper among the ladies, I guessed this; but Lady Geraldine was too well-bred to suppose I could suspect her of ill-breeding and ill-nature, or that I could apply to myself what evidently was not intended to allude to my family misfortunes. By an openness of manner and sweetness of expression, which I cannot forget, she, in one single look, conveyed all this to me: and then resuming her conversation, "Pray, my lord," said she, "you who have lived so much in the great world in England, say, for you can, whether I am right or wrong in my suspicion, that these ladies, who have made such a noise in Ireland, have been little heard of in England?"

I confirmed her ladyship's opinion by my evidence. The faces of the company changed. Thus, in a few seconds, the empire of Lady Hauton and of Mrs. Norton seemed shaken to the foundation, and never recovered from this shock.

The warmth of Lady Geraldine's expressions on this and many other occasions wakened dormant feelings in my heart, and made me sensible that I had a soul, and that I was superior to the puppets with whom I had been classed.

One day, Lady Kilrush, in her mixed mode, with partly

the graces of a fine lady and partly the airs of a *bel esprit*, was talking of Mr. Devereux, whom she affected to patronise and *produce*.

“Here Devereux!” cried she, “Cecil Devereux! What can you be thinking of? I am talking to you. Here’s this epitaph of Francis the First upon Petrarch’s Laura, that you showed me the other day: do you know, I dote upon it. I must have it translated: nobody can do it so well as you. I have not time; but I shall not sleep to-night if it is not done: and you are so quick: so sit down here, there’s a dear man, and do it in your elegant way for me, whilst I go to my toilette. Perhaps you did not know that my name was Laura,” said she, leaving the room with a very sentimental air.

“What will become of me!” cried Devereux. “Never was a harder task set by cruel patroness. I would rather turn a Persian tale for half-a-crown. Read this, my lord, and tell me whether it will be easy to turn my Lady Kilrush into Petrarch’s Laura.”

“This sonnet, to be sure, is rather difficult to translate, or at least to modernize, as bespoke,” said Lady Geraldine, after she had perused the sonnet; * “but I think, Mr. Devereux, you brought this difficulty upon yourself. How came you to show these lines to such an amateur, such a fetcher and carrier of bays, as Lady Kilrush? You might have been certain, that, had they been trash, with the name of Francis the First, and with your fashionable ap-

* “En petit compris vous pouvez voir
Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommée,
Plume, labeur, la langue, et le devoir
Furent vaincus par l’amant de l’aimée.

O gentille ame, étant toute estimée!
Qui te pourra louer qu’en se taisant?
Car la parole est toujours réprimée,
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.”

probation, and something to say about Petrarch and Laura, my Lady Kilrush would talk for ever, *et se pâmerait d'affectation.*"

"Mr. Devereux," said I, "has only to abide by the last lines, as a good and sufficient apology to Lady Kilrush for his silence :

'Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant ?

Car la parole est toujours réprimée,

Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.'

"There is no way to get out of my difficulties," said Mr. Devereux, with a very melancholy look; and with a deep sigh he sat down to attempt the translation of the poem. In a few minutes, however, he rose and left the room, declaring that he had the bad habit of not being able to do any thing in company.

Lady Geraldine now, with much energy of indignation, exclaimed against the pretensions of rich amateurs, and the mean and presumptuous manner in which some would-be great people affect to patronise genius.

"O! the baseness, the emptiness of such patronising ostentation!" cried she. "I am accused of being proud myself; but I hope—I believe—I am sure, that my pride is of another sort. Persons of any elevation or generosity of mind never have this species of pride; but it is your mean, second-rate folk, who imagine that people of talent are a sort of raree-show for their entertainment. At best, they consider men of genius only as artists formed for their use, who, if not in a situation to be paid with money, are yet to be easily recompensed by praise—by their praise—their praise! Heavens! what conceit! And these amateur-patrons really think themselves judges, and presume to advise and direct genius, and employ it to their petty purposes! Like that Piedro de Medicis, who at some of his

entertainments, set Michael Angelo to make a statue of snow. My lord, did you ever happen to meet with Les Mémoires de Madame de Staël?"

"No : I did not know that they were published."

"You mistake me : I mean Madame de Staël of Louis the Fourteenth and the Regent's time, Mademoiselle de Launay."

I had never heard of such a person, and I blushed for my ignorance.

"Nay, I met with them myself only yesterday," said Lady Geraldine : "I was struck with the character of the Duchesse de la Ferté, in which this kind of proud patronising ignorance is admirably painted from the life. It is really worth your while, my lord, to look at it. There's the book on that little table ; here is the passage. You see, this Duchesse de la Ferté is showing off to a sister-duchess a poor girl of genius, like a puppet or an ape."

" 'Allons, mademoiselle, parlez—Madame, vous allez voir comme elle parle—Elle vit que j'hésitais à répondre, et pensa qu'il fallait m'aider comme un chanteuse à qui l'on indique ce qu'on désire d'entendre—Parlez un peu de religion, mademoiselle, vous direz ensuite autre chose.' "

"This speech, Mr. Devereux tells me, has become quite proverbial in Paris," continued Lady Geraldine ; "and it is often quoted, when any one presumes in the Duchesse de la Ferté's style."

"Ignorance, either in high or low life, is equally self-sufficient, I believe," said I, exerting myself to illustrate her ladyship's remarks. "A gentleman of my acquaintance lately went to buy some razors at Packwood's. Mrs. Packwood alone was *visible*. Upon the gentleman's complimenting her on the infinite variety of her husband's ingenious and poetical advertisements, she replied, "La ! sir, and do you think my husband has time to write them there

things his-self? Why, sir, we keeps a poet to do all that there work.'"

Though Lady Geraldine spoke only in general of amateur-patrons and of men of genius, yet I could not help fancying, from the warmth with which she expressed herself, and from her dwelling on the subject so long, that her feelings were peculiarly interested for some individual of this description. Thus I discovered that Lady Geraldine had a heart; and I suspected that her ladyship and Mr. Devereux had also made the same discovery. This suspicion was strengthened by a slight incident, which occurred the following evening.

Lady Geraldine and Cecil Devereux, as we were drinking coffee, were in a recessed window, while some of the company stood round them, amused by their animated conversation. They went on, repartee after repartee, as if inspired by each other's spirits.

"You two," said a little girl of six years old, who was playing in the window, "go on singing to one another like two nightingales; and this shall be your cage," added she, drawing the drapery of the window-curtains across the recessed window. "You shall live always together in this cage : will you, pretty birds?"

"No, no; some birds cannot live in a cage, my dear," cried Lady Geraldine, playfully struggling to get free, whilst the child held her prisoner.

"Mr. Devereux seems tolerably quiet and contented in his cage," said the shrewd Mrs. O'Connor.

"I can't get out ! I can't get out !" cried Devereux, in the melancholy tone of the starling in the *Sentimental Journey*.

"What is all this?" said my Lady Kildangan, sailing up to us.

"Only two birds," the child began.

“Singing-birds,” interrupted Lady Geraldine catching the little girl up in her arms, and stopping her from saying more, by beginning to sing most charmingly.

Lady Kildangan returned to the sofa without comprehending one word of what had passed. For my part, I now felt almost certain of the justice of my suspicions : I was a little vexed, but not by any means in that despair into which a man heartily in love would have been thrown by such a discovery.

Well, thought I, it is well it is no worse : it was very lucky that I did not fall quite in love with this fair lady, since it seems that she has given her heart away. But am I certain of this ? I was mistaken once. Let me examine more carefully.

Now I had a new motive to keep my attention awake.

CHAPTER XI.

To preserve the continuity of my story, and not to fatigue the reader with the journals of my comings and goings from Ormsby Villa to Glenthorn Castle, and from Glenthorn Castle to Ormsby Villa, I must here relate the observations I made, and the incidents that occurred, during various visits at Sir Harry Ormsby's in the course of the summer.

After the incident of the birds and cage, my sagacity was for some time at a fault. I could not perceive any further signs of intelligence between the parties : on the contrary, all communication seemed abruptly to cease. As I was not well versed in such affairs, this quieted my suspicions, and I began to think that I had been entirely

mistaken. Cecil Devereux spent his days shut up in his own apartment, immersed, as far as I could understand, in the Persian language. He talked to me of nothing but his hopes of an appointment, which Lord O'Toole had promised to procure for him in India. When he was not studying, he was botanizing or *mineralogizing* with O'Toole's chaplain. I did not envy him his new mode of life. Lady Geraldine took no notice of it. When they did meet, which happened as seldom as possible, there was an air of haughty displeasure on her part; on his, steady and apparently calm respect and self-satisfaction. Her spirits were exuberant, but variable; and, at times, evidently forced: his were not high, but even and certain. Towards me, her ladyship's manners were free from coquetry, yet politely gratifying, as she marked, by the sort of conversation she addressed to me, her opinion that I was superior in ability and capability to what she had at first thought me, and to what I had always thought myself.

Mr. Devereux, though with more effort, treated me with distinction, and showed a constant desire to cultivate my friendship. On every occasion he endeavoured to raise my opinion of myself: to give me ambition and courage to cultivate my mind. Once, when I was arguing in favour of natural genius, and saying that I thought no cultivation could make the abilities of one man equal to those of another, he, without seeming to perceive that I was apologising at once for my own indolence and my intellectual inferiority, answered in general terms, "It is difficult to judge what are the natural powers of the mind, they appear so different in different circumstances. You can no more judge of a mind in ignorance than of a plant in darkness. A philosophical friend told me, that he once thought he had discovered a new and strange plant growing in a mine. It was common sage; but so degenerated and altered, that he could not know it: he planted it in the open air and

in the light, and gradually it resumed its natural appearance and character."

Mr. Devereux excited, without fatiguing, my mind by his conversation; and I was not yet sufficiently in love to be seriously jealous. I was resolved, however, to sound him upon the subject of Lady Geraldine. I waited for a good opportunity: at length, as we were looking together over the prints of Buerger's Lenore, he led to the sort of conversation that I desired, by telling me an anecdote relative to the poet, which he had lately heard from a German baron.

Buerger was charmed with a sonnet, which an unknown fair one addressed to him, in praise of his poetry: he replied in equal strains; and they went on flattering one another, till both believed themselves in love: without ever having met, they determined to marry: they at length met, and married: they quarrelled, and parted: in other words, the gentleman was terribly disappointed in his unknown mistress; and she consoled herself by running away from him with another lover.

The imprudence of this poetic couple led us to reflections on love and marriage in general. Keeping far away from all allusion to Lady Geraldine, I rallied Mr. Devereux about the fair Clementina, who was evidently a romantic admirer of his.

"Who, except Cupid, would barter his liberty for a butterfly?" said he; "and Cupid was a child. Men nowadays are grown too wise to enslave themselves for women. Love occupies a vast space in a woman's thoughts, but fills a small portion of a man's life. Women are told, that 'The great, th' important business of their life, is love'; but men know that they are born for something better than to sing mournful ditties to a mistress's eyebrow. As to marriage, what a serious, terrible thing! Some quaint old author says, that man is of too smooth and oily a nature

to climb up to heaven, if, to make him less slippery, there be not added to his composition the vinegar of marriage. This may be; but I will keep as long as possible from the vinegar."

"Really, Devereux," said I, smiling, "you talk so like a cynic and an old bachelor, and you look so little like either, that it is quite ridiculous."

"A man must be ridiculous sometimes," said he, "and bear to be thought so. No man ever distinguished himself, who could not bear to be laughed at."

Mr. Devereux left the room singing,

"No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, will soon cure me of love."

I was uncertain what to think of all this. I inclined to believe that ambition was his ruling passion, notwithstanding the description of that Hell which he showed me in Spenser. His conduct to his patron-lords, by which a surer judgment of his character could be formed than by his professions, was not, however, that of a man merely intent upon rising in the world.

I remember once hearing Lord O'Toole attack a friend of this gentleman's, calling him, in a certain tone, a *philosopher*. Mr. Devereux replied, "that he could not consider that as a term of reproach; that where a false or pretended philosopher was meant, some other name should be used, equivalent to the Italian term of reproach, *filosofastro*."

Lord O'Toole would by no means admit of this Italianism: he would make no distinctions: he deemed philosophers altogether a race of beings dangerous and inimical to states.

"For states read statesmen," said Devereux, who persisted in the vindication of his friend till Lord O'Toole grew pale with anger, while Captain Andrews smiled with inef-

fable contempt at the political *bévue* : Lady Geraldine glowed with generous indignation.

Afterwards, in speaking to me of Lord O'Toole, Devereux said, "His lordship's classification of men is as contracted as the savage's classification of animals : he divides mankind into two classes, knaves and fools; and when he meets with an honest man, he does not know what to make of him."

My esteem for Mr. Devereux was much increased by my daily observations upon his conduct : towards Lady Geraldine, I thought it particularly honourable : when her displeasure evidently merged in esteem, when her manners again became most winning and attractive, his continued uniformly the same; never passing the bounds of friendly respect, or swerving, in the slightest degree, from the line of conduct which he had laid down for himself. I thought I now understood him perfectly. That he liked Lady Geraldine I could scarcely doubt; but I saw that he refrained from aiming at the prize which he knew he ought not to obtain : that he perceived her ladyship's favourable disposition towards him, yet denied himself not only the gratification of his vanity, but the exquisite pleasure of conversing with her, lest he should stand in the way of her happier prospects. He frequently spoke to me of her ladyship in terms of the warmest approbation. He said, that all the world saw and admired her talents and beauty, but that he had had opportunities, as a relation, of studying her domestic life. "With all her vivacity, she has a heart formed for tenderness," said he; "a high sense of duty, the best security for a woman's conduct; and in generosity and magnanimity, I never found her superior in either sex. In short, I never saw any woman whose temper and disposition were more likely to make a man of sense and feeling supremely happy."

I could not forbear smiling, and asking Cecil Devereux

how all this accorded with his late professions of hatred to marriage.

“My professions were sincere,” said he. “It would be misery to me to marry any inferior woman, and I am not in circumstances to marry as I could wish. I could not think of Lady Geraldine without a breach of trust, of which your lordship, I hope, cannot suspect me. Her mother places confidence in me. I am not only a relation, but treated as a friend of the family. I am not in love with lady Geraldine. I admire, esteem, respect her ladyship; and I wish to see her united to a man, if such a man there be, who may deserve her. We understand one another now. Your lordship will have the goodness never more to speak to me on this subject.” He spoke with much emotion, but with steadiness, and left me penetrated with feelings that were entirely new to me.

Much as I admired his conduct, I was yet undecided as to my own: my aversion to a second marriage was not yet conquered:—I was amused, I was captivated by Lady Geraldine; but I could not bring myself to think of making a distinct proposal. Captain Andrews himself was not more afraid of being committed than I was upon this tender subject. To gain time, I now thought it necessary to verify all the praises Mr. Devereux had bestowed on her ladyship. Magnanimity was a word that particularly struck my ear as extraordinary when applied to a female. However, by attending carefully to this lady, I thought I discovered what Mr. Devereux meant. Lady Geraldine was superior to manœuvring little arts and petty stratagems to attract attention: she would not stoop, even to conquer. From gentlemen she seemed to expect attention as her right, as the right of her sex; not to beg or accept of it as a favour: if it were not paid, she deemed the gentleman degraded, not herself. Far from being mortified by any preference

shown to other ladies, her countenance betrayed only a sarcastic sort of pity for the bad taste of the men, or an absolute indifference and look of haughty absence. I saw that she beheld with disdain the paltry competitions of the young ladies her companions : as her companions, indeed, she hardly seemed to consider them ; she tolerated their foibles, forgave their envy, and never exerted any superiority, except to show her contempt of vice and meanness. To be in any degree excepted from the common herd ; to be in any degree distinguished by a lady so proud, and with so many good reasons to be proud, was flattering to my self-love. She gave me no direct encouragement ; but I never advanced far enough to require encouragement, much less to justify repulse. Sometimes I observed, or I fancied, that she treated me with more favour when Mr. Devereux was present than at other times ; perhaps—for she was a woman, not an angel—to pique Devereux, and try if she could move him from the settled purpose of his soul. He bore it all with surprising constancy : his spirits, however, and his health, began visibly to decline.

“If I do not intrude too much on your valuable time, Mr. Devereux,” said her ladyship to him one evening, in her most attractive manner, “may I beg you to read to us some of these beautiful poems of Sir William Jones?”

There was a seat beside her ladyship on the sofa : the book was held out by the finest arm in the world.

“Nay,” said Lady Geraldine, “do not look so respectfully miserable ; if you have any other engagement, you have only to say so ; or if you cannot speak, you may bow : a bow, you know, is an answer to every thing. And here is my Lord Glenthorn ready to supply your place : pray, do not let me detain you prisoner. You shall not a second time say, *I can't get out.*”

Devereux made no further effort to escape, but took the book and his dangerous seat. He remained with us, con-

trary to his custom, the whole evening. Afterwards, as if he felt that some apology was necessary to me for the pleasure in which he had indulged himself, "Perhaps, my lord," said he, "another man in my situation, and with my feelings, would think it necessary to retreat, and prudent to secure his safety by flight; but flight is unworthy of him who can combat and conquer: the man who is sure of himself does not skulk away to avoid danger, but advances to meet it, armed secure in honesty."

This proud and rash security in his own courage, strength of mind, and integrity, was the only fault of Cecil Devereux. He never prayed not to be led into temptation, he thought himself so sure of avoiding evil. Unconscious of his danger, even though his disease was at its height, he now braved it most imprudently: he was certain that he should never pass the bounds of friendship; he had proved this to himself and was satisfied: he told me, that he could with indifference, nay, with pleasure, see Lady Geraldine mine. In the mean time, upon the same principle that he deemed flight inglorious, he was proud to expose himself to the full force of Love's artillery. He was with us now every day, and almost all day, and Lady Geraldine was more charming than ever. The week was fixed for her departure. Still I could not decide. I understood that her ladyship would pass the ensuing winter in Dublin, where she would probably meet with new adorers; and even if Mr. Devereux should not succeed, some adventurous knight might win and wear the prize. This was an alarming thought. It almost decided me to hazard the fatal declaration: but then I recollected that I might follow her ladyship to town the next winter, and that if the impression did not, as might be hoped, wear off during the intervening autumn, it would be time enough to *commit* myself when I should meet my fair one in Dublin. This was at last my fixed resolution. Respite from the agonies of

doubt, I now waited very tranquilly for that moment to which most lovers look forward with horror, the moment of separation. I was sensible that I had accustomed myself to think about this lady so much, that I had gradually identified my existence with hers, and I thus found my *spirit of animation* much increased. I dreaded the departure of Lady Geraldine less than the return of ennui.

In this frame of mind I was walking one morning in the pleasure-grounds with Lady Geraldine, when a slight accident made me act in direct contradiction to all my resolutions, and, I think, inconsistently with my character. But such is the nature of man! and I was doomed to make a fool of myself, even in the very temple of Minerva. Among the various ornamental buildings in the grounds at Ormsby Villa, there was a temple dedicated to this goddess, from which issued a troop of hoyden young ladies, headed by the widow O'Connor and Lady Kilrush, all calling to us to come and look at some charming discovery which they had just made in the temple of Minerva. Thither we proceeded, accompanied by the merry troop. We found in the temple only a poetical inscription of Lady Kilrush's, pompously engraved on a fine marble tablet. We read the lines with all the attention usually paid to a lady's poetry in the presence of the poetess. Lady Geraldine and I turned to pay some compliments on the performance, when we found that Lady Kilrush and all her companions were gone.

"Gone! all gone!" said Lady Geraldine: "and there they are, making their way very fast down to the temple of Folly! Lady Kilrush, you know, is so ba-a-ashful, she could not possibly stay to receive *nos hommages*. I love to laugh at affectation. Call them back, do, my lord, and you shall see the *fair author* go through all the evolutions of mock humility, and end by yielding quietly to the notion that she is the tenth Muse. But run, my lord, or they will be out of our reach."

I never was seen to run on any occasion; but to obey Lady Geraldine, I walked as fast as I could to the door, and, to my surprise, found it fastened.

“Locked, I declare! some of the witty tricks of the widow O’Connor, or the hoyden Miss Callwells!”

“How I hate hoydens!” cried Lady Geraldine: “but let us take patience; they will be back presently. If young ladies must perform practical jokes, because quizzing is the fashion, I wish they would devise something new. This locking up is so stale a jest. To be sure it has lately to boast the authority of high rank in successful practice: but these bungling imitators never distinguish between cases the most dissimilar imaginable. Silly creatures! We have only to be wise and patient.”

Her ladyship sat down to reperuse the tablet. I never saw her look so beautiful.—The dignified composure of her manner charmed me; it was so unlike the paltry affectation of some of the fashionable ladies by whom I had been disgusted. I recollected the precedent to which she alluded. I recollected that the locking-up ended in matrimony; and as Lady Geraldine made some remarks upon the verses, I suppose my answers showed my absence of mind.

“Why so grave, my lord? why so absent? I assure you I do not suspect your lordship of having any hand in this vulgar manœuvre. I acquit you honourably; therefore you need not stand any longer like a criminal.”

What decided me at this instant I cannot positively tell: whether it was the awkwardness of my own situation, or the grace of her ladyship’s manner; but all my prudential arrangements were forgotten, all my doubts vanished. Before I knew that the words passed my lips, I replied, “That her ladyship did me justice by such an acquittal; but that though I had no part in the contrivance, yet I felt irresistibly impelled to avail myself of the opportunity it

afforded of declaring my real sentiments." I was at her ladyship's feet, and making very serious love, before I knew where I was. In what words my long-delayed declaration was made I cannot recollect, but I well remember Lady Geraldine's answer.

"My lord, I assure you that you do not know what you are saying: you do not know what you are doing. This is all a mistake, as you will find half an hour hence. I will not be so cruelly vain as to suppose you serious."

"Not serious! no man ever was more serious."

"No, no—No, no, no."

I swore, of course, most fervently.

"O! rise, rise, I beseech you, my lord, and don't look so like a hero; though you have done an heroic action, I grant. How you ever brought yourself to it, I cannot imagine. But now, for your comfort, you are safe—*Vous voilà quitte pour la peur!* Do not, however, let this encourage you to venture again in the same foolish manner. I know but few, very few young ladies, to whom Lord Glenthorn could offer himself with any chance or reasonable hope of being refused. So take warning: never again expect to meet with such another as my whimsical self."

"Never, never, can I expect to meet with any thing resembling your charming self," cried I. This was a new text for a lover's rhapsody. It is not necessary, and might not be *generally* interesting, to repeat all the ridiculous things I said, even if I could remember them.

Lady Geraldine listened to me, and then very calmly replied, "Granting you believe all that you are saying at this minute, which I must grant from common gratitude, and still more, common vanity; nevertheless, permit me to assure you, my lord, that this is not love, it is only a fancy—only the nettlerash, not the plague. You will not die this time. I will ensure your life. So now jump out of the window as fast you can, and unlock the door,—you

need not be afraid of breaking your neck—you know your life is ensured. Come, take the lover's leap, and get rid of your passion at once."

I grew angry.

"Only a cloud," said Lady Geraldine—"it will blow over."

I became more passionate—I did not know the force of my own feelings, till they met with an obstacle; they suddenly rose to a surprising height.

"Now, my lord," cried Lady Geraldine, with a tone and look of comic vexation, "this is really the most provoking thing imaginable; you have no idea how you distress me, nor of what exquisite pleasures you deprive me—all the pleasures of coquetry; legitimate pleasures, in certain circumstances, as I am instructed to think them by one of the first moral authorities. There is a case—I quote from memory, my lord; for my memory, like that of most other people, on subjects where I am deeply interested, is tolerably tenacious—there is a case, says the best of fathers, in his *Legacy to the best of daughters*—there is a case, where a woman may coquet justifiably to the utmost verge which her conscience will allow. It is where a gentleman purposely declines making his addresses, till such time as he thinks himself perfectly sure of her consent. Now, my lord, if you had had the goodness to do so, I might have made this delightful case my own, and what charming latitude I might have allowed my conscience! But now, alas! it is all over, and I must be as frank as you have been, under pain of forfeiting what I value more even than admiration—my own good opinion."

She paused, and was silent for a few moments; then suddenly changing her manner, she exclaimed, in a serious, energetic tone, "Yes, I must, I will be sincere; let it cost me what it may. I will be sincere. My lord, I never can be yours. My lord, you will believe me, even from the

effort with which I speak :” her voice softened, and her face suffused with crimson, as she spoke. “I love another—my heart is no longer in my own possession; whether it will ever be in my power, consistently with my duty and his principles, to be united with the man of my choice, is doubtful—more than doubtful—but this is certain, that with such a prepossession, such a conviction in my mind, I never could nor ought to think of marrying any other person.”

I pleaded, that however deserving of her preference the object of her favour might be, yet that if there were, as her own prudence seemed to suggest, obstacles, rendering the probability of her union with that person more than doubtful, it might be possible that her superior sense and strength of mind, joined to the persevering affection of another lover, who would spare no exertions to render himself worthy of her, might, perhaps, in time——

“No, no,” said she, interrupting me; “do not deceive yourself. I will not deceive you. I give you no hopes that my sentiments may change. I know my own mind—it will not change. My attachment is founded on the firm basis of esteem; my affection has grown from the intimate knowledge of the principles and conduct of the man I love. No other man, let his merits be what they may, could have these advantages in my opinion. And when I say that the probability of our being united is more than doubtful, I do not mean to deny, that I have distant hope that change of circumstances might render love and duty compatible. Without hope I know love cannot long exist. You see I do not talk romantic nonsense to you. All that you say of prudence, and time, and the effect of the attentions of another admirer, would be perfectly just and applicable, if my attachment were a fancy of yesterday—if it were a mere young lady’s common-place first love; but I am not a *very* young lady, nor is this, though a first love, common-place. I do

not, you see, in the usual style, tell you that the man I adore is an angel, and that no created form ever did, or ever can, resemble this *angel in green and gold*; but, on the contrary, do justice to your lordship's merit: and believing, as I do, that you are capable of a real love; still more, believing that such an attachment would rouse you to exertion, and bring to life and light a surprising number of good qualities; yet I should deceive you unpardonably, fatally for my own peace of mind, if not for yours, were I not frankly and decidedly to assure you, that I never could reward or return your affection. My attachment to—I trust entirely where I trust at all—my attachment to Mr. Devereux is for life."

"He deserves it—deserves it all," cried I, struggling for utterance; "that is as much as a rival can say."

"Not more than I expected from you, my lord."

"But your ladyship says there is hope of duty and love being compatible. *Would Lady Kildangan ever consent?*"

She looked much disturbed.

"No, certainly; not unless—Lord O'Toole has promised—not that I depend on courtiers' promises—but Lord O'Toole is a relation of ours, and he has promised to obtain an appointment abroad, in India, for Mr. Devereux. If that were done, he might appear of more consequence in the eyes of the world. My mother might then, perhaps, be propitious. My lord, I give you the strongest proof of my esteem, by speaking with such openness. I have had the honour of your lordship's acquaintance only a few months; but without complimenting my own penetration, I may securely trust to the judgment of Mr. Devereux, and his example has taught me to feel confidence in your lordship. Your conduct now will, I trust, justify my good opinion, by your secrecy; and by desisting from useless pursuit you will entitle yourself to my esteem and gratitude. These, I presume, you will think worth securing."

My soul was so completely touched, that I could not articulate.

“Mr. Devereux is right—I see, my lord, that you have a soul that can be touched.”

“Kissing hands, I protest!” exclaimed a shrill voice at the window. We turned, and saw Mrs. O’Connor and a group of tittering faces peeping in. “Kissing hands, after a good hour’s tête-à-tête! O pray, Lady Kildangan, make haste here,” continued Mrs. O’Connor; “make haste, before Lady Geraldine’s blushes are over.”

“Were you ever detected in the crime of blushing, in your life, Mrs. O’Connor?” said I.

“I never was found out locked up with so fine a gentleman,” replied Mrs. O’Connor.

“Then it hurts your conscience only to be found out, like all the rest of the vast family of the Surfaces,” said Lady Geraldine, resuming her spirit.

“Found out!—Locked up!—Bless me! bless me! What is all this?” cried Lady Kildangan, puffing up the hill. “For shame! young ladies; for shame!” continued her ladyship, with a decent suppression of her satisfaction, when she saw, or thought she saw, how matters stood. “Unlock the door, pray. Don’t be vexed, my Geraldine. Fie! fie! Mrs. O’Connor. But quizzing is now so fashionable—nobody can be angry with any body. My Geraldine, consider we are all friends.”

The door unlocked, and as we were going out, Lady Geraldine whispered to me—“For mercy’s sake, my lord, don’t break my poor mother’s heart! Never let her know, that a coronet has been within my grasp, and that I have not clutched it.”

Lady Kildangan, who thought that all was now approaching that happy termination she so devoutly wished, was so full of her own happy presentiments, that it was impossible for me to undeceive her ladyship. Even when I

announced before her, to sir Harry Ormsby, that I was obliged to return home immediately on particular business, she was, I am sure, persuaded that I was going to prepare matters for marriage settlements. When I mounted my horse, Mr. Devereux pressed through a crowd assembled on the steps at the hall-door, and offered me his hand, with a look and manner that seemed to say—Have you sufficient generosity to be still my friend? “I know the value of your friendship, Mr. Devereux,” said I, “and I hope to deserve it better every year that I live.”

For the effort which it cost me to say this I was rewarded. Lady Geraldine, who had retired behind her companions, at this instant approached with an air of mingled grace and dignity, bowed her head, and gave me a smile of grateful approbation. This is the last image left on my mind, the last look of the charming Geraldine—I never saw her again.

After I got home, I never shaved for two days, and scarcely ever spoke. I should have taken to my bed to avoid seeing any human creature; but I knew that if I declared myself ill, no power would keep my old nurse Ellinor from coming to moan over me; and I was not in a humour to listen to stories of the Irish Black Beard, or the ghost of King O'Donoghoe; nor could I, however troublesome, have repulsed the simplicity of her affection. Instead of going to bed, therefore, I continued to lie stretched upon a sofa, ruminating sweet and bitter thoughts, after giving absolute orders that I should not be disturbed on any account whatever. Whilst I was in this state of reverie, one of my servants—an odd Irish fellow, who, under pretence of being half-witted, took more liberties than his companions—bolted into my presence.

“Plase your lordship, I thought it my duty, in spite of 'em all below, to come up to advertise your lordship of the news that's going through the country. That they are all

upside down at Ormsby Villa, all mad entirely—fighting and setting off through the kingdom, every one their own way; and, they say, it's all on account of something that Miss Clemmy Ormsby told, that Lady Geraldine said about my Lord O'Toole's being no better than a cat's paw, or something that way, which made his lordship quite mad; and he said, in the presence of Captain Andrews, and my Lady Kildangan, and Lady Geraldine, and all that were in it, something that vexed Lady Geraldine, which made Mr. Cecil Devereux mad next; and he said something smart in reply, that Lord O'Toole could not digest, he said, which made his lordship madder than ever, and he discharged Mr. Devereux from his favour, and he is not to get that place that was vacant, the lord-lieutenancy of some place in the Indies that he was to have had; this made Lady Geraldine mad, and it was found out she was in love with Mr. Devereux, which made her mother mad, the maddest of all, they say, so that none can hold her, and she is crying night and day how her daughter might have had the first coronet in the kingdom, *maning* you, my lord, if it had not been that she had *prefarred* a beggar-man, *maning* Mr. Cecil Devereux, who is as poor, they say, as a Connaught-man—and he's forbid to think of her, and she's forbid, under pain of bread and water, ever to set her eyes upon him the longest day ever she lives; so the horses and coaches are ordered, and they are all to be off with the first light for Dublin: and that's all, my lard; and all truth, not a word of lies I'm telling."

I was inclined not to credit a story so oddly told; but, upon inquiry, I found it true in its material points. My own words to Mr. Devereux, and the parting look of Lady Geraldine, were full in my recollection; I was determined, by an unexpected exertion, to surprise both the lovers, and to secure for ever their esteem and gratitude. The appointment, which Mr. Devereux desired, was not yet

given away; the fleet was to sail in a few days. I started up from my sofa—ordered my carriage instantly—shaved myself—sent a courier on before to have horses ready at every stage to carry me to Dublin—got there in the shortest time possible—found Lord O'Toole but just arrived. Though unused to diplomatic language and political negotiation, I knew pretty well on what they all *hinge*. I went directly to the point, and showed, that it would be the interest of the party concerned to grant my request. By expressing a becoming desire, that my boroughs, upon a question where a majority was required, should *strengthen the hands of government*, I obtained for my friend the favour he *deserved*. Before I quitted Lord O'Toole, his secretary, Captain Andrews, was instructed to write a letter announcing to Mr. Devereux his appointment. A copy of the former letter of refusal now lay before me; it was in his lordship's purest diplomatic style—as follows :

Private.

“ Lord O'Toole is concerned to inform Mr. Devereux that he cannot feel himself justified in encouraging Mr. D., under the existing circumstances, to make any direct application relative to the last conversation his lordship had the honour to hold with Mr. Devereux.”

To Cecil Devereux, Esq.

&c.

Thursday—

The letter which I obtained, and of which I took possession, ran as follows :

Private.

“ Lord O'Toole is happy to have it in command to inform Mr. Devereux, that his lordship's representations on the subject of their last conversation have been thought suffi-

cient, and that an official notification of the appointment to India, which Mr. D. desired, will meet the wishes of Mr. Devereux.

“ Captain Andrews has the honour to add his congratulations.”

To Cecil Devereux, Esq.

&c.

Thursday—

Having despatched this business with a celerity that surprised all the parties concerned, and most myself, I called at the lodgings of Mr. Devereux, delivered the letter to his servant, and left town. I could not bear to see either Mr. Devereux or Lady Geraldine. I had the pleasure to hear, that the obtaining this appointment was followed by Lady Kildangan's consent to their marriage. Soon after my return to Glenthorn Castle, I received a letter of warm thanks from Devereux, and a polite postscript from Lady Geraldine, declaring that, though she felt much pleasure, she could feel no surprise in seeing her opinion of Lord Glenthorn justified; persuaded, as she and Mr. Devereux had always been, that only motive and opportunity were wanting to make his lordship's superior qualities known to the world, and, what is still more difficult, to himself. They left Ireland immediately afterwards, in consequence of their appointment in India.

I was raised in my own estimation—I revelled a short time in my self-complacent reflections; but when nothing more remained to be done, or to be said—when the hurry of action, the novelty of generosity, the glow of enthusiasm, and the freshness of gratitude, were over, I felt that, though large motives could now invigorate my mind, I was still a prey to habitual indolence, and that I should relapse into my former state of apathy and disease.

CHAPTER XII.

I REMEMBER to have heard, in some epilogue to a tragedy, that the tide of pity and of love, whilst it overwhelms, fertilizes the soul. That it may deposit the seed of future fertilization, I believe; but some time must elapse before they germinate: on the first retiring of the tide, the prospect is barren and desolate. I was absolutely inert, and almost imbecile for a considerable time, after the extraordinary stimulus, by which I had been actuated, was withdrawn. I was in this state of apathy, when the rebellion broke out in Ireland; nor was I roused in the least by the first news of the disturbances. The intelligence, however, so much alarmed my English servants, that, with one accord, they left me; nothing could persuade them to remain longer in Ireland. The parting with my English gentleman affected my lethargic selfishness a little. His loss would have been grievous to such a helpless being as I was, had not his place been immediately supplied by that half-witted Irishman, Joe Kelly, who had ingratiated himself with me by a mixture of drollery and simplicity, and by suffering himself to be continually my laughing-stock; for, in imitation of Lady Geraldine, I thought it necessary to have a butt. I remember he first caught my notice by a strange answer to a very simple question. I asked, "What noise is that I hear?" "My lard," said he, "it is only the singing in my ears; I have had it these six months." Another time, when I reproached him for having told me a lie, he answered, "Why, now indeed, and plase you honour, my lard, I tell as few lies as possibly I can." This fellow, the son of a

bricklayer, had originally been intended for a priest, and he went, as he told me, to the College of Maynooth, to study his *humanities*; but, unluckily, the charms of some Irish Heloise came between him and the altar. He lived in a cabin of love, till he was weary of his smoke-dried Heloise, and then thought it *convanient* to turn *sarving* man, as he could play on the flute, and brush a coat remarkably well, which he *larned* at Maynooth, by brushing the coats of the superiors. Though he was willing to be laughed at, Joe Kelly could in his turn laugh; and he now ridiculed, without mercy, the pusillanimity of the English *renegadoes*, as he called the servants who had just left my service. He assured me that, to his knowledge, there was no manner of danger, *excepted a man prefarred being afraid of his own shadow, which some did, rather than have nothing to talk of, or enter into resolutions about, with some of the spirited men in the chair.*

Unwilling to be disturbed, I readily believed all that lulled me in my security. I would not be at the trouble of reading the public papers; and when they were read to me, I did not credit any paragraph that militated against my own opinion. Nothing could awaken me. I remember, one day, lying yawning on my sofa, repeating to Mr. M'Leod, who endeavoured to open my eyes to the situation of the country, "Pshaw, my dear sir; there is no danger, be assured—none at all—none at all. For mercy's sake! talk to me of something more diverting, if you would keep me awake; time enough to think of these things when they come nearer to us."

Evils that were not immediately near me had no power to affect my imagination. My tenantry had not yet been contaminated by the epidemic infection, which broke out soon after with such violence as to threaten the total destruction of all civil order. I had lived in England—I was unacquainted with the causes and the progress of the

disease, and I had no notion of my danger; all I knew was, that some houses had been robbed of arms, and that there was a set of desperate wretches called *defenders*; but I was *annoyed* only by the rout that was now made about them. Having been used to the regular course of justice which prevailed in England, I was more shocked at the summary proceedings of my neighbours than alarmed at the symptoms of insurrection. Whilst my mind was in this mood, I was provoked by the conduct of some of the violent party, which wounded my personal pride, and infringed upon my imagined consequence. My foster-brother's forge was searched for pikes, his house ransacked, his bed and *bellows*, as possible hiding-places, were cut open: by accident, or from private malice, he received a shot in his arm; and, though not the slightest cause of suspicion could be found against him, the party left him with a broken arm, and the consolation of not being sent to jail as a defender. Without making any allowance for the peculiar circumstances of the country, my indignation was excited in the extreme, by the injury done to my foster-brother; his sufferings, the tears of his mother, the taunts of Mr. (now *Captain*) Hardcastle, and the opposition made by his party, called forth all the faculties of my mind and body. The poor fellow, who was the subject of this contest, showed the best disposition imaginable; he was excessively grateful to me for interesting myself to *get* him justice; but as soon as he found that parties ran high against me, he earnestly dissuaded me from persisting.

“Let it drop, and *plase* your honour; my lord, let it drop, and don't be making of yourself *inimies* for the likes of me. Sure, what signifies my arm? and, before the next assizes, sha'n't I be as well as ever, arm and all?” continued he, trying to appear to move the arm without pain. “And there's the new bellows your honour has *give* me; it does my heart good to look at 'em, and it won't be long before I

will be blowing them again as stout as ever; and so God bless your honour, my lord, and think no more about it—let it drop entirely, and don't be bringing yourself into trouble."

"Ay, don't be bringing yourself into trouble, dear," added Ellinor, who seemed half-distracted between her feelings for her son and her fears for me: "it's a shame to think of the way they've treated Christy—but there's no help now, and it's best not to be making bad worse; and so, as Christy says, let the thing drop, jewel, and don't be bringing yourself into trouble; you don't know the *natur* of them people, dear—you are *too innocent* for them entirely, and myself does not know the mischief they might do *yees*."

"True for ye," pursued Christy; "I wouldn't for the best cow ever I see that your honour ever larnt a sentence about me or my arm; and it is not for such as we to be minding every little accident—so God lend you long life, and don't be plaguing yourself to death! let it drop, and I'll sleep well the night, which I did not do the week, for thinking of all the trouble you got, and would get, God presarve ye!"

This generous fellow's eloquence produced an effect directly contrary to what was intended; both my feelings and my pride were now more warmly interested in his cause. I insisted upon his swearing examinations before Mr. M'Leod, who was a justice of the peace. Mr. M'Leod behaved with the utmost steadiness and impartiality; and in this trying moment, when "it was infamy to seem my friend," he defended my conduct calmly, but resolutely, in private and in public, and gave his unequivocal testimony, in few but decided words, in favour of my injured tenant. I should have respected Mr. M'Leod more, if I had not attributed this conduct to his desire of being returned for one of my boroughs at the approaching election. He en-

deavoured, with persevering goodness, to convince me of the reality of the danger in the country. My eyes were with much difficulty forced open so far as to perceive that it was necessary to take an active part in public affairs to vindicate my loyalty, and to do away the prejudices that were entertained against me; nor did my incredulity, as to the magnitude of the peril, prevent me from making exertions essential to the defence of my own character, if not to that of the nation. How few act from purely patriotic and rational motives! At all events I acted, and acted with energy; and certainly at this period of my life I felt no ennui. Party spirit is an effectual cure for ennui; and, perhaps, it is for this reason that so many are addicted to its intemperance. All my passions were roused, and my mind and body kept in continual activity. I was either galloping, or haranguing, or fearing, or hoping, or fighting; and so long as it was said that I could not sleep in my bed, I slept remarkably well, and never had so good an appetite as when I was in hourly danger of having nothing to eat. *The rebels were up, and the rebels were down*—and Lord Glenthorn's spirited conduct in the chair, and indefatigable exertions in the field, were the theme of daily eulogium amongst my convivial companions and immediate dependents. But, unfortunately, my sudden activity gained me no credit amongst the violent party of my neighbours, who persisted in their suspicions; and my reputation was now still more injured by the alternate charge of being a trimmer or a traitor. Nay, I was further exposed to another danger, of which, from my ignorance of the country, I could not possibly be aware. The disaffected themselves, as I afterwards found, really believed, that, as I had not begun by persecuting the poor, I must be a favourer of the rebels; and all that I did to bring the guilty to justice, they thought was only to give a *colour to the thing*, till the proper moment should come for my declar-

ing myself. Of this absurd and perverse mode of judging I had not the slightest conception; and I only laughed when it was hinted to me. My treating the matter so lightly confirmed suspicion on both sides. At this time all objects were so magnified and distorted by the mist of prejudice, that no inexperienced eye could judge of their real proportions. Neither party could believe the simple truth, that my tardiness to act arose from the habitual *inertia* of my mind and body.

Whilst prepossessions were thus strong, the time, the important time, in Ireland the most important season of the year, the assizes, arrived. My foster-brother's cause, or, as it was now generally called, *Lord Glenthorn's* cause, came on to be tried. I spared no expense, I spared no exertions: I fee'd the ablest counsel; and not content with leaving them to be instructed by my attorney, I explained the affair to them myself with indefatigable zeal. One of the lawyers, whom I had seen, or by whom I had been seen, in my former inert state of existence, at some watering-place in England, could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at my change of character; he could scarcely believe that I was the same Lord Glenthorn, of whose indolence and ennui he had formerly heard and seen so much.

Alas! all my activity, all my energy, on the present occasion, proved ineffectual. After a dreadful quantity of false swearing, the jury professed themselves satisfied; and without retiring from the box, acquitted the persons who had assaulted my foster-brother. The mortification of this legal defeat was not all that I had to endure; the victorious party mobbed me, as I passed some time afterwards through a neighbouring town, where Captain Hardcastle and his friends had been carousing. I was hooted, and pelted, and narrowly escaped with my life—I who, but a few months ago, had imagined myself possessed of nearly

despotic power: but opinions had changed; and on opinion almost all power is founded. No individual, unless he possess uncommon eloquence, joined to personal intrepidity, can withstand the combination of numbers, and the force of prejudice.

Such was the result of my first public exertions! Yet I was now happier and better satisfied with myself than I had ever been before. I was not only conscious of having acted in a manly and generous manner; but the alarms of the rebels, and of the French, and of the loyalists; and the parading, and the galloping, and the quarrelling, and the continual agitation in which I was kept, whilst my character and life were at stake, relieved me effectually from the intolerable burden of ennui.

CHAPTER XIII.

"And, for the book of knowledge fair,

Presented with an universal blank

Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased."

UNFORTUNATELY *for me*, the rebellion in Ireland was soon quelled; the nightly scouring of our county ceased; the poor people returned to their duty and their homes; the occupation of upstart and ignorant *associators* ceased, and their consequence sunk at once. Things and persons settled to their natural level. The influence of men of property, and birth, and education, and character, once more prevailed. The spirit of party ceased to operate: my neighbours awakened, as if from a dream, and wondered at the strange injustice with which I had been treated. Those

who had lately been my combined enemies were disunited, and each was eager to assure me that he had *always been privately my friend*, but that he was compelled to conceal his sentiments : each exculpated himself, and threw the blame on others : all apologized to me, and professed to be my most devoted humble servants. My popularity, my power, and my prosperity, were now at their zenith, *unfortunately for me* ; because my adversity had not lasted long enough to form and season my character. I had been driven to exertion by a mixture of pride and generosity : my understanding being uncultivated, I had acted from the virtuous impulse of the moment, but never from rational motive, which alone can be permanent in its operation. When the spur of the occasion pressed upon me no longer, I relapsed into my former inactivity. When the great interests and strong passions, by which I had been impelled to exertion, subsided, all other feelings, and all less objects, seemed stale, flat, and unprofitable. For the tranquillity which I was now left to enjoy I had no taste ; it appeared to me a dead calm, most spiritless and melancholy.

I remember hearing, some years afterwards, a Frenchman, who had been in imminent danger of being guillotined by Robespierre, and who at last was one of those who arrested the tyrant, declare, that when the bustle and horror of the revolution were over, he could hardly keep himself awake ; and that he thought it very insipid to live in quiet with his wife and family. He further summed up the catalogue of Robespierre's crimes, by exclaiming, “D’ailleurs c’était un grand philanthrope !” I am not conscious of any disposition to cruelty, and I heard this man’s speech with disgust ; yet, upon a candid self-examination, I must confess, that I have felt, though from different causes, some degree of what he described. Perhaps *ennui* may have had a share in creating revolutions. A French author

pronounces ennui to be “a moral indigestion, caused by a monotony of situations !”

I had no wife or family to make domestic life agreeable : nor was I inclined to a second marriage, my first had proved so unfortunate, and the recollection of my disappointment with Lady Geraldine was so recent. Even the love of power no longer acted upon me : my power was now undisputed. My jealousy and suspicions of my agent, Mr. M·Leod, were about this time completely conquered by his behaviour at a general election. I perceived that he had no underhand design upon my boroughs ; and that he never attempted or wished to interfere in my affairs, except at my particular desire. My confidence in him became absolute and unbounded ; but this was really a misfortune to me, for it became the cause of my having still less to do. I gave up all business, and from all manner of trouble I was now free : yet I became more and more unhappy, and my nervous complaints returned. I was not aware that I was taking the very means to increase my own disease. The philosophical Dr. Cullen observes that “Whatever aversion to application of any kind may appear in hypochondriacs, there is nothing more pernicious to them than absolute idleness, or a vacancy from all earnest pursuit. It is owing to wealth admitting of indolence, and leading to the pursuit of transitory and unsatisfying amusements, or exhausting pleasures only, that the present times exhibit to us so many instances of hypochondriacism.”

I fancied that change of air and change of place would do me good ; and, as it was fine summer weather, I projected various parties of pleasure. The Giants’ Causeway, and the Lake of Killarney, were the only things I had ever heard mentioned as worth seeing in Ireland. I suffered myself to be carried into the county of Antrim, and I saw the Giants’ Causeway. From the description given by Dr. Hamilton of some of these wonders of nature, the reader

may judge how much I *ought* to have been astonished and delighted.

In the bold promontory of Bengore, you behold, as you look up from the sea, a gigantic colonnade of basaltes, supporting a black mass of irregular rock, over which rises another range of pillars, “forming all together a perpendicular height of one hundred and seventy feet, from the base of which the promontory, covered over with rock and grass, slopes down to the sea, for the space of two hundred feet more : making, in all, a mass of near four hundred feet in height, which, in the beauty and variety of its colouring, in elegance and novelty of arrangement, and in the extraordinary magnificence of its objects, cannot be rivalled.”

Yet I was seized with a fit of yawning, as I sat in my pleasure-boat, to admire this sublime spectacle. I looked at my watch, observed that we should be late for dinner, and grew impatient to be rowed back to the place where we were to dine ; not that I was hungry, but I wanted to be again set in motion. Neither science nor taste expanded my view ; and I saw nothing worthy of my admiration, or capable of giving me pleasure. The watching a straw floating down the tide was the only amusement I recollect to have enjoyed upon this excursion.

I was assured, however, by Lady Ormsby, that I could not help being enchanted with the lake of Killarney. The party was arranged by this lady, who, having the preceding summer seen me captivated by Lady Geraldine, and pitying my disappointment, had formed the obliging design of restoring my spirits, and marrying me to one of her near relations. She calculated, that, as I had been charmed by Lady Geraldine’s vivacity, I must be enchanted with the fine spirits of Lady Jocunda Lawler. So far were the thoughts of marriage from my imagination, that I only was sorry to find a young lady smuggled into our party, because I was

afraid she would be troublesome : but I resolved to be quite passive upon all occasions, where attentions to the fair sex are sometimes expected. My arm, or my hand, or my assistance, in any manner, I was determined not to offer : the lounging indifference, which some fashionable young men affect towards ladies, I really felt ; and, besides, nobody minds unmarried women ! This fashion was most convenient to my indolence. In my state of torpor I was not, however, long left in peace. Lady Jocunda was a high-bred romp, who made it a rule to say and do whatever she pleased. In a hundred indirect ways I was called upon to admire her charming spirits : but the rattling voice, loud laughter, flippancy wit, and hoyden gaiety of Lady Jocunda, disgusted me beyond expression. A thousand times on the journey I wished myself quietly asleep in my own castle. Arrived at Killarney, such blowing of horns, such boating, such seeing of prospects, such prosing of guides, all telling us what to admire ! Then such exclamations, and such clambering ! I was walked and talked till I was half-dead. I wished the rocks, and the hanging-woods, and the glens, and the water-falls, and the arbutus, and the myrtles, and the upper and lower lakes, and the islands, and Mucruss, and Mucruss Abbey, and the purple mountain, and the eagle's nest, and the Grand Turk, and the lights and the shades, and the echoes, and, above all, the Lady Jocunda, fairly at the devil.

A nobleman in the neighbourhood had the politeness to invite us to see a stag-hunt upon the water. The account of this diversion, which I had met with in my Guide to the Lakes,* promised well. I consented to stay another day :

* "The stag is roused from the woods that skirt Glenaa mountain, in which there are many of these animals that run wild ; the bottoms and sides of the mountains are covered with woods, and the declivities are so long and steep, that no horse could either make his way to the bottom, or climb these impracticable hills. It is impossible to follow the hunt, either by land or on

that day I really was revived by this spectacle, for it was new. The sublime and the beautiful had no charms for me: novelty was the only power that could waken me from my lethargy; perhaps there was in this spectacle something more than novelty. The Romans had recourse to shows of wild beasts and gladiators to relieve their ennui. At all events, I was kept awake this whole morning, though I cannot say that I felt in *such ecstasies as to be in any imminent danger of jumping out of the boat.*

Of our journey back from Killarney I remember nothing, but my being discomfited by Lady Jocunda's practical jests and overpowering gaiety. When she addressed herself to me, my answers were as constrained and as concise as possible; and, as I was afterwards told, I seemed, at the close of my reply to each interrogative of her ladyship's, to answer with Odin's prophetess,

“ Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me to repose.”

This she never did till we parted; and at that moment, I believe, my satisfaction appeared so visible, that Lady Ormsby gave up all hopes of me. Arrived at my own

horseback. The spectator enjoys the diversion on the lake, where the cry of hounds, the harmony of the horn, resounding from the hills on every side, the universal shouts of joy along the valleys and mountains, which are often lined with foot-people, who come in vast numbers to partake and assist at the diversion, re-echo from hill to hill, and give the highest glee and satisfaction that the imagination can conceive possible to arise from the chase, and perhaps can nowhere be enjoyed with that spirit and elevation of soul, that a thorough-bred sportsman feels at a stag-hunt on the lake of Killarney. There is, however, one imminent danger which awaits him; that in his raptures and ecstasies he may forget himself and jump out of the boat. When hotly pursued, and weary with the constant difficulty of making his way with his ramified antlers through the woods, the stag, terrified by the cry of his open-mouthed pursuers, almost at his heels, now looks toward the lake as his last resource—then pauses and looks upwards; but the hills are insurmount-

castle, I threw myself on my bed quite exhausted. I took three hours' additional sleep every day for a week, to recruit my strength, and rest my nerves, after all that I had been made to suffer by this young lady's prodigious animal spirits.

CHAPTER XIV.

I COULD now boast that I had travelled all over Ireland, from north to south; but, in fact, I had seen nothing of the country or of its inhabitants. In these commodious parties of pleasure, every thing had been provided to prevent the obstacles that roused my faculties. Accustomed by this time to the Hibernian tone, I fancied that I knew all that could be known of the Irish character; familiarized with the comic expressions of the lower class of people, they amused me no longer. On this journey, however, I recollect making one observation, and once laughing at what I thought a practical bull. We saw a number of labourers at work in a bog, on a very hot day, with a fire lighted close to them. When I afterwards mentioned, before Mr. M'Leod, this circumstance, which I had thought absurd, he informed me that the Irish labourers often light fires, that the smoke may drive away or destroy those myriads

able, and the woods refuse to shelter him—the hounds roar with redoubled fury at the sight of their victim—he plunges into the lake. He escapes but for a few minutes from one merciless enemy to fall into the hands of another—the shouting boatmen surround their victim,—throw cords round his majestic antlers—he is haltered and dragged to shore; while the big tears roll down his face, and his heaving sides and panting flanks speak his agonies, the keen searching knife drinks his blood, and savages exult at his expiring groan.”

of tiny flies, called *midges*, by which they are often tormented so much, that without this remedy, they would, in hot and damp weather, be obliged to abandon their work. Had I been sufficiently active during my journey to pen a journal, I should certainly, without further inquiry, have noted down, that the Irish labourers *always* light fires in the hottest weather to cool themselves; and thus I should have added one more to the number of cursory travellers, who expose their own ignorance, whilst they attempt to ridicule local customs, of which they have not inquired the cause, or discovered the utility.

A foreigner, who has lately written Letters on England, has given a laughable instance of this promptitude of misapprehension. He says, he had heard much of the venality of the British parliament, but he had no idea of the degree to which it extended, till he actually was an eye-witness of the scene. The moment the minister entered the House, all the members ran about exclaiming, "Places! places!" which means, Give us places—give us places.

My heavy indolence fortunately preserved me from exposing myself, like these volatile tourists. I was at least secure from the danger of making mistakes in telling what I never saw.

As to the mode of living of the Irish, their domestic comforts or grievances, their habits and opinions, their increasing or decreasing ambition to better their condition, the proportion between the population and the quantity of land cultivated or capable of cultivation, the difference between the profits of the husbandman and the artificer, the relation between the nominal wages of labour and the actual command over the necessaries of life:—these were questions wholly foreign to my thoughts, and, at this period of my life, absolutely beyond the range of my understanding. I had travelled through my own country without making even a single remark upon the various degrees of

industry and civilization visible in different parts of the kingdom. In fact, it never occurred to me that it became a British nobleman to have some notion of the general state of that empire, in the legislation of which he has a share; nor had I the slightest suspicion that political economy was a study requisite or suitable to my rank in life or situation in society. Satisfied with having seen all that is worth seeing in Ireland, the Giants' Causeway, and the Lake of Killarney, I was now impatient to return to England. During the rebellion, I could not, with honour, desert my post; but now that tranquillity was apparently restored, I determined to quit a country of which my partial knowledge had in every respect been unfortunate. This resolution of mine to leave Ireland threw Ellinor into despair, and she used all her eloquence to dissuade me from the journey. I was quite surprised by the agony of grief into which she was thrown by the dread of my departure. I felt astonished that one human being could be so attached to another, and I really envied her sensibility. My new man, Joe Kelly, also displayed much reluctance at the thoughts of leaving his native country; and this sentiment inclined Ellinor to think more favourably of him, though she could not quite forgive him for being a Kelly of Ballymuddy.

"Troth," said she to him one day, in my presence, "none of them Kellys of Ballymuddy but what are a bad clan! Joey, is not there your own *broder's* uncle lying in the jail of ***** at this present time for the murder of a woman?"—"Well," replied Joe, "and if he was so unfortunate to be *put up*, which was not *asy* done neither, is it not better and more *creditabler* to lie in a jail for a murder than a robbery, I ask you?" This new scale of crimes surprised me; but Joe spoke what was the sense of many of his countrymen at that period.

By various petty attentions, this man contrived to per-

suade me of the sincerity of his attachment : chiefly by the art of appearing to be managed by me in all things, he insensibly obtained power over my pride ; and, by saving me daily trouble, secured considerable influence over my indolence. More than any one whom I had ever seen, he had the knack of seeming half-witted : too simple to overreach, and yet sufficiently acute and droll to divert his master. I liked to have him about me, as uncultivated kings like to have their fools. One of our ancient monarchs is said to have given three parishes to his *joculator* ; I gave only three farms to mine. I had a sort of mean pride in making my favourite an object of envy : besides, I fell into the common mistake of the inexperienced great, who fancy that attachment can be purchased, and that gratitude can be secured, by favours disproportioned to deserts. Joe Kelly, by sundry manœuvres too minute for description, contrived to make me delay, from day to day, the preparations for my journey to England. From week to week it was put off, till the autumn was far advanced. At length Kelly had nothing left to *suggest*, but that it would be best to wait for answer from my English steward to the letters that had been written to inquire whether every thing was ready for my reception. During this interval, I avoided every human creature (except Joe Kelly), and was in great danger of becoming a misanthrope from mere indolence. I did not hate my fellow-creatures, but I dreaded the trouble of talking to them. My only recreation, at this period, was sauntering out in the evening beside the sea-shore. It was my regular practice to sit down upon a certain large stone, at the foot of a rock, to watch the ebbing of the tide. There was something in the contemplation of the sea and of the tides which was fascinating to my mind. I could sit and look at the ocean whole hours together ; for, without any exertion of my own, I beheld a grand operation of nature,

accompanied with a sort of vast monotony of motion and sound, which lulled me into reverie.

Late one evening, as I was seated on my accustomed stone, my attention was slightly diverted from the sea by the sight of a man descending the crag above me, in rather a perilous manner. With one end of a rope coiled round his body, and the other fastened to a stake driven into the summit of the rock, he let himself half-way down the terrible height. One foot now rested on a projecting point, one hand held the rope, and hanging thus midway in the air, he seemed busy searching in the crevices of the rock for the eggs of water-fowl. This dangerous trade I had seen frequently plied on this coast, so that I should scarcely have regarded the man if he had not turned, from time to time, as if to watch me. When he saw that he had fixed my eye, he threw down, as I thought, a white stone, which fell nearly at my feet. I stooped to examine it; the man waited till he saw it in my hands, then coiled himself swiftly up his rope to the summit of the rock, and disappeared. I found a paper tied round the stone, and on this paper, in a hand-writing that seemed to be feigned, were written these words:—

“Your life and character, one or t’other—say both is in danger. Don’t be walking here any more late in the evening, near them caves, nor don’t go near the old abbey, any time—And don’t be trusting to Joe Kelly any way—Lave the kingdom entirely; the wind sarves.

“So prays your true well-wisher.

“P. S. Lave the castle the morrow, and say nothing of this to Joe Kelly, or you’ll repent when it’s all over wid you.”

I was startled a little by this letter at first, but in half

an hour I relapsed into my apathy. Many gentlemen in the country had received anonymous letters : I had been tired of hearing of them during the rebellion. This, I thought, might be only a *quiz*, or a trick to hurry me out of the kingdom, contrived by some of those who desired my absence. In short, the labour of *thinking* about the matter fatigued me. I burned the letter as soon as I got home, and resolved not to puzzle or plague myself about it any more. My steward's answer came the next morning from England ; Kelly made no difficulty, when I ordered him to be ready to set out in three days. This confirmed me in my opinion that the letter was malicious, or a jest. Mr. M'Leod came to take leave of me. I mentioned the circumstance to him slightly, and in general terms : he looked very serious, and said, "All these things are little in themselves, but are to be heeded, as marking the unsettled minds of the people—straws, that show which way the wind blows. I apprehend we shall have a rough winter again, though we have had so still a summer. The people about us are too *hush* and too prudent—it is not their natures—there's something contriving among them : they don't break one another's heads at fairs as they used to do ; they keep from whiskey ; there must be some strong motive working this change upon them—good or bad, 'tis hard to say which. My lord, if we consider the condition of these poor people, and if we consider the causes——"

"Oh ! for Heaven's sake, do not let us consider any more about it now ; I am more than half-asleep already," said I, yawning ; "and our considering about it can do no good, to *me* at least ; for you know I am going out of the kingdom ; and when I am gone, M'Leod, you, in whom I have implicit confidence, must manage as you always used to do, you know, and as well as you can."

"True," said M'Leod, calmly, "that is what I shall do,

indubitably; for that is my duty, and, since your lordship has implicit confidence in me, my pleasure. I wish your lordship a good night and a good journey."

"I shall not set out in the morning—not till the day after to-morrow, I believe," said I, "for I feel consumedly tired to-night: they have plagued me about so many things to-day; so much business always before one can get away from a place; and then Joe Kelly has no head."

"Have a care he has not too much head, my lord, as your anonymous correspondent hints—he may be right there—I told you from the first I would not go security for Joe Kelly's honesty; and where there is not strict honesty, I conceive there ought not to be implicit confidence."

"O, hang it! as to honesty, they are none of them honest; I know that: but would you have me plague myself till I find a strictly honest servant? Joe's as honest as his neighbours, I dare say: the fellow diverts me, and is attached to me, and that's all I can expect. I must submit to be cheated, as all men of large fortunes are, more or less."

"Mr. M'Leod listened with stubborn patience, and replied, that, if I thought it necessary to submit to be cheated, he could make no objection, except where it might come under his cognizance; and then he must take the liberty to remonstrate, or to give up his agency to some of the many, who could play better than he could the part of the dog in the fable, *pretending* to guard his master's meat.

The cold ungracious integrity of this man, even in my own cause, at once excited my spleen and commanded my respect. After shaking my head, as I sat for two minutes in silence, I called after M'Leod, who moved towards the door, "Why, what can I do, Mr. M'Leod? What would you have me do? Now, don't give me one of your dry

answers, but let me have your notions as a friend: you know, M'Leod, I cannot help having the most perfect confidence in you."

He bowed; but rather stiffly.

"I am proud to hear you cannot help that, my lord," said he. "As to a friend, I never considered myself upon that footing till now: but as you at present honour me so far as to ask my counsel, I am free to give it. Part with Joe Kelly to-night; and whether you go or stay, you are safer without him. Joe's a rogue: he can do no good, and may do harm."

"Then," said I, "you are really frightened by this anonymous letter?"

"Cannot a man take prudent precautions without he is frightened?" said M'Leod.

"But have you any particular reason to believe—in short to—to think, there can be any real danger for my life?"

"No particular reason, my lord; but the general reasons I have mentioned; the symptoms among the common people lead me to apprehend there may be fresh *risings* of the people soon; and you, as a man of fortune and rank, must be in danger. Captain Hardcastle says, that he has had informations of seditious meetings; but he being a prejudiced man, I don't trust altogether to what he says."

"Trust altogether to what he says!" exclaimed I: "no, surely; for my part, I do not trust a word he says: and his giving it as his opinion that the people are ill-inclined would decide me to believe the exact contrary."

"It would hardly be safe to judge that way either," said M'Leod; "for that method of judging by contraries might make another's folly the master of one's own sense."

"I don't comprehend you now. Safe way of judging or not, Captain Hardcastle's opinion shall never lead mine. When I asked for your advice, Mr. M'Leod, it was because

I have a respect for your understanding; but I cannot defer to Captain Hardcastle's. I am now decided in my own opinion, that the people in this neighbourhood are perfectly well-disposed: and as to this anonymous letter, it is a mere trick, depend upon it, my good sir. I am surprised that a man of your capacity should be the dupe of such a thing; I should not be surprised if Hardcastle himself, or some of his people, wrote it."

"I should," said M'Leod, coolly.

"You should!" cried I, warmly. "Why so? And why do you pronounce so decidedly, my good friend? Have not I the same means of judging as you have? unless, indeed, you have some private reason with which I am unacquainted. Perhaps," cried I, starting half up from the sofa on which I lay, charmed with a bright idea, which had just struck me, "perhaps, M'Leod, you wrote the letter yourself for a jest. Did you?"

"That's a question, my lord," said M'Leod, growing suddenly red, and snatching up his hat with a quicker motion than I ever saw from him before, "that's a question, my lord, which I must take leave not to answer: a question, give me leave to add, my Lord Glenthorn," continued he, speaking in a broader Scotch accent than I had ever heard from him before, "which I should knock my equal *doon* for putting to me. A M'Leod, my lord, in jest or in earnest, would scorn to write to any man breathing that letter to which he would not put his name: and more, a M'Leod would scorn to write or to say that thing, to which he ought not to put his name. Your humble servant, my Lord Glenthorn," said he, and, making a hasty bow, departed.

I called after him, and even followed him to the head of the stairs, to explain and apologize; but in vain: I never saw him angry before.

"It's very weel, my lord, it's very weel; if you say you

meant nothing offensive, it's very weel; but, if you think fit, my lord, we will sleep upon it before we talk any more. I am a wee bit warmer than I could wish, and your lordship has the advantage of me, in being cool. A M'Leod is apt to grow warm, when he's touched on the point of honour; and there's no wisdom in talking when a man's not his own master."

"My good friend," said I, seizing his hand as he was buttoning up his coat, "I like you the better for this warmth; but I won't let you sleep upon your wrath: you must shake hands with me before that hall-door is opened to you."

"Then so I do, for there's no standing against this frankness: and to be as frank with you, my lord, I was wrong myself to be so testy—I ask pardon too. A M'Leod never thought it a disgrace to crave a pardon when he was wrong."

We shook hands, and parted better friends than ever. I spoke the exact truth when I said that I liked him the better for his warmth: his anger wakened me, and gave me something to think of, and some emotion for a few minutes. Joe Kelly presently afterwards came, with the simplest face imaginable, to inquire what I had determined about the journey.

"To put it off till the day after to-morrow," said I. "Light me to bed."

He obeyed; but observed, that "it was not his fault now if there was puttings-off; for his share every thing was ready, and he was willing and ready to follow me, at a moment's warning, to the world's end, as he had a good right to do, let alone inclination; for, parting me, he could never be right in himself; and though loth to part his country, he had rather part that *nor** me."

Then, without dwelling upon these expressions of at-

* Than.

tachment, he changed to a merry mood, and by his drolleries diverted me all the time I was going to bed, and at last fairly talked me asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN the first gray light of morning began to make objects indistinctly visible, I thought I saw the door of my apartment open very softly. I was broad awake, and kept my eyes fixed upon it—it opened by very slow degrees; my head was so full of visions, that I expected a ghost to enter—but it was only Ellinor.

“Ellinor,” cried I, “is it you, at this time in the morning?”

“Hush ! hush!” said she, shutting the door with great caution, and then coming on tiptoe close to my bedside; “for the love of God speak softly, and make no stir to awake them that’s asleep near and too near you. It’s unknown to all that I come up; for, may be, when them people are awake and about, I might not get the opportunity to speak, or they might guess I knew something by my looks.”

Her looks were full of terror—I was all amazement and expectation. Before she would say a word more, she searched the closets carefully, and looked behind the tapestry, as if she apprehended that she might be overheard: satisfied that we were alone, she went on speaking, but still in a voice that, with my utmost strained attention, I could but just hear.

“As you hope to live and breathe,” said she “never go again after night-fall any time walking in that lone place by the sea-shore. It’s a mercy you escaped as you did; but

if you go again you'll never come back alive—for never would they get you to do what they want, and to be as wicked as themselves—the wicked villains!”

“Who?” said I—“What wicked villains? I do not understand you; are you in your right senses?”

“That I am, and wish you was as much in yours; but it's time yet, by the blessing of God! What wicked villains am I talking of? Of three hundred that have sworn to make you their captain, or in case you refuse, to have your life this night. What villains am I talking of? Of him, the wickedest of all, who is now living in the very house with you, that is now lying in the very next room to you.”

“Joe Kelly?”

“That same—from the first minute I saw him in the castle, I should have hated him, but for his causing you for to put off the journey to England. I never could abide him; but that blinded me, or I am sure I would have found him out long ago.”

“And what have you found out concerning him?”

“That he is (speaking very low) a *united-man*, and stirring up the *rubbles* again here; and they have their meetings at night in the great cave, where the smugglers used to hide formerly, under the big rock, opposite the old abbey—and there's a way up into the abbey, that you used to be so fond of walking to, dear.”

“Good Heavens! can this be true?”

“True it is, and too true, dear.”

“But how did you find all this out, Ellinor?”

“It was none of I found it, nor ever could any such things have come into my head—but it pleased God to make the discovery of all by one of the *childer*—my own grandson—the boy you gave the gun to, long and long ago, to shoot them rabbits. He was after a hare yesterday, and it took him a chase over that mountain, and down it went and took shelter in the cave, and in went the boy after it,

and as he was groping about, he lights on an old great coat; and if he did he brought it home with him, and was showing it, as I was boiling the potatoes for their dinner yesterday, to his father forenent me, and turning the pockets inside out, what should come up but the broken head of a pike; then he *sarches* in the other pocket, and finds a paper written all over—I could not read it—thank God, I never could read none of them wicked things, nor could the boy—by very great luck he could not, being no scholar, or it would be all over the country before this.”

“ Well, well! but what was in the paper after all? Did any body read it?”

“ Ay, did they—that is, Christy read it—none but Christy—but he would not tell us what was in it—but said it was no matter, and he’d not be wasting his time reading an old song—so we thought no more, and he sent the boy up to the castle with a bill for smith’s work, as soon as we had eat the potatoes, and I thought no more about any thing’s being going wrong, no more than a child; and in the evening Christy said he must go to the funeral of a neighbour, and should not be home till early in the morning, may be; and it’s not two hours since he came home and wakened me, and told me where he had been, which was not to the funeral at all, but to the cave where the coat was found; and he put the coat and the broken head of the pike, and the papers all in the pockets, just as we found it, in the cave—and the paper was a list of the names of them *rubbles* that met there, and a letter telling how they would make Lord Glenthorn their captain, or have his life; this was what made Christy to try and find out more—so he hid himself in a hole in the side of the cave, and built himself up with rubbish, only just leaving a place for hissself to breathe—and there he staid till nightfall, and then on till midnight, God help us! so sure enough, them villains all come filling fast into the cave. He had good courage, God bless him for it

—but he always had—and there he heard and saw all—and this was how they were talking :—First, one began by saying, how they must not be delaying longer to show themselves; they must make a rising in the country—then named the numbers in other parts that would join, and that they would not be put down so *asy* as afore, for they would have good leaders—then some praised you greatly, and said they was sure you favoured them in your heart, by all the ill-will you got in the county the time of the last 'ruction. But, again, others said you was milk and water, and did not go far enough, and never would, and that it was not *in* you, and that you was a sleepy man, and not the true thing at all, and neither beef nor *vael*. Again, thim that were for you spoke and said you would show yourself soon—and the others made reply, and observed you must now spake out, or never spake more; you must either head 'em, or be tramped under foot along with the rest, so it did not signify talking, and Joey Kelly should not be fribbling any more about it; and it was a wonder, said they, he was not the night at the meeting. And what was this about your being going off for England—what would they do when you was gone, with M'Leod the Scotchman, to come in over them again agent, who was another guess sort of man from you, and never slept at all, and would scent 'em out, and have his corps after 'em, and that once M'Leod was master, there would be no making any head again his head; so, not to be tiring you too much with all they said, backward and forward, one that was a captain, or something that way, took the word, and bid 'em all hold their peace, for they did not know what they was talking on, and said that Joey Kelly and he had settled it all, and that the going to England was put off by Joe, and all a sham, and that when you would be walking out to-morrow at nightfall, in those lone places by the sea-side or the abbey, he and Joe was to seize upon you, and when you would be coming back

near the abbey, to have you down through the trap-door into the cave, and any way they would swear you to join and head them, and if you would not, out with you, and shove you into the sea, and no more about it, for it would be give out you drown' yourself in a fit of the melancholic lunacy, which none would question, and it would be proved too you made away wid yourself, by your hat and gloves lying on the bank—Lord save us! What are you laughing at in that, when it is truth every word, and Joe Kelly was to find the body, after a great search. Well, again, say you would swear and join them, and head them, and do whatever they pleased, still that would not save you in the end, for they would quarrel with you at the first turn, because you would not be ruled by them as captain, and then they would shoot or pike you (God save the mark, dear), and give the castle to Joe Kelly, and the plunder all among 'em entirely. So it was all laid out, and they are all to meet in the cave to-morrow evening—they will go along bearing a funeral, seemingly to the abbey-ground. And now you know the whole truth, and the Lord preserve you! And what will be done? My poor head has no more power to think for you no more than an infant's, and I'm all in a tremble ever since I heard it, and afraid to meet any one lest they should see all in my face. Oh, what will become of *yees* now—they will be the death of you, whatever you do!"

By the time she came to these last words, Ellinor's fears had so much overpowered her, that she cried and sobbed continually, repeating—"What will be done now! What will be done! They'll surely be the death of you, whatever you do." As to me, the urgency of the danger wakened my faculties: I rose instantly, wrote a note to Mr. M'Leod, desiring to see him immediately on particular business. Lest my note should by any accident be intercepted or opened, I couched it in the most general and

guarded terms; and added a request, that he would bring his last settlement of accounts with him; so that it was natural to suppose my business with him was of a pecuniary nature. I gradually quieted poor Ellinor by my own appearance of composure; I assured her, that we should take our measures so as to prevent all mischief—thanked her for the timely warning she had given me—advised her to go home before she was observed, and charged her not to speak to any one this day of what happened. I desired that as soon as she should see Mr. M'Leod coming through the gate, she would send Christy after him to the castle, to get his bill paid; so that I might then, without exciting suspicion, talk to him in private, and we might learn from his own lips the particulars of what he saw and heard in the cavern.

Ellinor returned home, promising to obey me exactly, especially as to my injunction of secrecy—to make sure of herself she said “she would go to bed straight, and have the rheumatism very bad all day; so as not to be in a way to talk to none who would call in.” The note to M'Leod was despatched by one of my grooms, and I was now left at full leisure to finish my morning's nap.

Joe Kelly presented himself at the usual hour in my room; I turned my head away from him, and, in a sleepy tone, muttered that I had passed a bad night, and should breakfast in my own apartment.

Some time afterwards Mr. M'Leod arrived, with an air of sturdy pride, and produced his accounts, of which I suffered him to talk, till the servant who waited upon us had left the room; I then explained the real cause of my sending for him so suddenly. I was rather vexed, that I could not produce in him, by my wonderful narrative, any visible signs of agitation or astonishment. He calmly observed—
“We are lucky to have so many hours of daylight before

us. The first thing we have to do is to keep the old woman from talking."

I answered for Ellinor.

"Then the next thing is for me, who am a magistrate, to take the examinations of her son, and see if he will swear to the same that he says."

Christy was summoned into our presence, and he came with his *bill for smith's work done*; so that the servants could have no suspicion of what was going forward. His examinations were taken and sworn to in a few minutes; his evidence was so clear and direct, that there was no possibility of doubting the truth. The only variation between his story and his mother's report to me was as to the numbers he had seen in the cavern—her fears had turned thirteen into three hundred.

Christy assured us that there were but thirteen at this meeting, but that they said there were three hundred ready to join them.

"You were a very bold fellow, Christy," said I, "to hazard yourself in the cave with the villains; if you had been found out in your hiding-place, they would have certainly murdered you."

"True for me," said Christy; but a man must die some way, please your honour; and where's the way I could die better? Sure, I could not but remember how good you was to me that time I was shot, and all you suffered for it! It would have been bad indeed if I would stay quiet, and let 'em murder you after all. No, no, Christy O'Donoghoe would not do that—any way. I hope, if there's to be any fighting, your honour would not wrong me so much as not to give me a blunderbush, and let me fight a bit a long wid the rest for yees."

"We are not come to that yet, my good fellow," said Mr. M'Leod, who went on methodically; "if you are pre-

capitate, you will spoil all. Go home to your forge, and work as usual, and leave the rest to us; and I promise that you shall have your share, if there is any fighting."

Very reluctantly Christy obeyed. Mr. M'Leod then deliberately settled our plan of operations. I had a fishing-lodge at a little distance, and a pleasure-boat there: to this place M'Leod was to go, as if on a fishing-party with his nephew, a young man, who often went there to fish. They were to carry with them some yeomen in coloured clothes, as their attendants, and more were to come as their guests to dinner. At the lodge there was a small four-pounder, which had been frequently used in times of public rejoicing; a naval victory, announced in the papers of the day, afforded a plausible pretence for bringing it out. We were aware that the rebels would be upon the watch, and therefore took every precaution to prevent their suspecting that we had made any discovery. Our fishing-party was to let the mock-funeral pass them quietly, to ask some trifling questions, and to give money for pipes and tobacco. Towards evening the boat, with the four-pounder on board, was to come under shore, and at a signal given by me was to station itself opposite to the mouth of the cave.

At the same signal a trusty man on the watch was to give notice to a party hid in the abbey, to secure the trap-door above. The signal was to be my presenting a pistol to the captain of the rebels, who intended to meet and seize me on my return from my evening's walk. Mr. M'Leod at first objected to my hazarding a meeting with this man; but I insisted upon it, and I was not sorry to give a public proof of my loyalty, and my personal courage. As to Joe Kelly, I also undertook to secure him.

Mr. M'Leod left me, and went to conduct his fishing-party. As soon as he was gone, I sent for Joe Kelly to play on the flute to me. I guarded my looks and voice as

well as I could, and he did not see or suspect any thing—he was too full of his own schemes. To disguise his own plots he affected great gaiety; and to divert me, alternately played on the flute, and told me *good* stories all the morning. I would not let him leave me the whole day. Towards evening I began to talk of my journey to England, proposed setting out the next morning, and sent Kelly to look for some things in what was called *the strong closet*—a closet with a stout door and iron-barred windows, out of which no mortal could make his escape. Whilst he was busy searching in a drawer, I shut the door upon him, locked it, and put the key into my pocket. As I left the castle, I said in a jesting tone to some of the servants who met me—“I have locked Joe Kelly up in the strong room; if he calls to you to let him out, never mind him; he will not get out till I come home from my walk—I owe him this trick.” The servants thought it was some jest, and I passed on with my loaded pistols in my pocket. I walked for some time by the sea-shore, without seeing any one. At last I espied our fishing-boat, just peering out, and then keeping close to the shore. I was afraid that the party would be impatient at not seeing my signal, and would come out to the mouth of the cave, and show themselves too soon. If Mr. M’Leod had not been their commander, this, as I afterwards learned, would have infallibly happened; but he was so punctual, cool, and peremptory, that he restrained the rest of the party, declaring that, if it were till midnight, he would wait till the signal agreed upon was given. At last I saw a man creeping out of the cave—I sat down upon my wonted stone, and yawned as naturally as I could; then began to describe figures in the sand with my stick, as I was wont to do, still watching the image of the man in the water as he approached. He was muffled up in a frieze great coat; he sauntered past, and went on to a turn in the road, as if looking for some one.

I knew well for whom he was looking. As no Joe Kelly came to meet him, he returned in a few minutes towards me. I had my hand upon the pistol in my pocket.

“You are my Lard Glenthorn, I presume,” said he.

“I am.”

“Then you will come with me, if you please, my lard,” said he.

“Make no resistance, or I will shoot you instantly,” cried I, presenting my pistol with one hand, and seizing him by the collar with the other. I dragged him (for I had force enough, now my energy was roused) to the spot appointed for my signal. The boat appeared opposite the mouth of the cave. Every thing answered my expectation.

“There,” said I, pointing to the boat, “there are my armed friends; they have a four-pounder—the match is ready lighted—your plot is discovered. Go in to your confederates in that cave; tell them so. The trap-door is secured above; there is no escape for them: bid them surrender: if they attempt to rush out, the grape-shot will pour upon them, and they are dead men.”

I cannot say that my rebel captain showed himself as stout as I could have wished for the honour of my victory. The surprise disconcerted him totally: I felt him tremble under my grasp. He obeyed my orders—went into the cave to bring his associates to submission. His parley with them, however, was not immediately successful: I suppose there were some braver fellows than he amongst them, whose counsel might be for open war. In the mean time our yeomen landed, and surrounded the cave on all sides, so that there was no possibility of escape for those within. At last they yielded themselves our prisoners. I am sorry I have no bloody battle for the entertainment of such of my readers as like horrors; but so it was, that they yielded without a drop of blood being spilled, or a shot fired. We

let them out of their hiding-place one by one, searching each as he issued forth, to be secure that they had no concealed weapons. After they had given up the arms which were concealed in the cave, the next question was, what to do with our prisoners. As it was now late, and they could not all be examined and committed with due legal form to the county gaol, Mr. M'Leod advised that we should detain them in the place they had chosen for themselves till morning. Accordingly, in the cave we again stowed them, and left a guard at each entrance to secure them for the night. We returned to the castle. I stopped at the gate to tell Ellinor and Christy that I was safe. They were sitting up watching for the news. The moment Ellinor saw me, she clasped her hands in an ecstasy of joy, but could not speak. Christy was voluble in his congratulations; but, in the midst of his rejoicing, he could not help reproaching me with forgetting to give him the *blunderbush*, and to let him have a bit of the fighting. "Upon my honour," said I, "there was none, or you should have been there."

"O, don't be plaguing and gathering round him now," said Ellinor: "sure, he is tired, and look how hot—no wonder—let him get home and to bed: I'll run and warm it with the pan myself, and not be trusting them."

She would not be persuaded that I did not desire to have my bed warmed, but, by some short cut, got in before us. On entering the castle-hall, I found her, with the warming-pan in her hand, held back by the inquisitive servants, who were all questioning her about the news, of which she was the first, and not very intelligible enunciator.

I called for bread and water for my prisoner in the strong-room, and then I heard various exclamations of wonder.

"Ay, it is all true! it is no jest! Joe is at the bottom of all. I never liked Joe Kelly—I always knew Joe was

not the right thing—and *I* always said so; and I, I, and and I. And it was but last week I was saying so : and it was but yesterday *I* said so and so.”

I passed through the gossiping crowd with bread and water for my culprit. M'Leod instantly saw and followed me.

“I will make bold to come with you,” said he; “a pent rat’s a dangerous animal.”—I thanked him, and acquiesced; but there was no need for the precaution. When we opened the door, we found the conscience or terror-struck wretch upon his knees, and, in the most abject terms, he implored our mercy. From the windows of the room, which looked into the castle-yard, he had heard enough to guess all that had happened. I could not bear to look at him. After I had set down his food, he clung to my knees, crying and whining in a most unmanly manner. M'Leod, with indignation, loosened him from me, threw him back, and locked the door.

“Cowardice and treachery,” said he, “usually go together.”

“And courage and sincerity,” said I. “And now we’ll go to supper, my good friends. I hope you are all as hungry as I am.”

I never did eat any meal with so much appetite.

“’Tis a pity, my lord,” said M'Leod, “but that there was a conspiracy against you every day of your life, it seems to do you so much good.”

CHAPTER XVI.

“WHAT new wonders? What new misfortunes, Ellinor?” said I, as Ellinor, with a face of consternation, appeared again in the morning in my room, just as I was going down to breakfast: “what new misfortunes, Ellinor?”

“Oh! the worst that could befall me!” cried she, wringing her hands; “the worst, the very worst!—to be the death of my own child!” said she, with inexpressible horror. “Oh! save him! save him! for the love of Heaven, dear, save him! If you don’t save him, ’tis I shall be his death.”

She was in such agony, that she could not explain herself farther for some minutes.

“It was I gave the information against them all to you. But how could I ever have thought Owen was one of them? My son, my own son, the unfortunate cratur; I never thought but what he was with the militia far away. And how could it ever come into my head that Owen could have any hand in a thing of the kind?”

“But I did not see him last night,” interrupted I.

“Oh! he was there! One of his own friends, one of the military that went with you, saw him among the prisoners, and came just now to tell me of it. That Owen should be guilty of the like!—Oh! what could have come over him! He must have been out of his *rason*. And against you to be plotting! That’s what I never will believe, if even I’d hear it from himself. But he’s among them that were taken last night. And will I live to see him go to gaol?—and will I live to see—No, I’d rather die first, a thousand and a thousand times over. Oh! for

mercy's sake!" said she, dropping on her knees at my feet, "have pity on me, and don't let the blood of my own child be upon me in my old days."

"What would you have me do, Ellinor?" said I, much moved by her distress.

"There is but one thing to do," said she. "Let him off: sure, a word from you would be enough for the soldiers that are over them on guard. And Mr. M'Leod has not yet seen him; and if he was just let escape, there would be no more about it; and I'd engage he shall fly the country, the unfortunate cratur! and never trouble you more. This is all I ask: and sure, dear, you can't refuse it to your own Ellinor; your old nurse, that carried ye in her arms, and fed ye with her milk, and watch'd over ye many's the long night, and loved ye: ay, none ever loved, or could love ye so well."

"I am sensible of it; I am grateful," interrupted I: "but what you ask of me, Ellinor, is impossible—I cannot let him escape; but I will do my utmost."

"Troth, nothing will save him, if you would not say the word for him now. Ah! why cannot you let him off then?"

"I should lose my honour; I should lose my character. You know that I have been accused of favouring the rebels already—you saw the consequences of my protecting your other son, though he was innocent and injured, and bore an excellent character."

"Christy; ay, true: but poor Owen, unlucky as he is and misguided, has a better claim upon you."

"How can that be? Is not the other my foster-brother, in the first place?"

"True, for him."

"And had not I proofs of his generous conduct and attachment to me?"

"Owen is naturally fonder of you by a great deal," interrupted she; "I'll answer for that."

“What! when he has just been detected in conspiring against my life?”

“That’s what I’ll never believe,” cried Ellinor vehemently: “that he might be drawn in, may be, when out of his *rason*—he was always a wild boy—to be a united-man, and to hope to get you for his captain, might be the case, and bad enough that; but, jewel, you’ll find he did never conspire against you: I’d lay down my life upon that.”

She threw herself again at my feet, and clung to my knees.

“As you hope for mercy yourself in this world, or the world to come, show some now, and do not be so hard-hearted as to be the death of both mother and son.”

Her supplicating looks and gestures, her words, her tears, moved me so much, that I was on the point of yielding; but recollecting what was due to justice and to my own character, with an effort of what I thought virtuous resolution I repeated, “It is impossible: my good Ellinor, urge me no farther: ask any thing else, and it shall be granted, but this is impossible.”

As I spoke, I endeavoured to raise her from the ground; but with the sudden force of angry despair, she resisted.

“No, you shall not raise me,” cried she. “Here let me lie, and break my heart with your cruelty! ’Tis a judgment upon me—it’s a judgment, and it’s fit I should feel it as I do. But you shall feel too, in spite of your hard heart. Yes, your heart is harder than the marble: you want the natural touch, you do; for your mother has knelt at your feet, and you have denied her prayer.”

“My mother!”

“And what was her prayer?—to save the life of your brother.”

“My brother! Good heavens! what do I hear?”

“You hear the truth: you hear that I am your lawful

mother. Yes, you are my son. You have forced that secret from me, which I thought to have carried with me to my grave. And now you know all : and now you know how wicked I have been, and it was all for you : for you that refused me the only thing ever I asked, and that, too, in my greatest distress, when my heart was just breaking : and all this time too, there's Christy—poor good Christy ; he that I've wronged, and robbed of his rightful inheritance, has been as a son, a dutiful good son to me, and never did he deny me any thing I could ask, but in you I have found no touch of tenderness. Then it's fit I should tell you again, and again, and again, that he who is now slaving at the forge, to give me the earnings of his labour ; he that lives, and has lived all his days, upon potatoes and salt, and is content ; he who has the face and the hands so disguised with the smoke and the black, that yourself asked him t'other day did he ever wash his face since he was born—I tell ye, he it is who should live in this castle, and sleep on that soft bed, and be lord of all here—he is the true and real Lord Glenthorn, and to the wide world I'll make it known. Ay, be pale and tremble, do ; it's your turn now : I've touched you now : but it's too late. In the face of day I shall confess the wrong I've done ; and I shall call upon you to give back to him all that by right is his own."

Ellinor stopped short, for one of my servants at this instant came into the room.

"My lord, Mr. M'Leod desires me to let you know the guard has brought up the prisoners, and he is going to commit them to gaol, and would be glad to know if you choose to see them first, my lord."

Stupified by all I had just heard, I could only reply, that I would come presently. Ellinor rushed past the servant,—“Are they come?” cried she. “Where will I get a sight of them?” I staid for a few minutes alone, to

decide upon what I ought to say and do. A multitude of ideas, more than had ever come in my mind in a twelve-month, passed through it in these few minutes.

As I was slowly descending the great staircase, Ellinor came running, as fast as she could run, to the foot of the stairs, exclaiming, “It’s a mistake! it’s all a mistake, and I was a fool to believe them that brought me the word. Sure Ody’s not there at all! nor ever was in it. I’ve seen them all, face to face; and my son’s not one of them, nor ever was: and I was a fool from beginning to end—and I beg your pardon entirely,” whispered she, coming close to my ear: “I was out of my reason at the thought of that boy’s being to suffer, and I, his mother, the cause of it. Forgive all I said in my passion, my own best jewel: you was always good and tender to me, and be the same still, dear. I’ll never say a word more about it to any one living: the secret shall die with me. Sure, when my conscience has borne it so long, it may strive and bear it a little longer for your sake: and it can’t be long I have to live, so that will make all easy. Hark! they are asking for you. Do you go your ways into the great parlour, to Mr. M’Leod, and think no more of any thing at all but joy. My son’s not one of them! I must go to the forge, and tell Christy the good news.”

Ellinor departed, quite satisfied with herself, with me, and with all the world. She took it for granted that she left me in the same state of mind, and that I should obey her injunctions, and *think of nothing but joy*. Of what happened in the great parlour, and of the examinations of the prisoners, I have but a confused recollection. I remember that Mr. M’Leod seemed rather surprised by my indifference to what concerned me so nearly; and that he was obliged to do all the business himself. The men were, I believe, all committed to gaol, and Joe Kelly turned king’s evidence; but as to any further particulars, I know no more

than if I had been in a dream. The discovery, which Ellinor had just made to me, engrossed all my powers of attention.

CHAPTER XVII.

“*Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable,*” says an acute observer of human affairs. The romance of real life certainly goes beyond all other romances; and there are facts which few writers would dare to put into a book, as there are skies which few painters would venture to put into a picture.

When I had leisure to reflect, I considered, that as yet I had no proof of the truth of Ellinor's strange story, except her own assertions. I sent for her again, to examine her more particularly. I was aware, that, if I alarmed her, I should so confuse her imagination, that I should never obtain the truth; therefore I composed myself, and assumed my usual external appearance of nonchalance. I received her lolling upon my sofa, as usual, and I questioned her merely as if to gratify an idle curiosity.

“Troth, dear,” said she, “I'll tell you the whole story how it was, to make your mind asy, which, God knows, mine never was, from that minute it first came into my head, till this very time being. You mind the time you got the cut in your head—no, not you, jewel; but the little lord that was then, Christy there below that is.—Well, the cut was a terrible cut as ever you seen, got by a fall on the fender from the nurse's arms, that was drunk, three days after he was born.”

“I remember to have heard my father talk of some accident of this sort, which happened to me when I was an infant.

“Ay, sure enough it did, and that was what first put him in the notion of taking the little lord out of the hands of the Dublin nurse-tenders, and them that were about my Lady Glenthorn, and did not know how to manage her, which was the cause of her death : and he said he’d have his own way about his son and heir any way, and have him nursed by a wholesome woman in a cabin, and brought up hardy, as he, and the old lord, and all the family, were before him. So with that he sends for me, and he puts the young lord, God bless him, into my arms himself, and a *donny* thing he was that same time to look at, for he was but just out of the surgeon’s hands, the head just healed and scarred over like ; and my lord said there should be no more doctors never about him. So I took him, that is, Christy, and you, to a house at the sea, for the salt water, and showed him every justice ; and my lord often came to see him whilst he was in the country ; but then he was off, after a time to Dublin, and I was in a lone place, where nobody came, and the child was very sick with me, and you was all the time as fine and thriving a child as ever you see ; and I thought, to be sure, one night, that he would die wid me. He was very bad, very bad indeed ; and I was sitting up in bed, rocking him backwards and forwards this ways : I thought with myself, what a pity it was the young lord should die, and he an only son and heir, and the estate to go out of the family the Lord knows where ; and then the grief the father would be in : and then I thought how happy he would be if he had such a fine *babby* as you, dear ; and you was a fine *babby*, to be sure : and then I thought how happy it would be for you, if you was in the place of the little lord : and then it came into my head, just like a shot, where would be the harm to change you ? for I thought the real lord would surely die ; and then, what a gain it would be to all, if it was never known, and if the dead child was carried to the

grave, since it must go, as only poor Ellinor O'Donoghoe's, and no more about it. Well, if it was a wicked thought, it was the devil himself put it in my head, to be sure : for, only for him, I should never have had the sense to think of such a thing, for I was always innocent like, and not worldly given. But so it was, the devil put it in my head, and made me do it, and showed me how, and all in a minute. So, I mind, your eyes and hair were both of the very same colour, dear; and as to the rest, there's no telling how those young things alter in a few months, and my lord would not be down from Dublin in a hurry, so I settled it all right; and as there was no likelihood at all the real lord would live, that quieted my conscience; for I argued, it was better the father should have any sort of child at all than none. So, when my lord came down, I carried him the child to see, that is you, jewel. He praised me greatly for all the care I had taken of his boy; and said, how finely you was come on! and I never see a father in greater joy; and it would have been a sin, I thought, to tell him the truth, after he took the change that was put upon him so well, and it made him so happy like. Well, I was afeard of my life he'd pull off the cap to search for the scar, so I would not let your head be touched any way, dear, saying it was tinder and soft still with the fall, and you'd cry if the cap was stirred; and so I made it out, indeed, very well; for, God forgive me, I twitched the string under your chin, dear, and made you cry like mad, when they would come to touch you. So there was no more about it, and I had you home to myself, and, all in good time, the hair grew, and fine thick hair it was, God bless you; and so there was no more about it, and I got into no trouble at all; for it all fell out just as I had laid it out, except that the real little young lord did not die as I thought; and it was a wonder but he did, for you never saw none so near death, and backwards and

forwards, what turns of sickness he took with me for months upon months, and year after year, so that none could think, no more than me, there was any likelihood at all of rearing of him to man's estate. So that kept me easier in my mind concerning what I'd done; for as I kept saying to myself, better the family should have an heir to the estate, suppose not the right, than none at all; and if the father, nor nobody, never found it out, there was he and all the family made happy for life, and my child made a lord of, and none the wiser or the worse. Well, so I down-argued my conscience; and any way I took to little Christy, as he was now to be called—and I loved him, all as one as if he was my own—not that he was ever as well-looking as Ody, or any of the childer I had, but I never made any differ betwixt him and any of my own—he can't say as I did, any how, and he has no reason to complain of my being an unnat'ral mother to him, and being my foster-child I had a right to love him as I did, and I never wronged him in any way, except in the one article of changing him at nurse, which he being an infant, and never knowing, was never a bit the worse for, nor never will, now. So all's right, dear, and make your mind asy, jewel; there's the whole truth of the story for you."

"But it is a very strange story, Ellinor, after all, and—and I have only your word for it, and may be you are only taking advantage of my regard for you to make me believe you."

"What is it, plase your honour?" said she, stepping forward, as if she did not hear or understand me.

"I say, Ellinor, that after all I have no proof of the truth of this story, except your word."

"And is not that enough, and where's the use of having more? but if it will make you asy, sure I can give you proof—sure need you go farther than the scar on his head? If he was shaved to-morrow, I'd engage you'd see it fast

enough; but, sure, can't you put your hand up to your head this minute, and feel there never was no scar there, nor if all the hair you have, God save the mark, was shaved this minute, never a bit of a scar would be to be seen; but proof is it you want?—why there's the surgeon that dressed the cut in the child's head, before he ever came to me, sure he's the man that can't forget it, and that will tell all: so to make your mind asy, see him, dear, but for your life don't let him see your head to feel it, for he'd miss the scar, and might suspect something by your going to question him."

"Where does he live?" interrupted I.

"Not above twelve miles off."

"Is he alive?"

"Ay, if he been't dead since Candlemas."

At first I thought of writing to this man; but afterwards, being afraid of committing myself by writing, I went to him: he had long before this time left off business, and had retired to enjoy his fortune in the decline of life. He was a whimsical sort of character; he had some remains of his former taste for anatomy, and was a collector of curiosities. I found him just returned from a lake which he had been dragging for moose-deer's horns, to complete the skeleton of a moose-deer which he had mounted in his hall. I introduced myself, desiring to see his museum, and mentioned to him the thigh-bone of a giant found in my neighbourhood; then by favour of this bone I introduced the able cure that he had made of a cut in my head, when I was a child.

"A cut in your head, sir? Yes, my lord, I recollect perfectly well, it was a very ugly cut, especially in an infant's head; but I am glad to find you feel no bad effects from it. Have you any cicatrice on the place?—Eleven feet high, did you say? and is the giant's skeleton in your neighbourhood?"

I humoured his fancy, and by degrees he gave me all the information I wanted without in the least suspecting my secret motives. He described the length, breadth, and depth, of the wound to me; showed me just where it was on the head, and observed that it must have left an indelible mark, but that my fine hair covered it. When he seemed disposed to search for it, I defended myself with the giant's thigh-bone, and warded off his attacks most successfully. To satisfy me upon this point, I affected to think that he had not been paid: he said he had been amply paid, and he showed me his books to prove it. I examined the dates, and found that they agreed with Ellinor's precisely. On my return home, the first thing I did was to make Christy a present of a new wig, which I was certain would induce him to shave his head; for the lower Irish agree with the beaux and belles of London and Paris, in preferring wigs to their own hair. Ellinor told me, that I might safely let his head be shaved, because to her certain knowledge, he had scars of so many cuts, which he had received at fairs upon his skull, that there would appear nothing particular *in one more or less*. As soon as the head was shaved, and the wig was worn, I took an opportunity one day of stopping at the forge to have one of my horse's shoes changed; and whilst this was doing, I took notice of his new wig, and how well it fitted him. As I expected, he took it off to show it me better, and to pay his own compliments to it.

"Sure enough, you are a very fine wig," said he, apostrophising it as he held it up on the end of his hammer, "and God bless him that give it me, and it fits me as tight as if it was nailed to my head."

"You seem to have had a good many nails in your head already, Christy," said I, "if one may judge by all these scars."

"Oh yes, please your honour, my lord," said he, "there's

no harm in them neither; they are scratches got when I was no wiser than I should be, at fairs, fighting with the boys of Shrawd-na-scoob."

Whilst he fought his battles o'er again, I had leisure to study his head; and I traced precisely all the boundary lines. The situation, size, and figure of the cicatrice, which the surgeon and Ellinor had described to me, were so visible and exact, that no doubt could remain in my mind of Christy's being the real son of the late Lord and Lady Glenthorn. This conviction was still more impressed upon my mind a few days afterwards. I recollected having seen a file of family-pictures in a lumber-room in the castle; and I rummaged them out to see if I could discover amongst them any likeness to Christy: I found one; the picture of my grandfather,—I should say, of *his* grandfather,—to which Christy bore a striking resemblance, when I saw him with his face washed, and in his Sunday clothes.

My mind being now perfectly satisfied of the truth of Ellinor's story, I was next to consider how I ought to act. To be or not to be Lord Glenthorn, or, in other words, to be or not to be a villain, was now the question. I could not dissemble to my conscience this plain state of the case, that I had no right to keep possession of that which I knew to be another's lawful property: yet, educated as I had been, and accustomed to the long enjoyment of those luxuries, which become necessities to the wealthy, habituated to attendance as I had been, and even amongst the dissipated and idle notorious for extravagance the most unbounded and indolence the most inveterate; how was I at once to change my habits, to abdicate my rank and power, to encounter the evils of poverty? I was not compelled to make such sacrifices; for though Ellinor's transient passion had prompted her to threaten me with a public discovery, yet I knew that she would as soon cut

off her own right hand as execute her threats. Her affection for me, and her pride in my consequence, were so strong, that I knew I might securely rely upon her secrecy. The horrid idea of being the cause of the death of one of her own children had for a moment sufficient power to balance her love for me; yet there was but little probability that any similar trial should occur, nor had I reason to apprehend that the reproaches of her conscience should induce her to make a voluntary discovery; for all her ideas of virtue depended on the principle of fidelity to the objects of her affection, and no scrupulous notions of justice disturbed her understanding or alarmed her self-complacency. Conscious that she would willingly sacrifice all she had in the world for any body she loved, and scarcely comprehending that any one could be selfish, she, in a confused way, applied the maxim of—"Do as you would be done by," and was as generous of the property of others as of her own. At the worst, if a lawsuit commenced against me, I knew that possession was nine-tenths of the law. I also knew that Ellinor's health was declining and that the secret would die with her. Unlawful possession of the wealth I enjoyed could not, however, satisfy my own mind; and, after a severe conflict between my love of ease and my sense of right—between my tastes and my principles—I determined to act honestly and honourably, and to relinquish what I could no longer maintain without committing injustice and feeling remorse. I was, perhaps, the more ready to do rightly, because I felt that I was not compelled to it. The moment when I made this virtuous decision was the happiest I had at that time ever felt; my mind seemed suddenly relieved from an oppressive weight; my whole frame glowed with new life; and the consciousness of courageous integrity elevated me so much in my own opinion, that titles, and rank, and fortune, appeared as nothing in my estimation. I rang my bell eagerly, and or-

dered that Christy O'Donoghoe should be immediately sent for. The servant went instantly; but it seemed to me an immoderately long time before Christy arrived. I walked up and down the room impatiently, and at last threw myself at full length upon a sofa—the servant returned.

“The smith is below in the hall, my lord.”

“Show him up.”—He was shown up into the ante-chamber.

“The smith is at the door, my lord.”

“Show him in, cannot you? What detains him?”

“My brogues, my lord! I'd be afraid to come in with 'em on the carpet.” Saying this, Christy came in, stepping fearfully, astonished to find himself in a splendid drawing-room.

“Were you never in this room before, Christy?” said I.

“Never, my lord, plase your honour, barring the day I mended the bolt.”

“It is a fine room, is not it, Christy?”

“Troth, it is, the finest ever I see, sure enough.”

“How should you like to have such a room of your own, Christy?”

“Is it I, plase your honour?” replied he, laughing: “what should I do with the like?”

“How should you feel if you were master of this great castle?”

“It's a poor figure I should make, to be sure,” said he, turning his head over his shoulder towards the door, and resting upon the lock: “I'd rather be at the forge by a great *dale*.”

“Are you sure of that, Christy? Should not you like to be able to live without working any more, and to have horses and servants of your own?”

“What would I do with them, plase your honour, I that have never been used to them? sure they'd all laugh at me, and I'd not be the better o'that, no more than of having

nothing to do; I that have been always used to the work, what should I do all the day without it? But sure, my lord," continued he, changing his voice to a more serious tone, "the horse that I shod yesterday for your honour did not go lame, did he?"

"The horse is very well shod, I believe; I have not ridden him since—I know nothing of the matter."

"Because I was thinking, may be, it was that made your honour send for me up in the hurry—I was afraid I'd find your honour mad with me; and I'd be very sorry to disoblige you, my lord; and I'm glad to see your honour looking so well after all the trouble you've been put to by them *rubbles*, the villains, to be *consarting* against you under-ground. But thanks be to God, you have 'em all in gaol now. I thought my mother would have died of the fright she took, when the report came that Ody was one of them. I told her there could not be no truth in it at all, but she would not mind me—it would be a strange unnatural thing indeed of any belonging to her to be plotting against your honour. I knew Ody could not be in it, and be a brother of mine; and that's what I kept saying all the time; but she never heeded me: for your honour knows, when the women are frightened, and have taken a thing into their heads, you can't asy get it out again."

"Very true. But to return to what I was saying—Should not you like to change places with me, if you could?"

"Your honour, my lord, is a very happy jantleman, and a very good jantleman, there's no doubt, and there's few but would be proud to be like you in any thing at all."

"Thank you for that compliment. But now, in plain English, as to yourself, would you like to be in my place—to change places with me?"

"In your honour's place—I! I would *not*, my lord; and that's the truth now," said he, decidedly. "I would not:—no offence, your honour bid me to speak the truth,—

for I've all I want in the world, a good mother, and a good wife, and good *childer*, and a reasonable good little cabin, and my little *pratees*, and the grazing of the cow, and work enough always, and not called on to *slave*, and I get my health, thank God for all; and what more could I have if I should be made a lord to-morrow? Sure, my good woman would never make a lady; and what should I do with her? I'd be grieved to see her the laughing-stock of high and low, besides being the same myself, and my boy after me. That would never answer for me; so I am not like them that would overturn all to get uppermost; I never had any hand, art or part, in a thing of the kind; I always thought and knew I was best as I am; not but what, if I was to change with any, it is with you, my lord, I would be proud to change; because if I was to be a jantleman at all, I'd wish to be of a *ra-al* good *ould* family born."

"You are then what you wish to be," said I.

"Och!" said he, laughing, and scratching his head, "your honour's jesting me about them kings of Ireland, that they say the O'Donoghoes was once: but that's what I never think *on*, that's all idle talk for the like of me, for sure that's a long time ago, and what use going back to it? One might as well be gone back to Adam, that was the father of all, but which makes no differ now."

"But you do not understand me," interrupted I; "I am not going back to the kings of Ireland: I mean to tell you, that you were born a gentleman—nay, I am perfectly serious; listen to me."

"I do, plase your honour, though it is mocking me, I know you are, I would be sorry not to take a joke as well as another."

"This is no joke; I repeat, that I am serious. You are not only a gentleman, but a nobleman—to you this castle and this great estate belongs, and to you they shall be surrendered."

He stood astonished, and his eyes opening wide, showed a great circle of white in his black face.

“Eh!” cried he, drawing that long breath, which astonishment had suppressed. “But how can this be?”

“Your mother can explain better than I can—your mother, did I say? she is not your mother; Lady Glenthorn was your mother.”

“I can’t understand it at all—I can’t understand it at all. I’ll *lave* it all to your honour,” said he, making a motion with his hands, as if to throw from him the trouble of comprehending it.

“Did you never hear of such a thing as a child’s being changed at nurse?”

“I did, plase your honour; but *my* mother would never do the like, I’ll answer for *her*, any way; and them that said any thing of the kind belied her; and don’t be believing them, my lord.”

“But Ellinor was the person who told me this secret.”

“Was she so? Oh, she must have been *draaming*: she was always too good a mother to me to have sarved me so. But,” added he, struggling to clear his intellects, “you say it’s not my mother she is; but whose mother is she then? Can it be that she is yours? ’tis not possible to think such a great lord was the son of such as her, to look at you both: and was you the son of my father Johnny O’Donoghoe? How is that again?”

He rubbed his forehead; and I could scarcely forbear laughing at his odd perplexity, though the subject was of such serious importance. When he clearly understood the case, and thoroughly believed the truth, he did not seem elated by this sudden change of fortune; he really thought more of me than of himself.

“Well, I’ll tell you what you will do then,” continued he, after a pause of deep reflection; “say nothing to nobody, but just keep asy on, even as we are. Don’t let

there be any surrendering at all, and I'll speak to my mother, that is, Elliner O'Donoghoe, and settle it so; and let it be so settled, in the name of God, and no more about it: and none need never be the wiser; 'tis so best for all. A good day to your honour, and I'll go shoe the mare."

"Stay," said I; "you may hereafter repent of this sudden determination: I insist upon your taking four-and-twenty hours—no, that would be too little—take a month to consider of it coolly, and then let me know your final determination."

"Oh! plase your honour, I will say the same then as now. It would be a poor thing indeed of me, after all you done for me and mine, to be putting you to more trouble. It would be a poor thing of me to forget how you liked to have lost your life all along with me at the time of the 'ruction. No, I'll not take the fortin from you, any how."

"Put gratitude to me out of the question," said I. "Far be it from me to take advantage of your affectionate temper. I do not consider you as under any obligations to me; nor will I be paid for doing justice."

"Sure enough, your honour desarved to be born a gentleman," said Christy.

"At least I have been bred a gentleman," said I. "Let me see you again this day month, and not till then."

"You shall not—that is, you *shall*, plase your honour: but for fear any one would suspect any thing, I'd best go shoe the mare, any way."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"What riches give us, let us then inquire—

Meat, fire, and clothes—What more?—Meat, clothes, and fire."

THE philosophy we learn from books makes but a faint impression upon the mind, in comparison with that which we are taught by our own experience; and we sometimes feel surprised to find that what we have been taught as maxims of morality prove true in real life. After having had, for many years, the fullest opportunities of judging of the value of riches, when I reflected upon my past life, I perceived that their power of conferring happiness is limited, nearly as the philosophic poet describes: that all the changes and modifications of luxury must, in the sum of actual physical enjoyment, be reduced to a few elementary pleasures, of which the industrious poor can obtain their share: a small share, perhaps; but then it is enjoyed with a zest that makes it equal in value, perhaps, to the largest portion offered to the sated palate of ennui. These truths are as old as the world; but they appeared quite new to me, when I discovered them by my own experience.

During the month which I had allowed to my foster-brother for reflection, I had leisure to philosophize, and my understanding made a rapid progress. I foresaw the probability of Christy's deciding to become Earl of Glenthorn; notwithstanding that his good sense had so clearly demonstrated to him in theory, that, with his education and habits, he must be happier working in his forge than he could be as Lord of Glenthorn Castle. I was not dismayed by

the idea of losing my wealth and rank ; I was pleased with myself for my honest conduct, and conscious of a degree of pleasure from my own approbation, superior to what my riches had ever procured.

The day appointed for Christy's final determination arrived. I knew by the first motion of his shoulder as he came into the room, what his decision would be.

"Well, Christy," said I, "you will be Earl of Glenthorn, I perceive. You are glad now that I did not take you at your word, and that I gave you a month's time for consideration."

"Your honour was always considerate; but if I'd wish now to be changing my mind," said he, hesitating, and shifting from leg to leg, "it is not upon my own account, any way, but upon my son Johnny's."

"My good friend," said I, "no apology is necessary. I should be very unjust if I were offended by your decision, and very mean if, after the declarations I have made, I could, for an instant, hesitate to restore to you that property, which it is your right and your choice to reclaim."

Christy made a low bow, and seemed much at a loss what he was to say next.

"I hope," continued I, "that you will be as happy when you are Earl of Glenthorn, as you have been as Christy O'Donoghoe."

"May be not, plase your honour; but, I trust my childer will be happy after me; and it's them and my wife I'm thinking of, as in duty bound. But it is hard your honour should be astray for want of the fortin you've been bred to; and this weighs with me greatly on the other side. If your honour could live on here, and share with us—But I see your honour's displeased at my naming *that*. It was my wife thought o'that; I knew it could not do. But then, what I think is, that your honour should name what you would be pleased to keep to live upon: for, to be sure,

you have a right to live as a gentleman, that have always lived as one, as every body knows, and none better than I. Would your honour be so kind, then, as just to put down on a bit of paper what you'd wish to keep; and that same, whatever it is, none shall touch but yourself; and I would not own a child for mine that would begrudge it you. I'll step down and wait below, while your honour writes what you please."

The generosity of this man touched me to the heart. I accepted from him three hundred a year; and requested that the annuity I allowed to the unfortunate Lady Glen-thorn might be continued; that the house which I had built for Ellinor, and the land belonging to it, might be secured to her rent-free for life; and that all my debts should be paid. I recommended Mr. M'Leod in the strongest manner, as an agent whose abilities and integrity would be to him an invaluable treasure.

Christy, when I gave him the paper on which I had stated these requests, took a pen instantly, and would have signed his name without reading it; but to this I absolutely objected.

"Well, then," said he, "I'll take it home, and read it over, and take time, as you desire, to consider. There's no danger of my changing my mind about this: I hope your honour can't think there is."

The next day, on returning it to me, he observed, that it was making very little of him to put down only such a trifle; and he pressed me to make the hundreds thousands:—this I refused.

"But I hope your honour won't object to what I am going to propose. Is not there a house in London? and is not there another in England, in the country? and, sure, I and mine can't live there and here and every where at once: if you'd just condescend to occupy one of them, you'd do me great pleasure, and a great sarvice too; for

every thing would be right, instead of going wrong, as it might under an agent, and me at a distance, that does not know well how to manage such great estates. I hope you'll not refuse me that, if it's only to show me I don't lose your honour's good-will."

The offer was made with so much earnestness, and even delicacy, that I could not abruptly refuse it at the moment, though one of these magnificent houses could be of no use to me with an income of 300*l. per annum.*

"As to the annuity," continued Christy, "that shall be paid as punctual as the day: Mr. M'Leod will pay it; and he shall have it all settled right, and put upon a stamp, by the lawyers, in case any thing should happen me. Then, as to Ellinor, sure, she is my mother, for I never can think of her any other way; and, except in that single article of changing me at nurse, was always the best of mothers to me. And even that same trick she played me, though very wicked, to be sure was very nat'ral—ay, very nat'ral—to *prefar* her own flesh and blood if she could: and no one could be more sorry for the wrong she did me than she is now: there she is crying at home, ready to break her heart: but as I tell her, there's no use in repenting a thing when once it is done; and as I forgive her, none can ever bring it up against her: and as to the house and farm, she shall surely have that, and shall never want for any thing. So I hope your honour's mind will be asy on that matter; and whatever else you recollect to wish, *that* shall be done, if in my power."

It is with pleasure that I recollect and record all these instances of goodness of heart in poor Christy, which, notwithstanding the odd mixture of absurdity and sense in his language and ideas, will, I make no doubt, please my readers, though they cannot affect them as much as they affected me.

I now prepared for my departure from Glenthorn Castle,

never more to return. To spare me from unnecessary mortification, Christy had the wonderful self-command to keep the secret faithfully, so that none of the people in the neighbourhood, nor even my servants, had the slightest idea of the truth. Having long talked of returning to England, the preparations for my journey excited no surprise. Every thing went on as usual: except that Christy, instead of being at the forge, was almost every day at the ale-house.

I thought it proper to speak openly of my affairs to Mr. M'Leod: he was the only person who could make out a correct list of my debts. Besides, I wished to recommend him as agent to the future earl, to whom an honest and able agent would be peculiarly necessary, ignorant, as he was, both of the world and of business; and surrounded, as he must probably be, on his accession to his estate, by a herd of vulgar and designing flatterers.

Albeit not easily moved to surprise, Mr. M'Leod really did, for an instant, look astonished, when I informed him that Christy O'Donoghoe was Earl of Glenthorn. But I must resolve not to stop to describe the astonishment that each individual showed upon this occasion, else I shall never have finished my story.

It was settled that Mr. M'Leod should continue agent; and, for his credit, I must observe, that, after he was made acquainted with my loss of rank and fortune, he treated me with infinitely more respect and regard than he had ever shown me whilst he considered me only as his employer. Our accounts were soon settled; and when this was done, and they were all regularly signed, Mr. M'Leod came up to me, and, in a low voice of great emotion, said, "I am not a man of professions; but when I say I am a man's friend, I hope I shall ever be found to be so, as far as can be in my power: and I cannot but esteem and admire the man who has acted so nobly as you have done."

M'Leod wrung my hand as he spoke, and the tears

stood in his eyes. I knew that the feeling must indeed be strong, which could extort from him even these few words of praise, and this simple profession of regard; but I did not know, till long afterwards, the full warmth of his affections and energy of his friendship. The very next day, unfortunately for me, he was obliged to go to Scotland, to his mother, who was dying: and at this time I saw no more of him.

In due legal form I now made a surrender of all claim upon the hereditary property of the earl of Glenthorn, and every thing was in readiness for my journey. During this time, poor Ellinor never appeared at the castle. I went to see her, to comfort her about my going away, but she was silent, and seemingly sullen, and would not be comforted.

“I’ve enough to grieve me,” said she: “I know what will be the end of all; I see it as plain as if you’d told me. There’s no hiding nothing from a mother: no, there’s no use in striving to comfort me.” Every method which I tried to console her seemed to grieve her more.

The day before that which was fixed for my departure, I went to desire to see her. This request I had repeatedly made; but she had, from day to day, excused herself, saying that she was unwell, and that she would be up on the morrow. At last she came; and though but a few days had elapsed since I had seen her, she was so changed in her appearance, that I was shocked the moment I beheld her countenance.

“You don’t look well, Ellinor,” said I: “sit down.”

“No matter whether I sit or stand,” said she, calmly, “I’m not long for this world: I won’t live long after you are gone, that’s one comfort.”

Her eyes were fixed and tearless; and there was a dead unnatural tranquillity in her manner.

“They are making a wonderful great noise nailing up

the boxes, and I seen them cording the trunks as I came through the hall. I asked them, could I be of any use: but they said I could be of none, and that's true; for, when I put my hand to the cord to pull it, I had no more strength than an infant. It was seven-and-twenty years last Midsummer-day since I first had you an infant in my arms. I was strong enough then, and you was a sweet babby. Had I seen that time all that would come to pass this day! But that's over now. I have done a wicked thing; but I'll send for father Murphy, and get absolution before I die."

She sighed deeply, then went on speaking more quickly.

"But I can do nothing until you go. What time will you go in the morning, dear? It's better go early. Is it in the coach you'll go? I see it in the yard. But I thought you must leave the coach, with all the rest, to the rightful heir. But my head's not clear about it all, I believe—and no matter."

Her ideas rambled from one subject to another in an unconnected manner. I endeavoured in vain to recall her understanding, by speaking of her own immediate interests; of the house that was secured to her for life; and of the promise that had been made me, that she should never *want for any thing*, and that she should be treated with all possible kindness. She seemed to listen to me; but showed that she did not comprehend what I said, by her answers; and, at every pause I made, she repeated the same question.

"What time will you go in the morning, dear!"

At last I touched her feelings, and she recovered her intellects, when I suddenly asked, if she would accompany me to England the next morning.

"Ay, that I will!" cried she; "go with you through the wide world."

She burst into tears, and wept bitterly for some time.

"Ah! now I feel right again," said she; "this is what I

wanted; but could not cry this many a day—never since the word came to me that you was going, and all was lost.”

I assured her that I now expected to be happier than I had ever been.

“Oh!” cried she: “and have you never been happy all this time? What a folly it was for me, then, to do so wicked a thing! and all my comfort was, the thinking you was happy, dear. And what will become of you now? And is it on foot you’ll go?”

Her thoughts rambled again.

“Whatever way I go, you shall go with me,” said I. “You are my mother; and now that your son has done what he knows to be honest and just, he will prosper in the world, and will be truly happy; and so may you be happy, now that you have nothing more to conceal.”

She shook her head.

“It’s too late,” said she, “quite too late. I often told Christy I would die before you left this place, dear; and so I will, you will see. God bless you! God bless you! and pray to him to forgive me! None that could know what I’ve gone through would ever do the like; no, not for their own child, was he even such as you, and that would be hard to find. God bless you, dear; I shall never see you more! The hand of death is upon me—God for ever bless you, dear!”

She died that night; and I lost in her the only human being who had ever shown me warm, disinterested affection. Her death delayed for a few days my departure from Glenthorn Castle. I staid to see her laid in the grave. Her funeral was followed by crowds of people: by many, from the general habit of attending funerals; by many, who wished to pay their court to me, in showing respect to the memory of my nurse.

When the prayers over the dead were ended, and the grave closed, just as the crowd were about to disperse, I

stood up on a monument belonging to the Glenthorn family; and the moment it was observed that I wished to address the multitude, the moving waves were stilled, and there was a dead silence. Every eye was fixed upon me with eager expectation. It was the first time in my life that I had ever spoken before numbers; but as I was certain that I had something to say, and quite indifferent about the manner, words came without difficulty. Amazement appeared in every face when I declared myself to be the son of the poor woman whom we had just interred. And when I pointed to the real Earl of Glenthorn, and when I declared that I relinquished to him his hereditary title and lawful property, my auditors looked alternately at me and at my foster-brother, seeming to think it impossible that a man, with face and hands so black as Christy's usually were known to be, could become an earl.

When I concluded my narrative, and paused, the silence still continued; all seemed held in mute astonishment.

“And now, my good friends,” continued I, “let me bid you farewell; probably you will never see or hear of me more; but, whether he be rich or poor, or high or low-born, every honest man must wish to leave behind him a fair character. Therefore, when I am gone, and, as it were, dead to you, speak of me, not as of an impostor, who long assumed a name and enjoyed a fortune that was not his own; but remember that I was bred to believe myself heir to a great estate, and that, after having lived till the age of eight-and-twenty, in every kind of luxury, I voluntarily gave up the fortune I enjoyed, the moment I discovered that it was not justly mine.”

“*That* you did, indeed,” interrupted Christy; “and of that I am ready to bear witness for you in this world and in the next. God bless and prosper you wherever you go! and sure enough he will, for he cannot do other than

prosper one that deserves it so well. I never should have known a sentence of the secret," continued he, addressing his neighbours, "if it had not been for *his* generosity to tell it me; and even had I found it out by any *maracle*, where would have been the gain of that to me? for you know he could, had he been so inclined, have kept me out of all by the law—ay, baffled me on till my heart was sick, and till my little substance was wasted, and my bones rotten in the ground; but, God's blessing be upon him! he's an honest man, and *done* that which many a lord in his place would not have done; but a good conscience is a kingdom in itself, and *that* he cannot but have, wherever he goes—and all which grieves me is that he is going away from us. If he'd be prevailed with by me, he'd stay where he is, and we'd share and share alike; but he's too proud for that—and no wonder—he has a right to be proud; for no matter who was his mother, he'll live and die a gentleman, everyinch of him. Any man, you see, may be made a lord; but a gentleman, a man must make himself. And yourselves can witness, has not he reigned over us like a gentleman, and a *raal* gentleman; and shown mercy to the poor, and done justice to all, as well as to me? and did not he take me by the hand when I was persecuted, and none else in the wide world to *befrind* me; and did not he stand up for me against the tyrants that had the sway then; ay, and did not he put himself to trouble, day and night, go riding here and there, and *spaking* and writing for me? Well, as they say, he loves his ease, and that's the worst can be said of him; he took all this pains for a poor man, and had like to have lost his life by it. And now, wherever he is and whatever, can I help loving and praying for him? or could you? And since you will go," added he, turning to me with tears in his eyes, "take with you the blessings of the poor, which, they say, carry a man straight to heaven, if any thing can."

The surrounding crowd joined with one voice in applauding this speech : “It is he that has said what we all think,” cried they, following me with acclamations to the castle. When they saw the chaise at the door, which was to carry me away, their acclamations suddenly ceased—“But is he going?—But can’t he stay?—And is he going this minute? troth it’s a pity, and a great pity!”

Again and again these honest people insisted upon taking leave of me, and I could not force myself away without difficulty. They walked on beside my carriage, Christy at their head; and in this species of triumph, melancholy indeed, but grateful to my heart, I quitted Glen-thorn Castle, passed through that park which was no longer mine, and at the verge of the county shook hands, for the last time, with these affectionate and generous people. I then bid my postilion drive on fast; and I never looked back, never once cast a lingering look at all I left behind. I felt proud of having executed my purpose, and conscious I had not the weak, wavering, inefficient character, that had formerly disgraced me. As to the future, I had not distinctly arranged my plans, nor was my mind during the remainder of the day sufficiently tranquil for reflection. I felt like one in a dream, and could scarcely persuade myself of the reality of the events, that had succeeded each other with such astonishing rapidity. At night I stopped at an inn where I was not known; and having no attendants or equipage to command respect from hostlers, waiters, and inn-keepers, I was made immediately sensible of the reality, at least, of the change in my fortune; but I was not mortified—I felt only as if I were travelling incognito. And I contrived to go to bed without a valet-de-chambre, and slept soundly, for I had earned a sound sleep by exertion both of body and mind.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN the morning I awoke with a confused notion that something extraordinary had happened; but it was a good while before I recollected myself sufficiently to be perfectly sensible of the absolute and irrevocable change in my circumstances. An inn may not appear the best possible place for meditation, especially if the moraliser's bedchamber be next the yard where carriages roll, and hostlers swear perpetually; yet so situated, I, this morning, as I lay awake in my bed, thought, so abstractedly and attentively, that I heard neither wheels nor hostlers. I reviewed the whole of my past life; I regretted bitterly my extravagance, my dissipation, my waste of time; I considered how small a share of enjoyment my wealth had procured, either for myself or others; how little advantage I had derived from my education, and from all my opportunities of acquiring knowledge. It had been in my power to associate with persons of the highest talents, and of the best information, in the British dominions; yet I had devoted my youth to loungers, and gamesters, and epicures, and knew that scarcely a trace of my existence remained in the minds of those selfish beings, who once called themselves my friends. I wished that I could live my life over again; and I felt that, were it in my power, I should live in a manner very different from that in which I had fooled away existence. In the midst of my self-reproaches, however, I had some consolation in the idea that I had never been guilty of any base or dishonourable action. I recollected, with satisfaction, my behaviour to Lady Glenthorn, when I discovered her misconduct; I recollected that I had always shown

gratitude to poor Ellinor for her kindness; I recollected with pleasure, that when trusted with power I had not used it tyrannically. My exertions in favour of my foster-brother, when he was oppressed, I remembered with much satisfaction; and the steadiness with which I behaved, when a conspiracy was formed against my life, gave me confidence in my own courage; and after having sacrificed my vast possessions to a sense of justice, no mortal could doubt my integrity: so that upon the whole, notwithstanding my past follies, I had a tolerably good opinion of myself, or rather good hopes for the future. I was certain, that there was more in me than the world had seen; and I was ambitious of proving that I had some personal merit, independent of the adventitious circumstances of rank and fortune. But how was I to distinguish myself?

Just as I came to this difficult question, the chambermaid interrupted my reverie, by warning me, in a shrill voice, that it was very late, and that she had called me above two hours before.

“Where’s my man? send up my man. O! I beg your pardon—nothing at all: only, my good girl, I should be obliged to you if you could let me have a little warm water, that I may shave myself.”

It was new and rather strange to me to be without attendants; but I found that, when I was forced to it, I could do things admirably well for myself, that I had never suspected I could perform without assistance. After I had travelled two days without servants, how I had travelled with them was the wonder. I once caught myself saying to myself, “that careless blockhead has forgot my night-cap.” For some time I was liable to make odd blunders about my own identity; I was apt to mistake between my old and my new habits, so that when I spoke in the tone and imperative mode in which Lord Glenthorn had been habituated to speak, people stared at me as if I was mad,

and in my turn I was frequently astonished by their astonishment, and perplexed by their ease of behaviour in my presence.

Upon my arrival in Dublin, I went to a small lodging which Mr. M'Leod had recommended to me; it was such as suited my reduced finances; but, at first view, it was not much to my taste; however, I ate with a good appetite my very frugal supper, upon a little table, covered with a little table-cloth, on which I could not wipe my mouth without stooping low. The mistress of the house, a north-country woman, was so condescending as to blow my fire, remarking, at the same time, that coals were *a very scarce article*; she begged to know whether I would choose a fire in my bedroom, and what quantity of coals she should lay in; she added many questions about boarding, and small beer, and tea, and sugar, and butter, and blankets, and sheets, and washer-women, which almost overwhelmed my spirits.

“And must I think of all these things for myself?” said I, in a lamentable tone, and I suppose with a most deplorable length of face, for the woman could not refrain from laughing: as she left the room, I heard her exclaim, “Lord help him! he looks as much astray as if he was just new from the Isle of Skye.”

The cares of life were coming fast upon me, and I was terrified by the idea of a host of petty evils; I sat ruminating, with my feet on the bars of the grate, till past midnight, when my landlady, who seemed to think it incumbent upon her to supply me with common sense, came to inform me that there was a good fire burning to waste in the bedroom, and that I should find myself a deal better there than sitting over the cinders. I suffered myself to be removed to the bedchamber, and again established my feet upon the upper bar of the grate.

“Lach! sir, you'll burn your boots,” said my careful

landlady; who, after bidding me good-night, put her head back into the room, to beg I would be sure to rake the fire, and throw up the ashes safe, before I went to bed. Left to my own meditations, I confess I did feel rather forlorn. I reflected upon my helplessness in all the common business of life; and the more I considered that I was totally unfit for any employment or profession, by which I could either earn money, or distinguish myself, the deeper became my despondency. I passed a sleepless night, vainly regretting the time that never could be recalled.

In the morning, my landlady gave me some letters, which had been forwarded for me from Glenthorn Castle: the direction to the Earl of Glenthorn scratched out, and in its place inserted my new address, "*C. O'Donoghoe, Esq., No. 6, Duke-street, Dublin.*" I remember, I held the letters in my hand, contemplating the direction for some minutes, and at length read it aloud repeatedly, to my landlady's infinite amusement:—she knew nothing of my history, and seemed in doubt whether to think me extremely silly or mad. One of my letters was from lord Y——, an Irish nobleman, with whom I was not personally acquainted, but for whose amiable character and literary reputation I had always, even during my days of dissipation, peculiar respect. He wrote to me to make inquiries respecting the character of a Mr. Lyddell, who had just proposed himself as tutor to the son of one of his friends. Mr. Lyddell had formerly been my favourite tutor, the man who had encouraged me in every species of ignorance and idleness. In my present state of mind, I was not disposed to speak favourably of this gentleman; and I resolved that I would not be instrumental in placing another young nobleman under his guidance. I wrote an explicit, indignant, and I will say eloquent letter, upon this occasion; but, when I came to the signature, I felt a repugnance to signing myself, C. O'Donoghoe, and I recollected, that as my history could

not yet be public, lord Y—— would be puzzled by this strange name, and would be unable to comprehend this answer to his letter. I therefore determined to wait upon his lordship, and to make my explanations in person : besides my other reasons for determining on this visit, I had a strong desire to become personally acquainted with a nobleman, of whom I had heard so much. His lordship's porter was not quite so insolent as some of his brethren ; and though I did not come in a showy equipage, and though I had no laced footmen to enforce my rights, I gained admission. I passed through a gallery of fine statues, to a magnificent library, which I admired till the master of the house appeared, and from that moment he commanded, or rather captivated, my attention.

Lord Y—— was at this time an elderly gentleman. In his address, there was a becoming mixture of ease and dignity ; he was not what the French call *maniéré* ; his politeness was not of any particular school, but founded on those general principles of good taste, good sense, and good nature, which must succeed in all times, places, and seasons. His desire to please evidently arose not from vanity but benevolence. In his conversation, there was neither the pedantry of a recluse, nor the coxcombry of a man of the world : his knowledge was select ; his wit without effort, the play of a cultivated imagination : the happiness of his expressions did not seem the result of care ; and his allusions were at once so apposite and elegant, as to charm both the learned and the unlearned : all he said was sufficiently clear and just to strike every person of plain sense and natural feeling, whilst to the man of literature it had often a further power to please, by its less obvious meaning. Lord Y——'s superiority never depressed those with whom he conversed ; on the contrary, they felt themselves raised by the magic of politeness to his level ; instead of being compelled to pay tribute, they seemed invited to share his

intellectual dominion, and to enjoy with him the delightful pre-eminence of genius and virtue.

I shall be forgiven for pausing in my own insignificant story, to dwell on the noble character of a departed friend. That he permitted me to call him my friend, I think the greatest honour of my life. But let me, if I can, go on regularly with my narrative.

Lord Y—— took it for granted, during our first half hour's conversation, that he was speaking to the Earl of Glenthorn: he thanked me with much warmth for putting him on his guard against the character of Mr. Lyddell; and his lordship was also pleased to thank me for making him acquainted, as he said, with my own character; for convincing him how ill it had been appreciated by those, who imagined that wealth and title were the only distinctions which the Earl of Glenthorn might claim. This compliment went nearer to my heart than lord Y—— could guess.

“My character,” said I, “since your lordship encourages me to speak of myself with freedom,—my character has, I hope, been much changed and improved by circumstances; and perhaps those, which might at present be deemed the most unfortunate, may ultimately prove of the greatest advantage, by urging me to exertion.—Your lordship is not aware of what I allude to; a late event in my singular history,” continued I, taking up the newspapers which lay on his library table—“my singular history has not yet, I fancy, got into the public newspapers. Perhaps you will hear it most favourably from myself.”

Lord Y—— was politely, benevolently attentive, whilst I related to him the sudden and singular change in my fortune: when I gave an account of the manner in which I had conducted myself after the discovery of my birth, tears of generous feeling filled his eyes; he laid his hand upon mine when I paused—

“Whatever you have lost,” said he, “you have gained a friend. Do not be surprised,” continued he, “by this sudden declaration. Before I saw you this morning, your real character was better known to me than you imagine. I learnt it from a particular friend of mine, of whose judgment and abilities I have the highest opinion, Mr. Cecil Devereux; I saw him just after his marriage, and the very evening before they sailed. I remember, when Lady Geraldine and he were talking of the regret they felt in leaving Ireland, among the friends whom they lamented that they should not see again, perhaps for years, you were mentioned with peculiar esteem and affection. They called you their generous benefactor, and fully explained to me the claim you had to this title—a title which never can be lost. But Mr. Devereux was anxious to convince me that he was not influenced by the partiality of gratitude in his opinion of his benefactor’s talents. He repeated an assertion, that was supported with much energy by the charming Lady Geraldine, that Lord Glenthorn had *abilities to be any thing he pleased*; and the high terms in which they spoke of his talents, and the strong proofs they adduced of the generosity of his character, excited in my mind a warm desire to cultivate his acquaintance; a desire which has been considerably increased within this last hour. May I hope that the Irish rapidity, with which I have passed from acquaintance to friendship, may not shock English habits of reserve; and may not induce you to doubt the sincerity of the man, who has ventured with so little hesitation or ceremony, to declare himself your friend?”

I was so much moved by this unexpected kindness, that, though I felt how much more was requisite, I could answer only with a bow; and I was glad to make my retreat as soon as possible. The very next day, his lordship returned my visit, to my landlady’s irrecoverable astonishment; and I had increasing reason to regard him with admiration and

affection. He convinced me, that I had interested him in my concerns, and told me, I must forgive him if he spoke to me with the freedom of a friend: thus I was encouraged to consult him respecting my future plans. Plans, indeed, I had none regularly formed; but lord Y——, by his judicious suggestions, settled and directed my ideas, without overpowering me by the formality of advice. My ambition was excited to deserve his friendship, and to accomplish his predictions. The profession of the law was that to which he advised me to turn my thoughts: he predicted, that, if for five years I would persevere in application to the necessary preparatory studies, I should afterwards distinguish myself at the bar, more than I had ever been distinguished by the title of Earl of Glenthorn. Five years of hard labour! the idea alarmed, but did not utterly appal my imagination; and to prevent my dwelling upon it too long at the first, Lord Y—— suddenly changed the conversation; and, in a playful tone, said, “Before you immerse yourself in your studies, I must, however, claim some of your time. You must permit me to carry you home with me to-day, to introduce you to two ladies of my acquaintance: the one prudent and old—if a lady can ever be old; the other, young, and beautiful, and graceful, and witty, and wise, and reasonable. One of these ladies is much prepossessed in your favour, the other strongly prejudiced against you—for the best of all possible reasons, because she does not know you.”

I accepted Lord Y——’s invitation; not a little curious to know whether it was the old and prudent, or the young, beautiful, graceful, witty, wise, and reasonable lady, who was much prepossessed in my favour. Notwithstanding my usual indifference to the whole race of *very agreeable young ladies*, I remember trying to form a picture in my imagination of this all-accomplished female.

CHAPTER XX.

UPON my arrival at Y—— House, I found two ladies in the drawing-room, in earnest conversation with Lady Y——. In their external appearance they were nearly what my friend had described; except that the beauty of the youngest infinitely surpassed my expectations. The elegance of her form, and the charming expression of her countenance, struck me with a sort of delightful surprise, that was quickly succeeded by a most painful sensation.

“Lady Y——, give me leave to introduce to you Mr. O'Donoghoe.”

Shocked by the sound of my own name, I was ready to recoil abashed. The elderly lady turned her eyes upon me for an instant, with that indifference with which we look at an uninteresting stranger. The young lady seemed to pity my confusion; for though so well and so long used to varieties of the highest company, when placed in a situation that was new to me, I was unaccountably disconcerted. Ah! thought I, how differently should I be received were I still Earl of Glenthorn!

I was rather angry with Lord Y—— for not introducing me, as he had promised, to this fair lady; and yet the repetition of my name would have increased my vexation. In short, I was unjust, and felt an impatience and irritability quite unusual to my temper. Lady Y—— addressed some conversation to me, in an obliging manner, and I did my best to support my part till she left me: but my attention was soon distracted, by a conversation that commenced at another part of the room, between the elderly lady and Lady Y——.

“My dear Lady Y——, have you heard the extraordinary news? the most incredible thing that ever was

heard! For my part, I cannot believe it yet, though we have the intelligence from the best authority. Lord Glenthorn, that is to say, the person we always called Lord Glenthorn, turns out to be the son of the Lord knows who—they don't mention the name."

At this speech I was ready to sink into the earth. Lord Y—— took my arm, and led me into another room. "I have some cameos," said he, "which are thought curious; would you like to look at them?"

"Can you conceive it?" continued the elderly lady, whose voice I still heard, as the folding-doors of the room were open: "Changed at nurse! One hears of such things in novels, but, in real life, I absolutely cannot believe it. Yet here, in this letter from Lady Ormsby, are all the particulars: and a blacksmith is found to be Earl of Glenthorn, and takes possession of Glenthorn castle, and all the estates. And the man is married, to some vulgarian of course: and he has a son, and may have half a hundred, you know; so there is an end of our hopes; and there is an end too of all my fine schemes for Cecilia."

I felt myself change colour again. "I believe," said I to lord Y——, "I ought not to hear this. If your lordship will give me leave, I will shut the door."

"No, no," said he, smiling, and stopping me, "you ought to hear it, for it will do you a great deal of good. You know I have undertaken to be your guide, philosopher, and friend; so you must let me have my own way: and if it should so happen, hear yourself abused patiently.—Is not this a fine bust of Socrates?"

Some part of the conversation in the next room I missed, whilst his lordship spoke. The next words I heard were—

"But, my dear lady Y——, look at Cecilia.—Would not any other girl be cast down and miserable in Cecilia's place? yet see how provokingly happy and well she looks."

“Yes,” replied lady Y——, “I never saw her appear better : but we are not to judge of her by what any other young lady would be in her place, for I know of none at all comparable to Miss Delamere.”

“Miss Delamere!” said I to Lord Y——. “Is this the Miss Delamere who is heir at law to——”

“The Glenthorn estate. Yes—do not let the head of Socrates fall from your hands,” said his lordship, smiling.

I again lost something that was said in the next room ; but I heard the old lady going on with—

“I only say, my dear, that if the man had been really what he was said to be, you could not have done better.”

“Dearest mother, you cannot be serious,” replied the sweetest voice I ever heard. “I am sure that you never were in earnest upon this subject : you could not wish me to be united with such a man as Lord Glenthorn was said to be.”

“Why? what was he said to be, my dear?—a little dissipated, a little extravagant only : and if he had a fortune to support it, child, what matter?” pursued the mother : “all young men are extravagant now-a-days—you must take the world as it goes.”

“The lady who married Lord Glenthorn, I suppose, acted upon that principle ; and you see what was the consequence.”

“O, my dear, as to her ladyship, it ran in the blood : let her have married whom she would, she would have done the same : and I am told Lord Glenthorn made an incomparably good husband. A cousin of Lady Glenthorn’s assured me that she was present one day, when her ladyship expressed a wish for a gold chain to wear round her neck, or braid her hair, I forget for what ; but that very hour Lord Glenthorn bespoke for her a hundred yards of gold chain, at three guineas a yard. Another time she longed

for an Indian shawl, and his lordship presented her next day with three dozen real India shawls. There's a husband for you, Cecilia!"

"Not for me, mamma," said Cecilia, laughing.

"Ah, you are a strange, romantic girl, and never will be married after all, I fear."

"Never to a fool, I hope," said Cecilia.

"Miss Delamere will, however, allow," said Lady Y——, "that a man may have his follies, without being a fool, or wholly unworthy of her esteem; otherwise, what a large portion of mankind she would deprive of hope!"

"As to Lord Glenthorn, he was no fool, I promise you," continued the mother: "has not he been living prudently enough these three years? we have not heard of late of any of his *extraordinary landaus*."

"But I have been told," said Cecilia, "that he is quite uninformed, without any taste for literature, and absolutely incapable of exertion—a victim to ennui. How miserable a woman must be with such a husband!"

"But," said Lady Y——, "what could be expected from a young nobleman bred up as Lord Glenthorn was?"

"Nothing," said Cecilia; "and that is the very reason I never wish to see him."

"Perhaps Miss Delamere's opinion might be changed if she had known him," said Lady Y——.

"Ay, for he is a very handsome man, I have heard," said the mother. "Lady Jocunda Lawler told me so, in one of her letters; and Lady Jocunda was very near being married to him herself, I can tell you, for he admired her prodigiously."

"A certain proof that he never would have admired me," said Cecilia; "for two women, so opposite in every respect, no man could have loved."

"Lord bless you, child! how little you know of the

matter! After all, I dare say, if you had been acquainted with him, you might have been in love yourself with Lord Glenthorn."

"Possibly," said Cecilia, "if I had found him the reverse of what he is reported to be."

Company came in at this instant. Lord Y——was called to receive them, and I followed; glad, at this instant, that I was not Lord Glenthorn. At dinner the conversation turned upon general subjects: and Lord Y——, with polite and friendly attention, *drew me out*, without seeming to do so, in the kindest manner possible.

I had the pleasure to perceive that Cecilia Delamere did not find me a fool. I never, even in the presence of Lady Geraldine, exerted myself so much to avoid this disgrace.

After all the company, except Mrs. and Miss Delamere, were gone, Lord Y——called me aside.

"Will you pardon," said he, "the means I have taken to convince you how much superior you are to the opinion that has been commonly formed of Lord Glenthorn? Will you forgive me for convincing you, that when a man has sufficient strength of mind to rely upon himself, and sufficient energy to exert his abilities, he becomes independent of common report and vulgar opinion? he secures the suffrages of the best judges; and they, in time, lead all the rest of the world. Will you permit me now to introduce you to your prudent friend and your fair enemy? Mrs. Delamere—Miss Delamere, give me leave to introduce to you the late Earl of Glenthorn."

Of the astonishment in the opening eyes of Mrs. Delamere I have some faint recollection. I can never forget the crimson blush, that instantaneously spread over the celestial countenance of Cecilia. She was perfectly silent; but her mother went on talking with increased rapidity.

"Good Heavens! the late Lord Glenthorn! Why, I was talking—but he was not in the room." The ladies ex-

changed looks, which seemed to say, "I hope he did not hear all we said of him."

"My dear Lord Y——, why did not you tell us this before? Suppose we had spoken of his lordship, you would have been answerable for all the consequences."

"Certainly," said Lord Y——.

"But, seriously," said the old lady, "have I the pleasure to speak to Lord Glenthorn, or have I not? I believe I began, unluckily, to talk of a strange story I had heard; but perhaps all this is a mistake, and my country correspondent may have been amusing herself at the expense of my credulity. I assure you I was not imposed upon; I never believed half the story."

"You may believe the whole of it, madam," said I; "the story is perfectly true."

"O! my good sir, how sorry I am to hear you say it is all true! And the blacksmith is really Earl of Glenthorn, and has taken possession of the castle, and is married, and has a son! Lord bless me, how unfortunate! Well, I can only say, sir, I wish, with all my heart, you were Earl of Glenthorn still."

After hearing from Lord Y—— the circumstances of what he was pleased to call my generous conduct, Mrs. Delamere observed, that I had acted very generously, to be sure, but that few in my place would have thought themselves bound to give up possession of an estate, which I had so long been taught to believe was my own. To have and to hold, she observed, always went together in law; and she could not help thinking I had done very injudiciously and imprudently not to let the law decide for me.

I was consoled for Mrs. Delamere's reprehensions by her daughter's approving countenance. After this visit, Lord Y—— gave me a general invitation to his house, where I frequently saw Miss Delamere, and frequently compared her with my recollection of Lady Geraldine ——.

cilia Delamere was not so entertaining, but she was more interesting than Lady Geraldine: the flashes of her ladyship's wit, though always striking, were sometimes dangerous; Cecilia's wit, though equally brilliant, shone with a more pleasing and inoffensive light. Cecilia had humour, but it played rather upon things than upon persons: she had not the dexterity of Lady Geraldine in drawing caricature, but in favourable likenesses she excelled; she had neither the powers of mimicry nor the satirical talents of Lady Geraldine; but Cecilia's general observations on life and manners showed more impartiality and juster discrimination, if not so wide a range of thought. With as much generosity as Lady Geraldine could show in great affairs, she had more forbearance and delicacy of attention on every-day occasions. Lady Geraldine had much pride, and it often gave offence: Cecilia, perhaps, had more pride, but it never appeared, except upon the defensive: without having less candour, she had less occasion for it than Lady Geraldine seemed to have; and Cecilia's temper had more softness and equability. Perhaps Cecilia was not so fascinating, but she was more attractive. One had the envied art of appearing to advantage in public—the other, the more desirable power of being happy in private. I admired Lady Geraldine long before I loved her; I loved Cecilia long before I admired her.

Whilst I possibly could, I called what I felt for Miss Delamere only esteem; but when I found it impossible to conceal from myself that I loved, I resolved to avoid this charming woman. How happy, thought I, would the fortune I once possessed now make me! but in my present circumstances what have I to hope? Surely my friend Lord Y—— has not shown his usual prudence in exposing me to such a temptation: but it is to be supposed, he thinks that the impossibility of my obtaining Miss Delamere would prevent my thinking of her; or, perhaps, he depends on

the inertness and apathy of my temper. Unfortunately for me, my sensibility has increased since I have become poor; for many years, when I was rich, and could have married easily, I never wished to marry; and now that I have not enough to support a wife, I immediately fall desperately in love.

Again and again I pondered upon my circumstances: three hundred a year was the amount of all my worldly possessions; and Miss Delamere was not rich, and she had been bred expensively; for it had never been absent from her mother's mind, that Cecilia would be heiress to the immense Glenthorn estate. The present possessor was, however, an excellent life, and he had a son stout and healthy, so all these hopes of Mrs. Delamere's were at an end; and as there was little chance, as she said (laughing), of persuading her daughter to marry Johnny, the young lord and heir apparent, it was now necessary to turn her views elsewhere, and to form for Cecilia some suitable alliance. Rank and large fortune were, in Mrs. Delamere's opinion, indispensable to happiness. Cecilia's ideas were far more moderate; but though perfectly disinterested and generous, she was not so romantic, or so silly, as to think of marrying any man, without the probability of his being able to support her in the society of her equals: nor, even if I could have thought it possible to prevail upon Miss Delamere to make an unbecoming and imprudent choice, would I have taken advantage of the confidence reposed in me by Lord Y——, to destroy the happiness of a young friend, for whom he evidently had a great regard. I resolved to see her no more—and for some weeks I kept my resolution; I refrained from going to Y—— House. I deem this the most virtuous action of my life; it certainly was the most painful sacrifice I ever made to a sense of duty. At last, Lord Y—— came to me one morning, and after reproaching me, in a friendly manner, for having so

long absented myself from his house, declared that he would not be satisfied with any of those common excuses, which might content a mere acquaintance; that his sincere anxiety for my welfare gave him a right to expect from me the frankness of a friend. It was relief to my mind to be encouraged in this manner. I confessed with entire openness my real motive. Lord Y—— heard me without surprise.

“It is gratifying to me,” said his lordship, “to be convinced that I was not mistaken in my judgment, either of your taste, or your integrity; permit me to assure you, that I foresaw exactly how you would feel, and precisely how you would act. There are certain moral omens, which old experience never fails to interpret rightly, and from which unerring predictions of the future conduct, and consequently of the future fate of individuals, may be formed. I hold that we are the artificers of our own fortune. If there be any whom the gods wish to destroy, these are first deprived of understanding; whom the gods wish to favour, they first endow with integrity, inspire with understanding, and animate with activity. Have I not seen integrity in you, and shall I not see activity? Yes—that supineness of temper or habit with which you reproach yourself has arisen, believe me, only from want of motive; but you have now the most powerful of motives, and in proportion to your exertions will be your success. In our country, you know, the highest offices of the state are open to talents and perseverance; a man of abilities and application cannot fail to secure independence, and obtain distinction. Time and industry are necessary to prepare you for the profession, to which you will hereafter be an honour, and you will courageously submit.

—‘Time and industry, the mighty two,
Which bring our wishes nearer to our view.’

As to the probability that your present wishes may be crowned with success, I can judge only from my general knowledge of the views and disposition of the lady whom you admire. I know that her views with respect to fortune are moderate; and that her disposition and excellent understanding will, in the choice of a husband, direct her preference to the essential good qualities, and not to the accidental advantages, of the candidates for her favour. As to the mother's influence, that will necessarily yield to the daughter's superior judgment. Cecilia possesses over her mother that witchcraft of gentle manners, which in the female sex is always irresistible, even over violent tempers. Prudential considerations have a just, though not exclusive, claim to Miss Delamere's attention. But her relations, I fancy, could find means of providing against any pecuniary embarrassments, if she should think proper to unite herself to a man who can be content, as she would be, with a competence, and who should *have proved himself able, by his own exertions, to maintain his wife in independence.* On this last condition I must dwell with emphasis, because it is indispensable; and I am convinced, that, without it, Miss Delamere's consent, even after she is of age, and at liberty to judge for herself, could never be obtained. You perceive, then, how much depends upon your own exertions; and this is the best hope, and the best motive, that I can give to a strong and generous mind. Farewell—Persevere, and prosper.”

Such was the general purport of what Lord Y—— said to me; indeed, I believe that I have repeated his very words, for they made a great and ineffaceable impression upon my mind. From this day I date the commencement of a new existence. Fired with ambition, I hope generous ambition, to distinguish myself among men, and to win the favour of the most amiable and the most lovely of women; all the faculties of my soul were awakened—I

became active, permanently active. The enchantment of indolence was dissolved, and the demon of ennui was cast out for ever.

CHAPTER XXI.

IF, among those who may be tempted to peruse my history, there should be any mere novel-readers, let me advise them to throw the book aside at the commencement of this chapter; for I have no more wonderful incidents to relate, no more changes at nurse, no more sudden turns of fortune. I am now become a plodding man of business, poring over law-books from morning till night, and leading a most monotonous life: yet occupation, and hope, and the constant sense of approaching nearer to my object, rendered this mode of existence, dull as it may seem, infinitely more agreeable than many of my apparently prosperous days, when I had more money, and more time, than I knew how to enjoy. I resolutely persevered in my studies.

About a month after I came to town, the doors of my lodging were blockaded by half a dozen cars, loaded with huge packing-cases, on which I saw, in the hand-writing which I remembered often to have seen in my blacksmith's bills, a direction to *Christopher O'Donoghoe, Esquire—this side upwards: to be kept dry.*

One of the carmen fumbled in what he called his pocket, and at last produced a very dirty note.

“My dear and honourable foster-brother, larning from Mr. M'Leod, that you are thinking of *studdeing*, I send you inclosed by the bearer, who is to get nothing for the *carrige*, all the bookes from the big booke-room at the castle, which

I hope, being of not as much use as I could wish to me, your honour will not scorn to accept, with the true veneration of

“Your ever-loving foster-brother,

“and grateful humble servant,

“*to command.*”

“P. S. No name needful, for you will not be astray about the hand.”

This good-natured fellow's present was highly valuable and useful to me.

Among my pleasures at this studious period of my life, when I had few events to break the uniform tenor of my days, I must mention letters which I frequently received from Mr. Devereux and Lady Geraldine, who still continued in India. Mr. Devereux was acquainted with almost all the men of eminence at the Irish bar; men who are not mere lawyers, but persons of literature, of agreeable manners, and gentlemanlike habits. Mr. Devereux wrote to his friends so warmly in my favour, that, instead of finding myself a stranger in Dublin, my only difficulty was how to avoid the numerous invitations which tempted me from my studies.

Those gentlemen of the bar who were intimate with Mr. Devereux honoured me with particular attention, and their society was peculiarly useful, as well as agreeable, to me: they directed my industry to the best and shortest means of preparing myself for their profession; they put into my hands the best books; told me all that experience had taught them of the art of distinguishing, in the mass of law-precedents, the useful from the useless; instructed me in the methods of indexing and common-placing; and gave me all those advantages which solitary students so often want, and the want of which so often makes the study of the law appear an endless maze without a plan. When I

found myself surrounded with books, and reading assiduously day and night, I could scarcely believe in my own identity; I could scarcely imagine that I was the same person, who, but a few months before this time, lolled upon a sofa half the day, and found it an intolerable labour to read or think for half an hour together. Such is the power of motive! During the whole time I pursued my studies, and kept my terms, in Ireland, the only relaxation I allowed myself was in the society at lord Y——'s house in Dublin, and, during my vacations, in excursions which I made with his lordship to different parts of the country. Lord Y—— had two country-seats in the most beautiful parts of Ireland; one in the county of Wicklow, and one in the Queen's county. How differently the face of nature appeared to me now! with what different sensations I beheld the same objects!

“No brighter colours paint th' enamell'd fields,
No sweeter fragrance now the garden yields;
Whence this strange increase of joy?
Is it to love these new delights I owe?”

It was not to love that I owed these new delights, for Cecilia was not there; but my powers of observation were awakened, and the confinement and labour to which I had lately submitted gave value to the pleasures of rest and liberty, and to the freshness of country air, and the beautiful scenes of nature. So true it is, that all our pleasures must be earned, before they can be enjoyed. When I saw on Lord Y——'s estates, and on those of several other gentlemen, which he occasionally took me to visit, the neat cottages, the well-cultivated farms, the air of comfort, industry, and prosperity, diffused through the lower classes of the people, I was convinced that much may be done by the judicious care and assistance of landlords for their tenantry. I saw this with mixed sensations of plea-

sure and of pain—of pain, for I reflected how little I had accomplished, and how ill I had done even that little, whilst the means of doing good to numbers had been in my power. For the very trifling services I did some of my poor tenants, I am sure I had abundant gratitude; and I was astonished and touched by instances of this shown to me after I had lost my fortune, and when I scarcely had myself any remembrance of the people who came to thank me. Trivial as it is, I cannot forbear to record one of the many instances of gratitude I met with from a poor Irishman.

Whilst I was in Dublin, as I was paying a morning visit to Lord Y——, sitting with him in his library, we heard some disturbance in the inner court; and looking out of the window, we saw a countryman with a basket on his arm, struggling with the porter and two footmen.

“He is here; I know to a certainty he is here, and I *shall* see him, say what you please now!”

“I tell you my lord is not at home,” said the porter.

“What’s the matter?” said Lord Y——, opening the window.

“See, there’s my lord himself at the window: are not you ashamed of yourself now?” said the footman.

“And why would I be ashamed that am telling no lies, and hindering no one?” said the countryman, looking up to us with so sudden a motion that his hat fell off. I knew his face, but could not recollect his name.

“Oh! there he is, his own honour; I’ve found him, and *axe* pardon for my boldness; but it’s *becaase* I’ve been all day yesterday, and this day, running through Dublin after *yees*; and when certified by the lady of the lodgings you was in it here, I could not lave town without my errand, which is no more than a cheese from my wife, of her own making, to be given to your honour’s own hands, and she would not see me if I did not do it.”

“Let him come up,” said Lord Y——. “This,” continued his lordship, turning to me, “reminds me of Henry the Fourth, and the Gascon peasant with his *fromages de bœuf*.”

“But our countryman brings his offering to an abdicated monarch,” said I.

The poor fellow presented his wife’s cheese to me with as good a grace as any courtier could have made his offering. Unembarrassed, his manners and his words gave the natural and easy expression of a grateful heart. He assured me that he and his wife were the happiest couple in all Ireland; and he hoped I would one day be as happy myself in a wife as I *desarved*, who had made others so; and there were many on the estate remembered as well as he did the good I did to the poor during *my reign*.

Then stepping up closer to me, he said, in a lower voice, “I’m Jimmy Riley, that married *ould* Noonan’s daughter; and now that it is all over I may tell you a bit of a *secret*, which made me so eager to get to the speech of your honour, that I might tell it to your own ear alone—no offence to this gentleman before whom I’d as soon say it as yourself, *becaase* I see he is all as one as another yourself. Then the thing is—does your honour remember the boy with the cord round his body, looking for the birds’ eggs in the rock, and the nonymous bit of a letter that you got? ’Twas I wrote it, and the *gossoon* that threw it to your honour was a cousin of my own that I sent, that nobody, nor yourself even, might not know him: and the way I got the information I never can tell till I die, and then only to the priest, *becaase* I swore I would not never. But don’t go for to think it was by being a *rubble* any way; no man can, I thank my God, charge me with indifferency. So rejoiced to see you the same, I wish you a good-morrow, and long life, and a happy death—when it comes.”

About this time I frequently used to receive presents to

a considerable amount, and of things which were most useful to me, but always without any indication by which I could discover to whom I was indebted for them : at last, by means of my Scotch landlady, I traced them to Mr. M'Leod. His kindness was so earnest and peremptory, that it would admit neither thanks nor refusals; and I submitted to be obliged to a man for whom I felt such high esteem. I looked upon it as not the least of his proofs of regard, that he gave me what I knew he valued more than any thing else—his time. Whenever he came to Dublin, though he was always hurried by business, so that he had scarcely leisure to eat or sleep, he used constantly to come to see me in my obscure lodgings; and when in the country, though he hated all letter-writing, except letters of business, yet he regularly informed me of every thing that could be interesting to me. Glenthorn Castle he described as a scene of riotous living, and of the most wasteful vulgar extravagance. My poor foster-brother, the best-natured and most generous fellow in the world, had not sufficient prudence or strength of mind to conduct his own family; his wife filled the castle with tribes of her vagabond relations; she chose to be descended from one of the kings of Ireland; and whoever would acknowledge her high descent, and whoever would claim relationship with her, were sure to have their claims allowed, and were welcome to live in all the barbaric magnificence of Glenthorn Castle. Every instance that she could hear of the former Lady Glenthorn's extravagance or of mine—and, alas! there were many upon record, she determined to exceed. Her diamonds and her pearls, and her finery, surpassed every thing but the extravagance of some of the Russian favourites of fortune. Decked out in the most absurd manner, this descendant of kings often, as Mr. M'Leod assured me, indulged in the pleasures of the banquet, till, no longer able to support the regal diadem, she was carried by some of

the meanest of her subjects to her bed. The thefts committed during these interregnums were amazing in their amount, and the jewels of the crown were to be replaced as fast as they were stolen. Poor Christy all this time was considered as a mean-spirited *cratur*, who had no notion of living like a prince; and whilst his wife and her relations were revelling in this unheard-of manner, he was scarcely considered as the master of the house: he lived by the fireside disregarded in winter, and in summer he spent his time chiefly in walking up and down his garden, and picking fruit. He once made an attempt to amuse himself by mending the lock of his own room door; but he was detected in the fact, and exposed to such loud ridicule by his lady's favourites, that he desisted, and sighing, said to Mr. M'Leod—"And isn't it now a great hardship upon a man like me to have nothing to do, or not to be let do any thing? If it had not been for my son Johnny's sake, I never would have quit the forge; and now all will be spent in *coshering*, and Johnny, at the last, will never be a penny the better, but the worse for my consenting to be lorded; and what grieves me more than all the rest, *she* is such a *negre*,* that I haven't a guinea I can call my own to send, as I'd always laid out to do at odd times, such little tokens of my love and duty, as would be becoming to my dear foster-brother there in Dublin. And now, you tell me, he is going away too, beyond sea to England, to finish making a lawyer of himself in London; and what friends will he find there, without money in his pocket? and I had been thinking this while past, ever since you gave me notice of his being to quit Ireland, that I would go up to Dublin myself to see him, and wish him a good journey kindly before he would go; and I had a little *compliment* here, in a private drawer, that I had collected *unknownst* to my

* An Irishman in using this word has some confused notion that it comes from *negro*; whereas it really means niggard.

wife; but here last night she *lit* upon it, and now that her hand has closed upon it, not a guinea of it shall I ever see more, nor a farthing the better of it will my dear foster-brother ever be, for it or for me; and this is what grieves me more than all, and goes to the quick of my heart."

When Mr. M'Leod repeated to me these lamentations of poor Christy, I immediately wrote to set his heart at ease, as much as I could, by the assurance that I was in no distress for money; and that my three hundred a year would support me in perfect comfort and independence, whilst "I was making a lawyer of myself in London." I further assured my good foster-brother, that I was so well convinced of his affectionate and generous disposition towards me, that it would be quite unnecessary ever to send me tokens of his regard. I added a few words of advice about his wife and his affairs, which, like most words of advice, were, as I afterwards found, absolutely thrown away.

Though I had taken care to live with so much economy, that I was not in any danger of being in pecuniary embarrassments, yet I felt much distress of another kind in leaving Ireland. I left Miss Delamere surrounded with admirers; her mother using her utmost art and parental influence to induce Cecilia to decide in favour of one of these gentlemen, who was a person of rank and of considerable fortune. I had seen all this going on, and was bound in honour the whole time to remain passive, not to express my own ardent feelings, not to make the slightest attempt to win the affections of the woman, who was the object of all my labours, of all my exertions. The last evening that I saw her at Lord Y——'s, just before I sailed for England, I suffered more than I thought it was in my nature to feel, especially at the moment when I went up to make my bow, and take leave of her with all the cold ceremony of a common acquaintance. At parting, however, in the

presence of her mother and of Lord Y——, Cecilia, with her sweet smile, and, I think, with a slight blush, said a few words, upon which I lived for months afterwards.

“I sincerely wish you, sir, the success your perseverance so well deserves.”

The recollection of these words was often my solace in my lonely chambers at the Temple; and often, after a day's hard study, the repeating them to myself operated as a charm, that dissipated all fatigue, and revived at once my exhausted spirits. To be sure there were moments when my fire was out, and my candle sinking in the socket, and my mind over-wearied saw things in the most gloomy point of view; and at these times I used to give an unfavourable interpretation to Cecilia's words, and I fancied that they were designed to prevent my entertaining fallacious hopes, and to warn me that she must yield to her mother's authority, or perhaps to her own inclinations, in favour of some of her richer lovers. This idea would have sunk me into utter despondency, and I should have lost, with my motive, all power of exertion, had I not opposed to this apprehension the remembrance of Lord Y——'s countenance, at the moment Cecilia was speaking to me. I then felt assured, that his lordship, at least, understood the words in a favourable sense, else he would have suffered for me, and would not certainly have allowed me to go away with false hopes. Re-animated by this consideration, I persevered—for it was by perseverance alone that I could have any chance of success.

It was fortunate for me, that, stimulated by a great motive, I thus devoted my whole time and thoughts to my studies, otherwise I must, on returning to London, have felt the total neglect and desertion of all my former associates in the fashionable world; of all the vast number of acquaintance, who used to lounge away their hours in my company, and partake of the luxuries of my table and the

festivities of my house. Some whom I accidentally met in the street, just at my re-appearance in town, thought proper, indeed, to know me again at first, that they might gratify their curiosity about the paragraphs which they had seen in the papers, and the reports which they had heard of my extraordinary change of fortune; but no sooner had they satisfied themselves that all they had heard was true, than their interest concerning me ceased. When they found, that, instead of being Earl of Glen-thorn, and the possessor of a large estate, I was now reduced to three hundred a year, lodging in small chambers at the Temple, and studying the law, they never more thought me worthy of their notice. They affected, according to their different humours, either to pity me for my misfortunes, or to blame me for my folly in giving up my estate; but they unanimously expressed astonishment at the idea of my becoming a member of any active profession. They declared, that it was impossible that I could ever endure the labour of the law, or succeed in such an arduous career. Their prophecies intimidated me not; I was conscious that these people did not in the least know me; and I hoped and believed that I had powers and a character which they were incapable of estimating: their contempt rather excited than depressed my mind, and their pity I returned with more sincerity than it was given. I had lived their life, knew thoroughly what were its pleasures and its pains; I could compare the ennui I felt when I was a Bond-street loungeur with the self-complacency I enjoyed now that I was occupied in a laborious but interesting and honourable pursuit. I confess, I had sometimes, however, the weakness to think the worse of human nature, for what I called the desertion and ingratitude of these my former companions and flatterers; and I could not avoid comparing the neglect and solitude in which I lived in London, where I had lavished my fortune, with

the kindness and hospitalities I had received in Dublin, where I lived only when I had no fortune to spend. After a little time, however, I became more reasonable and just; for I considered, that it was my former dissipated mode of life, and imprudent choice of associates, which I should blame for the mortifications I now suffered from the desertion of companions, who were, in fact, incapable of being friends. In London I had lived with the most worthless; in Dublin, with the best company; and in each place I had been treated as, in fact, I deserved. But, leaving the history of my feelings, I must proceed with my narrative.

One night, after I had dined with an Irish gentleman, a friend of Lord Y——'s, at the west end of the town, as I was returning late to my lodgings, I was stopped for some time by a crowd of carriages, in one of the fashionable streets. I found that there was a masquerade at the house of a lady, with whom I had been intimately acquainted. The clamours of the mob, eager to see the dresses of those who were alighting from their carriages, the gaudy and fantastic figures which I beheld by the light of the flambeaux, the noise and the bustle, put me in mind of various similar nights of my past life, and it seemed to me like a dream, or reminiscence of some former state of existence. I thought my present self preferable; and without casting a longing lingering look behind on the scenes of vanity, or, as they are called, of pleasure, I passed on as soon as the crowd would permit, and took my way down a narrow street, by which I hoped to get, by a shorter way than usual, to my quiet lodgings. The rattling of the carriages, the oaths of the footmen, and the shouts of the mob, still sounded in my ears; and the masquerade figures had scarcely faded from my sight, when I saw, coming slowly out of a miserable entry, by the light of a few wretched candles and lanterns, a funeral. The contrast struck me: I stood

still to make way for the coffin; and I heard one say to another, "What matter how she's buried! I tell you, be at as little expense as possible, for he'll never pay a farthing." I had a confused recollection of having heard the voice before: as one of the bearers lifted his lantern, I saw the face of the woman who spoke, and had a notion of having seen her before. I asked whose funeral it was; and I was answered, "It is one Mrs. Crawley's—Lady Glenthorn that was," added the woman. I heard no more: I was so much shocked, that I believe I should have fallen in the street, if I had not been immediately supported by somebody near me. When I recovered my recollection, I saw the funeral had moved on some paces, and the person who supported me, I now found, was a clergyman. In a mild voice, he told me that his duty called him away from me at present, but he added, that if I would tell him where I could be found, he would see me in the morning, and give me any information in his power, as he judged that I was interested for this unfortunate woman. I put a card with my address into his hands, thanked him, and got home as well as I could. In the morning, the clergyman called upon me—a most benevolent man, unknown to fame; but known to all the wretched within the reach of his consolatory religion. He gave me a melancholy account of the last days of the unhappy woman, whose funeral I had just seen. I told him who I was, and what she had been to me. She had, almost in her last moments, as he assured me, expressed her sense of, what she called, my generosity to her, and had shown deep contrition for her infidelity. She died in extreme poverty and wretchedness, with no human being who was, or even seemed, interested for her, but a maid-servant (the woman whose voice I recollected), whose services were purchased to the last, by presents of whatever clothes or trinkets were left from the wreck of her mistress's fortune. Crawley, it seems, had behaved brutally to

his victim. After having long delayed to perform his promise of marrying her, he declared that he could never think of a woman who had been divorced in any other way than a mistress: she, poor weak creature, consented to live with him on any terms; but, as his passions and his interest soon turned to new objects, he cast her off without scruple, refusing to pay any of the tradesmen, who had supplied her while she bore his name. He refused to pay the expenses even of her funeral, though she had shared with him her annuity, and every thing she possessed. I paid the funeral expenses, and some arrears of the maid's wages, together with such debts for necessaries as I had reason to believe were justly due: the strict economy with which I had lived for three years, and the parting with a watch and some other trinkets too fine for my circumstances, enabled me to pay this money without material inconvenience, and it was a satisfaction to my mind. The good clergyman who managed these little matters became interested for me, and our acquaintance with each other grew every day more intimate and agreeable. When he found that I was studying the law, he begged to introduce me to a brother of his, who had been one of the most eminent special pleaders in London, and who now, on a high salary, undertook to prepare students for the bar. I was rather unwilling to accept of this introduction, because I was not rich enough to become a pupil of this gentleman's; but my clergyman guessed the cause of my reluctance, and told me that his brother had charged him to overrule all such objections. "My brother and I," continued he, "though of different professions, have, in reality, but one mind between us; he has heard from me all the circumstances I know of you, and they have interested him so much, that he desires, in plain English, to be of any service he can to you."

This offer was made in earnest; and if I had given him

the largest salary that could have been offered by the most opulent of his pupils, I could not have met with more attention, or have been instructed with more zeal than I was, by my new friend the special pleader. He was also so kind as to put me at ease by the assurance that whenever I should begin to make money by my profession, he would accept of remuneration. He jestingly said, that he would make the same bargain with me that was made by the famous sophist Protagoras of old with his pupil, that he should have the profits of the first cause I should win—certain that I would not, like his treacherous pupil Evathlus, employ the rhetorician's arms against himself, to cheat him out of his promised reward. My special pleader was not a mere man of form and law *rigmaroles*; he knew the reason for the forms he used: he had not only a technical, but a rational knowledge of his business; and, what is still more uncommon, he knew how to teach what he had learnt. He did not merely set me down at a desk, and leave me skins after skins of parchment to pore over in bewildered and hopeless stupidity; he did not use me like a mere copying machine, to copy sheet after sheet for him, every morning from nine till four, and again every evening from five till ten. Mine was a law-tutor of a superior sort. Wherever he could, he gave me a clew to guide me through the labyrinth; and when no reason could be desired for what the law directs, he never puzzled me by attempting to explain what could not be explained; he did not insist upon the total surrender of my rational faculties, but, with wonderful liberality, would allow me to call nonsense, nonsense; and would, after two or three hours' hard scrivening, as the case might require—for this I thank him more than all the rest—permit me to yawn, and stretch, and pity myself, and curse the useless repetitions of lawyers.

At other times, my judicious special pleader was in the habits of cheering my spirits, sinking under the weight of

declarations, and replications, and double pleas, and dilatory pleas;

*“Of horse pleas, traverses, demurrers,
Jeofails, imparlances, and errors,
Averments, bars, and protestandoes.”*

O! Cecilia, what pains did I endure to win your applause! Yet, that I may state the whole truth, let me acknowledge, that even these, my dullest, hardest tasks, were light, compared with the burden I formerly bore of ennui. At length my period of probation in my pleader's office was over; I escaped from the dusky desk, and the smell of musty parchments, and the close smoky room; I finished *eating my terms* at the Temple, and returned, even, as the captain of the packet swore, “in the face and teeth of the wind,” to Dublin.

But, in my haste to return, I must not omit to notice, for the sake of poetical equity, that just when I was leaving England, I heard that slow but sure-paced justice at last overtook that wretch Crawley. He was detected and convicted of embezzling considerable sums, the property of a gentleman in Cheshire, who had employed him as his agent. I saw him, as I passed through Chester, going to prison, amidst the execrations of the populace.

CHAPTER XXII.

As I was not, as formerly, asleep in my carriage on deck, when we came within sight of the Irish shore, I saw, and hailed with delight, the beautiful Bay of Dublin. The moment we landed, instead of putting myself out of humour, as before, with every thing at the Marine Hotel, I went directly to my friend Lord Y——'s. I made my *sortie* from the hotel with so much extraordinary promptitude, that a slip-shod waiter was forced to pursue me, running or shuffling after me the whole length of the street, before he could overtake me with a letter, which had been "waiting for my honour, at the hotel, since yesterday's Holyhead packet." This was a mistake, as the letter had never come or gone by any Holyhead packet; it was only a letter from Mr. M'Leod, to welcome me to Ireland again; and to tell me, that he had taken care to secure good well-aired lodgings for me: he added an account of what was going on at Glenthorn Castle. The extravagance of *my lady* had, by this time, reduced the family to great difficulties for ready money, as they could neither sell nor mortgage any part of the Glenthorn estate, which was settled on the son. My poor foster-brother had, it seems, in vain attempted to restrain the wasteful folly of his wife, and to persuade Johnny, the young heir apparent, to *larn* to be a *jantleman*: in vain Christy tried to prevail on his lordship to "refrain drinking whiskey *preferably* to claret:" the youth pleaded both his father's and mother's examples; and said, that as he was an only son, and his father had but a life-interest in the estate, he *expected* to be indulged; he repeated continually "a short

life and a merry one for me." Mr. M'Leod concluded this letter by observing, that far from its being a merry life, he never saw any thing more sad than the life this foolish boy led; and that Glenthorn Castle was so melancholy and disgusting a scene of waste, riot, and intemperance, that he could not bear to go there. I was grieved by this account, for the sake of my poor foster-brother; but it would have made a deeper impression upon me at any other time. I must own that I forgot the letter, and all that it contained, as I knocked at Lord Y——'s door.

Lord Y—— received me with open arms; and, with all the kindness of friendship, anticipated the questions I longed, yet feared, to ask.

"Cecilia Delamere is still unmarried—Let these words be enough to content you for the present; all the rest is, I hope, in your own power."

In my power!—delightful thought! yet how distant that hope! For I was now, after all my labours, but just called to the bar; not yet likely, for years, to make a guinea, much less a fortune, by my profession. Many of the greatest of our lawyers have gone circuit for ten or twelve years, before they made a hundred a year; and I was at this time four-and-thirty. I confessed to my Lord Y——, that these reflections alarmed and depressed me exceedingly: but he encouraged me by this answer—"Persevere—deserve success; and trust the rest, not to fortune, but to your friends. It is not required of you to make ten thousand, or one thousand a year at the bar, in any given time; but it is expected from you to give proofs that you are capable of conquering the indolence of your disposition or of your former habits. It is required from you to give proofs of intellectual energy and ability. When you have convinced me that you have the knowledge and assiduity that ought to succeed at the

bar, I shall be certain that only time is wanting to your actual acquisition of a fortune equal to what I ought to require for my fair friend and relation. When it comes to that point, it will, my dear sir, be time enough for me to say more. Till it comes to that point, I have promised Mrs. Delamere that you will not even attempt to see her daughter. She blames me for having permitted Cecilia and you to see so much of each other, as you did in this house when you were last in Ireland. Perhaps I was imprudent, but your conduct has saved me from my own reproaches, and I fear no other. I end where I began, with 'Persevere—and may the success your perseverance deserves be your reward.' If I recollect right, these were nearly Miss Delamere's own words at parting with you."

In truth, I had not forgotten them; and I was so much excited by their repetition at this moment, and by my excellent friend's encouraging voice, that all difficulties, all dread of future labours or evils, vanished from my view. I went my first circuit, and made two guineas, and was content; for Lord Y—— was not disappointed: he told me it would, it must be so. But though I made no money, I obtained gradually, amongst my associates at the bar, the reputation for judgment and knowledge. Of this they could judge by my conversation, and by the remarks on the trials brought on before us. The elder counsel had been prepared in my favour, first by Mr. Devereux, and afterwards by my diligence in following their advice, during my studies in Dublin: they perceived that I had not lost my time in London, and that *my mind was in my possession*. They prophesied, that from the moment I began to be employed, I should rise rapidly. Opportunity, they told me, was now all that I wanted, and for that I must wait with patience. I waited with as much patience as I could. I had many friends; some among the judges, some among

a more powerful class of men, the attorneys : some of these friends were made for me by Mr. Devereux and Lady Geraldine ; some by Lord Y—— ; some, may I say it ? by myself. Yet the united and zealous endeavours, direct and indirect, of partisans more powerful and more numerous than mine, had failed to *push on* or *push up* several barristers, who were of much longer standing than myself. Indeed, the attempts to bring them forward had, in some instances, been rather injurious than serviceable. The law is a profession in which patronage can do but little for any candidate. Every man, in his own business, will employ him whom he believes to have the most knowledge and ability. The utmost that even the highest patronage from the bench can do for a young barrister is, to give him an opportunity of distinguishing himself in preference to other competitors. This was all I hoped ; and I was not deceived in this hope. It happened that a cause of considerable moment, which had come on in our circuit, and to the whole course of which I had attended with great care, was removed, by an appeal, to Dublin. I fortunately, I should say prudently, was in the habit of constant attendance at the courts : the counsel who was engaged to manage this cause was suddenly taken ill, and was disabled from proceeding. The judge called upon me ; the attorneys, and the other counsel, were all agreed in wishing me to take up the business, for they knew I was prepared, and competent to the question. The next day the cause, which was then to be finally decided, came on. I sat up all night to look over my documents, and to make myself sure of my points. Ten years before this, if any one had prophesied this of me, how little could I have believed them !

The trial came on—I rose to speak. How fortunate it was for me, that I did not know my Lord Y—— was in the court ! I am persuaded that I could not have uttered three sentences, if he had caught my eye in the exordium

of this my first harangue. Every man of sensibility—and no man without it can be an orator—every man of sensibility knows that it is more difficult to speak in the presence of one anxious friend, of whose judgment we have a high opinion, than before a thousand auditors who are indifferent, and are strangers to us. Not conscious who was listening to me, whose eyes were upon me, whose heart was beating for me, I spoke with confidence and fluency, for I spoke on a subject of which I had previously made myself completely master; and I was so full of the matter, that I thought not of the words. Perhaps this, and my having the right side of the question, were the causes of my success. I heard a buzz of thanks and applause round me. The decree was given in our favour. At this moment I recollected my bargain, and my debt to my good master the special pleader. But all bargains, all debts, all special pleaders, vanished the next instant from my mind; for the crowd opened, Lord Y—— appeared before me, seized my hand, congratulated me actually with tears of joy, carried me away to his carriage, ordered the coachman to drive home—fast! fast!

“And now,” said he to me, “I am satisfied. Your trial is over—successfully over,—you have convinced me of your powers and your perseverance. All the hopes of friendship are fulfilled: may all the hopes of love be accomplished! You have now my free and full approbation to address my ward and relation, Cecilia Delamere. You will have difficulties with her mother, perhaps; but none beyond what we good and great lawyers shall, I trust, be able to overrule. Mrs. Delamere knows, that, as I have an unsettled estate, and but one son, I have it in my power to provide for her daughter as if she were my own. It has always been my intention to do so; but if you marry Miss Delamere, you will still find it necessary to pursue your profession diligently, to maintain her in her own

rank and style of life; and now that you have felt the pleasures of successful exertion, you will consider this necessity as an additional blessing. From what I have heard this day, there can be no doubt that, by pursuing your profession, you can secure, in a few years, not only ease and competence, but affluence and honours—honours of your own earning. How far superior to any hereditary title!”

The carriage stopped at Lord Y——’s door. My friend presented me to Cecilia, whom I saw this day for the first time since my return to Ireland. From this hour I date the commencement of my life of real happiness. How unlike that life of *pleasure*, to which so many give erroneously the name of happiness!—Lord Y——, with his powerful influence, supported my cause with Mrs. Delamere, who was induced, though with an ill grace, to give up her opposition.

“Cecilia,” she said, “was now three-and-twenty, an age to judge for herself; and Lord Y——’s judgment was a great point in favour of Mr. O’Donoghoe, to be sure. And no doubt Mr. O’Donoghoe might make a fortune, since he had made a figure already at the bar. In short, she could not oppose the wishes of Lord Y——, and the affections of her daughter, since they were so fixed. But, after all,” said Mrs. Delamere, “what a horrid thing it will be to hear my girl called Mrs. O’Donoghoe! Only conceive the sound of—Mrs. O’Donoghoe’s carriage there!—Mrs. O’Donoghoe’s carriage stops the way!”

“Your objection, my dear madam,” replied Lord Y——, “is fully as well founded as that of a young lady of my acquaintance, who could not prevail on her delicacy to become the wife of a merchant of the name of *Sheepshanks*. He very wisely, or very gallantly, paid five hundred pounds to change his name. I make no doubt that your future son-in-law will have no objection to take and bear the name

and arms of Delamere; and I think I can answer for it, that a king's letter may be obtained, empowering him to do so. With this part of the business allow me to charge myself."

I spare the reader the protracted journal of a lover's hopes and fears. Cecilia, convinced, by the exertions in which I had so long persevered, that my affection for her was not only sincere and ardent, but likely to be permanent, did not torture me by the vain delays of female coquetry. She believed, she said, that a man capable of conquering habitual indolence could not be of a feeble character; and she therefore consented, without hesitation, to entrust her happiness to my care.

I hope my readers have, by this time, too favourable an opinion of me to suspect, that, in my joy, I forgot him who had been my steady friend in adversity. I wrote to M'Leod, as soon as I knew my own happiness, and assured him that it would be incomplete without his sympathy. I do not think there was at our wedding a face of more sincere, though sober joy, than M'Leod's. Cecilia and I have been now married above a twelvemonth, and she permits me to say, that she has never, for a moment, repented her choice. That I have not relapsed into my former habits, the judicious and benevolent reader will hence infer: and yet I have been in a situation to be spoiled; for I scarcely know a wish of my heart that remains ungratified, except the wish that my friend Mr. Devereux and Lady Geraldine should return from India, to see and partake of that happiness of which they first prepared the foundation. They first awakened my dormant intellects, made me know that I had a heart, and that I was capable of forming a character for myself. The loss of my estate continued the course of my education, forced me to exert my own powers, and to rely upon myself. My passion for the amiable and charming Cecilia was afterwards motive sufficient to urge

me to persevering intellectual labour: fortunately my marriage has obliged me to continue my exertions, and the labours of my profession have made the pleasures of domestic life most delightful. The rich, says a philosophic moralist, are obliged to labour, if they would be healthy or happy; and they call this labour exercise.

Whether, if I were again a rich man, I should have sufficient voluntary exertion to take a due portion of mental and bodily exercise, I dare not pretend to determine, nor do I wish to be put to the trial. Desiring nothing in life but the continuance of the blessings I possess, I may here conclude my memoirs, by assuring my readers, that after a full experience of most of what are called the pleasures of life, I would not accept of all the Glenthorn and Sherwood estates, to pass another year of such misery as I endured whilst I was “stretched on the rack of a too easy chair.”

The preceding memoirs were just ready for publication, when I received the following letter:

“HONOURED FOSTER-BROTHER,

“Since the day I parted ye, nothing in life but misfortins has happened me, owing to my being overruled by my wife, who would be a lady, all I could say again it. But that’s over, and there’s no help; for all and all that ever she can say will do no good. The castle’s burnt down all to the ground, and my Johnny’s dead, and I wish I was dead in his place. The occasion of his death was owing to drink, which he fell into from getting too much money, and nothing to do—and a snuff of a candle. When going to bed last night, a little in liquor, what does he do but takes the candle, and sticks it up against the

head of his bed, as he used oftentimes to do, without detriment, in the cabin where he was reared, against the mud-wall. But this was close to an ould window curtain, and a deal of ould wood in the bed, which was all in a smother, and he lying asleep after drinking, when he was ever hard to wake, and before he waked at all, it appears the unfortunit *cratur* was smothered, and none heard a sentence of it, till the ceiling of my room, the blue bed-chamber, with a piece of the big wood cornice fell, and wakened me with terrible uproar, and all above and about me was flame and smoke, and I just took my wife on my back, and down the stairs with her, which did not give in till five minutes after, and she screeching, and all them relations she had screeching and running every one for themselves, and no thought in any to save any ting at all, but just what they could for themselves, and not a sarvant that was in his right rason. I got the ladder with a deal of difficulty, and up to Johnny's room, and there was a sight for me—he a corpse, and how even to get the corpse out of that, myself could not tell, for I was bewildered, and how they took me down, I don't well know. When I came to my sinses, I was lying on the ground in the court, and all confusion and screaming still, and the flames raging worse than ever. There's no use in describing all—the short of it is, there's nothing remaining of the castle but the stones; and it's little I'd think o' that, if I could have Johnny back—such as he used to be in my good days; since he's gone, I am no good. I write this to beg you, being married, of which I give you joy, to Miss Delamere, that is the *hare* at law, will take possession of all immediately, for I am as good as dead, and will give no hindrance. I will go back to my forge, and, by the help of God, forget at my work what has passed; and as to my wife, she may go to her own kith and kin, if she will not abide by me, I shall not trouble her long. Mr. M'Leod is

a good man, and will follow any directions you send, and may the blessing of God attend, and come to reign over us again, when you will find me, as heretofore,

“ Your loyal foster-brother,

“ CHRISTY DONOGHOE.”

Glenthorn Castle is now rebuilding; and when it is finished, and when I return thither, I will, if it should be desired by the public, give a faithful account of my feelings. I flatter myself that I shall not relapse into indolence; my understanding has been cultivated—I have acquired a taste for literature, and the example of Lord Y—— convinces me, that a man may at once be rich and noble, and active and happy.

Written in 1804.

Printed in 1809.

ALMERIA.

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James Hodgkinson, a wealthy Yorkshire grazier, who had no children of his own, but who had brought up in his family Almeria Turnbull, the daughter of his wife by a former husband, a Mr. Turnbull. Mr. Turnbull had also been a grazier, but had not been successful in the management of his affairs, therefore he could not leave his daughter any fortune; and at the death of her mother she became entirely dependent on her father-in-law. Old Hodgkinson was a whimsical man, who, except in eating and drinking, had no inclination to spend any part of the fortune he had made; but, enjoying the consequence which money confers, endeavoured to increase this importance by keeping all his acquaintances in uncertainty as to what he called his "testamentary dispositions." Sometimes he hinted that his step-daughter should be a match for the proudest lord in England; sometimes he declared, that he did not know of what use money could be to a woman, except to make her a prey to a fortune-hunter, and that his girl should not be left in a way to be duped.

As to his daughter's education, that was an affair in which he did not interfere: all that he wished was, that the girl should be kept humble, and have no fine notions

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As to his daughter's education, that was an affair in which he did not interfere: all that he wished was, that the girl should be kept humble, and have no fine notions

put into her head, nor any communication with fine people. He kept company only with men of his own sort; and as he had no taste for any kind of literature, Almeria's time would have hung rather heavy upon her hands, had she been totally confined to his society: but, fortunately for her, there lived in the neighbourhood an elderly gentleman and his daughter, whom her father allowed her to visit. Mr. Elmour was a country gentleman of a moderate fortune, a respectable family, and of a most amiable character: between his daughter Ellen and Miss Turnbull there had subsisted an intimacy from their earliest childhood. The professions of this friendship had hitherto been much the warmest on the part of Almeria; the proofs were, perhaps, the strongest on the side of Ellen. Miss Elmour, as the daughter of a gentleman, whose family had been long settled in the country, was rather *more considered* than Miss Turnbull, who was the daughter of a grazier, whose money had but lately raised him to the level of gentility. At Mr. Elmour's house Almeria had an opportunity of being in much better company than she could ever have seen at her father's; better company in every respect, but chiefly in the popular, or more properly in the aristocratic, sense of the term: her visits had consequently been long and frequent; she appeared to have a peculiar taste for refinement in manners and conversation, and often deplored the want she felt of these at home. She expressed a strong desire to acquire information, and to improve herself in every elegant accomplishment; and Ellen, who was of a character far superior to the little meanness of female competition and jealousy, shared with her friend all the advantages of her situation. Old Hodgkinson never had any books in his house, but such as Almeria borrowed from Mr. Elmour's library. Ellen constantly sent Miss Turnbull all the new publications which her father got from town—she copied for her friend the

new music with which she was supplied, showed her every new drawing or print, gave her the advantage of the lessons she received from an excellent drawing master, and let her into those little mysteries of art which masters sometimes sell so dear.

This was done with perfect readiness and simplicity: Ellen never seemed conscious that she was bestowing a favour; but appeared to consider what she did as matters of course, or as the necessary consequences of friendship. She treated her friend at all times, and in all companies, with that uniform attention and equality of manner, which most people profess, and which so few have strength of mind to practise. Almeria expressed, and probably at this time felt, unbounded gratitude and affection for Ellen; indeed her expressions were sometimes so vehement, that Miss Elmour rallied her for being romantic. Almeria one day declared, that she should wish to pass all the days of her life at Elmour Grove, without seeing any other human creatures but her friend and her friend's father.

"Your imagination deceives you, my dear Almeria," said Ellen, smiling.

"It is my heart, not my imagination, that speaks," said Almeria, laying her hand upon her heart, or upon the place where she fancied her heart ought to be.

"Your understanding will, perhaps, speak a different language by and by, and your heart will not be the worse for it, my good young lady," said old Mr. Elmour.

Almeria persisted even to tears; and it was not till young Mr. Elmour came home, and till she had spent a few weeks in his company, that she began to admit that three was the number sacred to friendship. Frederick Elmour was a man of honour, talents, spirit, and of a decided character: he was extremely fond of his sister, and was prepossessed in favour of every thing and person that she loved. Her intimate friend was consequently in-

teresting to him; and it must be supposed, that Miss Elmour's praises of Almeria were managed more judiciously than eulogiums usually are, by the effect which they produced. Frederick became attached to Miss Turnbull, though he perceived that, in firmness and dignity of character, she was not equal to his sister. This inferiority did not injure her in his opinion, because it was always acknowledged with so much candour and humility by Almeria, who seemed to look up to her friend as to a being of a superior order. This freedom from envy, and this generous enthusiasm, first touched young Mr. Elmour's heart. Next to possessing his sister's virtues and talents, loving them was, in his opinion, the greatest merit. He thought that a person capable of appreciating and admiring Ellen's character must be desirous of imitating her; and the similarity of their tastes, opinions, and principles, seemed to him the most secure pledge for his future happiness. Miss Turnbull's fortune, whatever it might be, was an object of no great importance to him: his father, though not opulent, was in easy circumstances, and was "willing," he said, "to deprive himself of some luxuries for the sake of his son, whom he would not control in the choice of a wife—a choice on which he knew, from his own experience, that the happiness of life so much depends."

The benevolent old gentleman had peculiar merit in this conduct; because, if he had a weakness in the world, it was a prejudice in favour of what is called *good family and birth*: it had long been the secret wish of his heart that his only son might marry into a family as ancient as his own. Frederick was fully sensible of the sacrifice that his father made of his pride: but that which he was willing to make of what he called his luxuries, his son's affection and sense of justice forbade him to accept. He could not rob his father of any of the comforts of his declining years, whilst in the full vigour of youth it was in his power, by his own exer-

tions, to obtain an independent maintenance. He had been bred to the bar; no expense had been spared by his father in his education, no efforts had been omitted by himself. He was now ready to enter on the duties of his profession with ardour, but without presumption.

Our heroine must be pardoned by the most prudent, and admired by the most romantic, for being desperately in love with a youth of such a character and such expectations. Whilst the young lady's passion was growing every hour more lively, her old father was growing every hour more lethargic. He had a superstitious dread of making a will, as if it were a preparation for death, which would hasten the fatal moment. Hodgkinson's friends tried to conquer this prejudice; but it was in vain to reason with a man, who had never reasoned during the whole of his life about any thing except bullocks. Old Hodgkinson died—that was a matter of no great consequence to any body—but he died without a will, and that was a matter of some importance to his daughter. After searching in every probable and improbable place, there was, at length, found in his own hand-writing a memorandum, the beginning of which was in the first leaf of his cookery-book, and the end in the last leaf of his prayer-book. There was some difficulty in deciphering the memorandum, for it was cross-barred with miscellaneous observations in inks of various colours—red, blue, and green. As it is dangerous to garble law papers, we shall lay the document before the public just as it appeared.

Copy from first leaf of the Cookery-book.

I John Hodgkinson of Vetch-field, East Riding of Yorkshire, Grazier and so forth, not choosing to style myself

Gentleman, though entitled so to do, do hereby certify, that when I can find an honest attorney *it is my* intention to make my will and to leave—

[*Here the testator's memorandum was interrupted by a receipt in a diminutive female hand, seemingly written some years before.*]

Mrs. Turnbull's recipe, infallible for all aches, bruises and strains.

Take a handful of these herbs following—Wormwood, Sage, Broom-flowers, Clown's-All-heal, Chickweed, Cumphry, Birch, Groundsell, Agremony, Southernwood, Ribwort, Mary Gould leaves, Bramble, Rosemary, Rue, Eldertops, Camomile, Aly Campaigne-root, half a handful of Red Earthworms, two ounces of Cummins-seeds, Deasy-roots, Columbine, Sweet Marjoram, Dandy lion, Devil's bit, six pound of May butter, two pound of Sheep suet, half a pound of Deer suet, a quart of salet oil beat well in y^e boiling till the oil be green—Then strain—It will be better if you add a dozen of Swallows, and pound all their Feathers, Gizzards, and Heads before boiling—It will cure all aches.*—

[*Beneath this valuable recipe, Mr. Hodgkinson's testamentary dispositions continue as follows.*]

All I am worth in the world real or personal—

To Collar a Pig.

Take a young fat pig, and when he is well scalded cut off his head, then slit him down the back, take out his bones, lay him in a dish of milk and water, and shift him twice a day—for the rest, turn to page 103.

* Literally copied from a family receipt-book in the author's possession.

To my step-daughter Almeria, who is now at Elmour Grove in her eighteenth year—

[*Written across the above in red ink.*]

Mem^m—I prophecy this third day of August, that the man from Hull will be here to-morrow with *fresh* mullets.

And as girls go, I believe a good girl, considering the times—but if she disoblige me by marriage, or otherwise, I hereby revoke the same.

[*Written diagonally in red ink.*]

Mem^m—Weight of the Big Bullock, 90 score, besides offal.

[*The value was so pale it could not be deciphered.*]

And I further intend to except out of my above bequest to my daughter Almeria, the sum of

A fine method to make punch of Valentia dram.

v. page 7.

Ten thousand pounds, now in Sir Thomas Stock's my banker's hands as a token of remembrance to John Hodgkinson of Hull on account of his being my namesake, and, I believe, relation—

[*Continuation in the last leaf of the prayer-book.*]

It is my further intention (whenever I find said honest attorney fit for my will) to leave sundry mourning rings with my hair value (*blank*)—one in particular to Charles Elmour, Sen. Esquire, and also—

[*Upside down, in red ink.*]

Mem^m—Yorkshire Puddings—Knox says good in my case.

Hodgkinson late
 Hannah | Turnbull (my wife)
 her prayer book,
 born Decem^r 5th, 1700,
 died Jan^y 4th, 1760;
 leaving only behind her, in this world, Almeria Turnbull
 (my step-daughter).

Also another mourning ring to Frederick, the son of Charles Elmour, Esq. and ditto to Ellen his daughter, if I have hair enough under my wig.

[*Diagonal in red ink.*]

Mem^m—To know from Dr. Knox by return of post what is good against sleep—in my case—

This is the short of my Will—the attorney (when found) will make it long enough.—And I hereby declare, that I will write no other Will with my own hand, for man, woman or child—And that I will and do hereby disinherit any person or persons—male or female—good—bad—or indifferent—who shall take upon them to advise or speak to me about making or writing my Will—which is no business of theirs—This my last resolution and memorandum, dated, this 5th of August—reap to-morrow, (glass rising)—1766, and signed with my own hand, same time.

John Hodgkinson, grazier and so forth.

Now it happened, that Mr. Hodgkinson's namesake and relation disdained the ten thousand pounds legacy, and claimed the whole property as heir-at-law. Almeria, who was utterly unacquainted with business, applied to Mr. Elmour in this difficulty, and he had the goodness to undertake the management of her affairs. Frederick engaged to carry on her law-suit, and to plead her cause against this rapacious Mr. Hodgkinson, of Hull.—Whilst the suit was pending, Miss Turnbull had an opportunity of seeing something of the ways of the world; for the manners of her Yorkshire acquaintance, of all but Ellen and the Elmours, varied towards her, according to the opinion formed of the probable event of the trial on which her fortune depended. She felt these variations most keenly. In particular, she was provoked by the conduct of Lady Stock, who was at this time *the* fashionable lady of York: Sir Thomas, her husband, was a great banker; and whenever she condescended to visit her friends in the country, she shone upon them in all the splendour and pride of wealth. Miss Turnbull, immediately after her father's death, went, accompanied by old Mr. Elmour, to Sir Thomas Stock, to settle accounts with him: she was received by his lady as a great heiress, with infinite civility; her visit punctually returned, and an invitation to dinner sent to her and the Elmours with all due expedition. As she seemed to wish to accept of it, her friends agreed to accompany her, though in general they disliked fine dinners; and though they seldom left their retirement to mix in the gaieties of York. Miss Turnbull was received in rather a different manner from what she expected upon this occasion; for between the sending and the accepting of the invitation, Lady Stock had heard that her title to the fortune was disputed, and that many were of opinion that, instead of having two hundred thousand pounds, she would not have a shilling. Almeria was scarcely noticed,

upon her entrance, by the lady of the house; she found herself in a formidable circle, where every body seemed to consider her as being out of her place. At dinner she was suffered to go to a side table. From the moment she entered the house till she left it, Lady Stock never deigned to speak to her, nor for one instant to recollect that such a person existed. Not even Madame Roland, when she was sent to the second table at the fermier general's, expressed more indignation than Almeria did, at the insolence of this banker's lady. She could think and speak of nothing else, all the time she was going home in the evening to Elmour Grove. Ellen, who had more philosophy than our heroine, did not sympathise in the violence of her indignation: on the contrary she was surprised that Almeria could feel so much hurt by the slights of a woman, for whom she had neither esteem nor affection, and with whom she was indeed scarcely acquainted.

"But does not her conduct excite your indignation?" said Miss Turnbull.

"No: it rather deserves my contempt. If a friend—if you, for instance, had treated me in such a manner, it would have provoked my anger, I dare say."

"I! O how impossible!" cried Almeria. "Such insufferable pride! Such downright rudeness!—She was tolerably civil to you, but me she never noticed: and this sudden change, it seems, Frederick, arises from her doubts of my fortune.—Is not such meanness really astonishing?"

"It would be astonishing, perhaps," replied Frederick, "if we did not see similar instances every day.—Lady Stock, you know, is nothing but a mere woman of the world."

"I hate mere women of the world," cried Almeria.

Ellen observed, that it was not worth while to hate, it was sufficient to avoid them.—Almeria grew warmer in

her abhorrence; and Ellen at last expressed, half in jest, half in earnest, some fear that if Miss Turnbull felt with such exquisite sensibility the neglect of persons of fashion, she might in a different situation be ambitious, or vain of their favour. Almeria was offended, and was very near quarrelling with her friend for harbouring such a mean opinion of her character.

“Do you imagine that *I could* ever make a friend of such a person as Lady Stock?”

“A friend! far from it. I am very sure that you could not.”

“Then how could I be ambitious of her favour? I am desirous only of the favour, esteem, and affection of my friends.”

“But people who live in what is called the world, you know, my dear Almeria, desire to have acquaintance as well as friends,” said Ellen; “and they value those by their fashion or rank, and by the honour which may be received from their notice in public places.”

“Yes, my dear,” interrupted Almeria; “though I have never been in London as you have, I understand all that perfectly well, I assure you; but I only say, that I am certain I should never judge, and that I should never act, in such a manner.”

Ellen smiled, and said, “It is difficult to be certain of what we should do in situations in which we have never been placed.”—Almeria burst into tears, and her friend could scarcely pacify her by the kindest expressions.

“Observe, my dear Almeria, that I said *we*, not *you*: I do not pretend that, till I have been tried, I could be certain of my own strength of mind in new situations: I believe it is from weakness, that people are often so desirous of the notice of persons for whom they have no esteem. If I were forced to live among a certain set of company, I suppose I should, in time, do just as they do; for

I confess, that I do not think I could bear every day to be utterly neglected in society, even such as we have been in to-day."

Almeria wondered to hear her friend speak with so little confidence of her own spirit and independence; and vehemently declared that she was certain no change of external circumstances could make any alteration in her sentiments and feelings. Ellen forbore to press the subject farther, although the proofs which she had this day given of her stoicism, were not absolutely conclusive.

About a month after this conversation had passed, the suit against Miss Turnbull, to set aside Mr. Hodgkinson's will, was tried at York. The court was crowded at an early hour; for much entertainment was expected, from the oddity of old Hodgkinson's *testamentary dispositions*: besides, the large amount of the property at stake could not fail to make the cause interesting. Several ladies appeared in the galleries; among the rest, Lady Stock—Miss Elmour was there also, to accompany Almeria—Frederick was one of her counsel; and when it came to his turn to speak, he pleaded her cause with so much eloquence and ability, as to obtain universal approbation. After a trial, which lasted many hours, a verdict was given in Miss Turnbull's favour. An immediate change appeared in the manners of all her acquaintance—they crowded round her with smiles and congratulations; and persons with whom she was scarcely acquainted, or who had, till now, hardly deigned to acknowledge her acquaintance, accosted her with an air of intimacy. Lady Stock, in particular, recovered, upon this occasion, both her sight and speech: she took Almeria's hand most graciously, and went on chattering with the greatest volubility, as they stood at the door of the court-house. Her ladyship's handsome equipage had drawn up, and she offered to carry Miss Turnbull home: Almeria excused herself, but felt ashamed, when she saw the look of

contempt which her ladyship bestowed on Mr. Elmour's old coach, which was far behind a number of others, and which could but ill bear a comparison with a new London carriage. Angry with herself for this weakness, our heroine endeavoured to conceal it even from her own mind; and feelings of gratitude to her friends revived in her heart the moment she was out of sight of her fine acquaintance. She treated Ellen with even more than usual fondness; and her acknowledgments of obligation to her counsel and his father were expressed in the strongest terms. In a few days, there came a pressing invitation from Lady Stock; Mr. Elmour had accounts of Miss Turnbull's to settle with Sir Thomas, and, notwithstanding the air of indifference with which she read the cards, Almeria was not sorry to accept of the invitation, as she knew that she should be received in a very different manner from that in which she had been treated on her former visit. She laughed, and said, "that she should be entertained by observing the change which a few thousand pounds more or less could produce in Lady Stock's behaviour." Yet, such is the inconsistency or the weakness of human wishes, the very attentions which our heroine knew were paid merely to her fortune, and not to her merit, flattered her vanity; and she observed, with a strange mixture of pain and pleasure, that there was a marked difference in Lady Stock's manner towards her and *the Elmours*. When the evening was over, and when she "had leisure to be good," Almeria called herself severely to account for this secret satisfaction, of which she had been conscious from the preference given her over her friends—she accused herself of ingratitude, and endeavoured to recover her own self-complacency by redoubled professions of esteem and affection for those to whom she had so much reason to be attached. But fresh invitations came from Lady Stock, and the course of her thoughts again changed. Ellen declined

accompanying her; and Miss Turnbull regretted this exceedingly, "because it would be so distressing and awkward for her to go *alone*."

"Then why do you go at all, my dear?" said Ellen; "you speak as if there were some moral necessity for your visit."

"Moral necessity! oh no," said Almeria, laughing; "but I really think there is a *polite* necessity, if you will allow me the expression. Would it not be rude for all of us to refuse, when Lady Stock has made this music party, as she says, entirely on my account—on our account, I mean? for you see she mentions your fondness for music; and if she had not written so remarkably civil to you, I assure you I would neither go myself, nor think of pressing you to go."

This oratory had no effect upon Ellen: our heroine went alone to the music meeting. The old coach returned to Elmour Grove at night, empty—the servant brought "Lady Stock's compliments, and she would send her carriage home with Miss Turnbull early the next morning." After waiting above an hour and a half beyond their usual time, the family were sitting down to dinner the next day, when Miss Turnbull, in Lady Stock's fine carriage, drove up the avenue—Frederick handed her out of the carriage with more ceremony and less affection than he had ever shown before. Old Mr. Elmour's manner was also more distant, and Ellen's colder. Almeria attempted to apologise, but could not get through her speech:—she then tried to laugh at her own awkwardness; but her laugh not being seconded, she sat down to dinner in silence, colouring prodigiously, and totally abashed. Good old Mr. Elmour was the first to relent, and to endeavour, by resuming his usual kind familiarity, to relieve her painful confusion. Ellen's coolness was also dissipated when Miss Turnbull took her aside after dinner, and with tears in her eyes

declared, “she was sorry she had not had sufficient strength of mind to resist Lady Stock’s importunities to stay all night;—that as to the carriage, it was sent back without her knowledge; and that this morning, though she had three or four times expressed her fears that she should keep her friends at Elmour Grove waiting for dinner, yet Lady Stock would not understand her hints;” and she declared, “she got away the very instant her ladyship’s carriage came to the door.” By Ellen’s kind interposition, Frederick, whose pride had been most ready to take the alarm at the least appearance of slight to his father and sister, was pacified—he laid aside his ceremony to *Miss Turnbull*; called her “Almeria,” as he used to do—and all was well again. With difficulty, and blushes, Almeria came out with an after confession, that she had been so silly as to make half a promise to Lady Stock, of going to her ball, and of spending a few days with her at York, before she left the country.

“But this promise was only conditional,” said she: “if you or your father would take it the least ill or unkindly of me, I assure you I will not go—I would rather offend all the Lady Stocks in the world than you, my dearest Ellen, or your father, to whom I am so much obliged.”

“Do not talk of obligations,” interrupted Ellen; “amongst friends, there can be no obligations. I will answer for it that my father will not be offended at your going to this ball; and I assure you I shall not take it unkindly. If you would not think me very proud, I should tell you that I wish for our sakes, as well as your own, that you should see as much of this Lady Stock, and as many *Lady Stocks*, as possible; for I am convinced that, upon *intimate* acquaintance, we must rise in your opinion.”

Almeria protested that she had never for an instant thought of comparing Ellen with Lady Stock. “A friend, a bosom friend, with an acquaintance—an acquaintance of

yesterday!—I never thought of making such a comparison.”

“That is the very thing of which I complain,” said Ellen, smiling: “I beg you will make the comparison, my dear Almeria; and the more opportunities you have of forming your judgment, the better.”

Notwithstanding that there was something rather humiliating to Miss Turnbull in the dignified composure with which Ellen now, for the first time in her life, implied her own superiority, Almeria secretly rejoiced that it was by her friend's own request that the visits to her fine acquaintance were repeated. At Lady Stock's ball Miss Turnbull was much *distinguished*, as it is called—Sir Thomas's eldest son was her partner; and though he was not remarkably agreeable, yet his attentions were flattering to her vanity, because the rival belles of York vied for his homage. The delight of being taken notice of in public was new to Almeria, and it quite intoxicated her brain. Six hours' sleep afterwards were not sufficient to sober her completely; as her friends at Elmour Grove perceived the next morning—she neither talked, looked, nor moved like herself, though she was perfectly unconscious that in this delirium of vanity and affectation she was an object of pity and disgust to the man she loved.

Ellen had sufficient good-nature and candour to make allowance for foibles in others from which her own character was totally free; she was clear-sighted to the merits, but not blind to the faults of her friends; and she resolved to wait patiently till Almeria should return to herself. Miss Turnbull, in compliance with her friend's advice, took as many opportunities as possible of being with Lady Stock. Her ladyship's company was by no means agreeable to Almeria's natural taste; for her ladyship had neither sense nor knowledge, and her conversation consisted merely of common-place phrases, or the second-hand affectation of

fashionable nonsense: yet, though Miss Turnbull felt no actual pleasure in her company, she was vain of being of her parties, and even condescended to repeat some of her sayings, in which there was neither sense nor wit. From having lived much in the London world, her ladyship was acquainted with a prodigious number of names of persons of consequence and quality; and by these our heroine's ears were charmed. Her ladyship's dress was also an object of admiration and imitation, and the York ladies begged patterns of every thing she wore. Almeria consequently thought that no other clothes could be worn with propriety; and she was utterly ashamed of her past self for having lived so long in ignorance, and for having had so bad a taste, as ever to have thought Ellen Elmour a model for imitation.

"Miss Elmour," her ladyship said, "was a very sensible young woman, no doubt; but she could hardly be considered as a model of fashion."

A new standard for estimating merit was raised in Almeria's mind; and her friend, for an instant, sunk before the vast advantage of having the most fashionable mantua-maker and milliner in town. Ashamed of this dereliction of principle, she a few minutes afterwards warmly pronounced a panegyric on Ellen, to which Lady Stock only replied with a vacant, supercilious countenance, "May be so—no doubt—of course—the Elmours are a very respectable family, I'm told—and really more genteel than the country families one sees: but is not it odd, they don't *mix more*? One seldom meets them in town any where, nor at any of the watering-places in summer."

To this charge, Almeria, with blushes, was forced to plead guilty for her friends: she, however, observed, in mitigation, "that when they were in town, what company they did see was always the best, she believed—that she

knew, for one person, the Duchess of A—— was a friend of the Elmours, and corresponded with Ellen.”

This judicious defence produced an immediate effect upon Lady Stock’s countenance; her eyebrows descended from the high arch of contempt: and after a pause, she remarked, “it was strange that they had not accepted of any of the invitations she had lately sent them—she fancied they were, as indeed they had the character of being, very proud people—and very odd.”

Almeria denied the pride and the oddity; but observed, “that they were all remarkably fond of *home*.”

“Well, my dear Miss Turnbull, that’s what I call odd; but I am sure I have nothing to say against all that—it is the fashion now to let every body do as they please: if the Elmours like to bury themselves alive, I’m sure I can’t have the smallest objection; I only hope they don’t insist upon burying you along with them—I’m going to Harrowgate for a few days, and I must have you with me, my dear.”

Our heroine hesitated. Lady Stock smiled, and said, she saw Miss Turnbull was terribly afraid of these Elmours: that for her part, she was the last person in the world to break through old connexions; but that really some people ought to consider that other people cannot always live as they do; that one style of life was fit for one style of fortune, and one for another: and that it would look very strange to the world, if an heiress, with two hundred thousand pounds fortune, who, if she produced herself, might be in the first circles in town, were to be boxed up at Elmour Grove, and precluded from all advantages and offers that she might of course expect.

To do our heroine justice, she here interrupted Lady Stock with more eagerness than strict politeness admitted, and positively declared that her friends never for one mo-

ment wished to confine her at Elmour Grove. “On the contrary,” said she, “they urged me to go into company, and to see something of the world, before I——” marry, she was going to say—but paused.

Lady Stock waited for the finishing word; but when it did not come, she went on just as if it had been pronounced. “The Elmours do vastly right and proper to talk to you in this style, for they would be very much blamed in the world if they acted otherwise. You know young Elmour has his fortune to make—very clever certainly he is, and will rise—no doubt—I’m told—in his profession—but all that is not the same as a ready-made fortune, which an heiress like you has a right to expect. But do not let me annoy you with my reflections. Perhaps there is nothing in the report—I really only repeat what I hear every body say. In what every body says, you know, there must be something. I positively think you ought to show, in justice to the Elmours themselves, that you are at liberty, and that they do not want to monopolise you—in this unaccountable sort of way.”

To this last argument our heroine yielded, or to this she chose to attribute her yielding. She went to Harrowgate with Lady Stock; and every day and every hour she became more desirous of appearing fashionable. To this one object all her thoughts were directed. Living in public was to her a new life, and she was continually sensible of her dependence upon the opinion of her more experienced companion. She felt the *awkwardness* of being surrounded by people with whom she was unacquainted. At first, whenever she appeared she imagined that every body was looking at her, or talking about her, and she was in perpetual apprehension that something in her dress or manners should become the subject of criticism or ridicule: but from this fear she was soon relieved, by the conviction, that most people were so occupied with them-

selves as totally to overlook her. Sometimes indeed she heard the whispered question of "Who is that with Lady Stock?" and the mortifying answer, "I do not know." However, when Lady Stock had introduced her to some of her acquaintance as a great heiress, the scene changed, and she found herself treated with much *consideration*; though still the fashionable belles took sufficient care to make her sensible of her inferiority. She longed to be upon an equal footing with them. Whilst her mind was in this state, Sir Thomas Stock, one morning, when he was settling some money business with her, observed that she would in another year be of age, and of course would take her affairs into her own hands; but in the mean time it would be necessary to appoint a guardian; and that the choice depended upon herself. She instantly named her friend Mr. Elmour. Sir Thomas insinuated that old Mr. Elmour, though undoubtedly a most unexceptionable character, was not exactly the most eligible person for a guardian to a young lady, whose large fortune entitled her to live in a fashionable style. That if it was Miss Turnbull's intention to fix in the country, Mr. Elmour certainly was upon the spot, and a very fit guardian; but that if she meant to appear, as doubtless she would, in town, she would of course want another conductor.

"To cut the matter short at once, my dear," said Lady Stock, "you must come to town with me next winter, and choose Sir Thomas for your guardian. I'm sure it will give him the greatest pleasure in the world to do any thing in his power—and you will have no difficulties with him; for you see he is not a man to bore you with all manner of advice; in short, he would only be your guardian for form's sake; and that, you know, would be the pleasantest footing imaginable. Come, here is a pen and ink and gilt paper, write to old Elmour this minute, and let me have you all to myself."

Almeria was taken by surprise: she hesitated—all her former professions, all her obligations to the Elmour family, recurred to her mind—her friendship for Ellen—her love, or what she had thought love, for Frederick:—she could not decide upon a measure that might offend them, or appear ungrateful; yet her desire of going to town with Lady Stock was ardent, and she knew not how to refuse Sir Thomas's offer without displeasing him. She saw that all future connexion with *the Stocks* depended on her present determination—she took a middle course, and suggested that she might have two guardians, and then she should be able to avail herself of Sir Thomas's obliging offer, without offending her old friends. In consequence of this convenient arrangement, she wrote to Mr. Elmour, enclosing her letter in one to Ellen, in which the embarrassment and weakness of her mind were evident, notwithstanding all her endeavours to conceal them. After a whole page of incomprehensible apologies, for having so long delayed to write to her dearest Ellen; and after professions of the warmest affection, esteem, and gratitude, for her friends at Elmour Grove; she, in the fourth page of her epistle, opened her real business, by declaring that she should ever, from the conviction she felt of the superiority of Ellen's understanding, follow her judgment, however repugnant it might sometimes be to her inclinations; that she therefore had resolved, in pursuance of Ellen's advice, to take an opportunity of seeing the gay world, and had accepted of an invitation from Lady Stock to spend the winter with her in town—that she had also accepted of Sir Thomas Stock's offer to become one of her guardians, as she thought it best to trouble her good friend Mr. Elmour as little as possible at his advanced age.

In answer to this letter, she received a few lines from Mr. Elmour, requesting to see her before she should go to town: accordingly, upon her return to York, she went

to Elmour Grove to take leave of her friends. She was under some anxiety, but resolved to carry it off with that ease, or affectation of ease, which she had learnt during her six weeks' apprenticeship to a fine lady at Harrowgate. She was surprised that no Frederick appeared to greet her arrival; the servant showed her into Mr. Elmour's study. The good old gentleman received her with that proud sort of politeness, which was always the sign, and the only sign, of his being displeased.

"You will excuse me, Miss Turnbull," said he, "for giving you the trouble of coming here; it was my business to have waited on you, but I have been so far unwell lately, that it was not in my power to leave home; and these are papers," continued he, "which I thought it my duty to deliver into your own hands."

Whilst Mr. Elmour was tying up these papers, and writing upon them, Almeria began two sentences with "I hope," and "I am afraid," without in the least knowing what she hoped or feared. She was not yet sufficiently perfect in the part of a fine lady to play it well. Mr. Elmour looked up from his writing with an air of grave attention when she began to speak, but after waiting in vain for an intelligible sentence, he proceeded.

"You have judged very wisely for me, Miss Turnbull, in relieving my declining years from the fatigue of business: no man understands the management or the value of money better than Sir Thomas Stock, and you could not, madam, in this point of view, have chosen a more proper guardian."

Almeria said, "that she hoped Mr. Elmour would always permit her to consider him as her best friend, to whose advice she should have recourse in preference to that of any person upon earth;" recovering her assurance as she went on speaking, and recollecting some of the hints Lady Stock had given her, about the envy and jealousy of the

Elmours, and of their scheme of monopolising her fortune; she added a few commonplace phrases about—respectability—gratitude—and great obligations—then gave a glance at Lady Stock's handsome carriage, which was waiting at the door—then asked for Miss Elmour—and hoped she should not be so unfortunate as to miss seeing her before she left the country, as she came on purpose to take leave of her—then looked at her watch:—but all this was said and done with the awkwardness of a novice in the art of giving herself airs. Mr. Elmour, without being in the least irritated by her manner, was all the time considering how he could communicate, with the least possible pain, what he had further to say—“You speak of me, Miss Turnbull, as of one of your guardians, in the letter I had the favour of receiving from you a few days ago,” said he; “but you must excuse me for declining that honour. Circumstances have altered materially since I first undertook the management of your affairs, and my future interference, or perhaps even my advice, might not appear as disinterested as formerly.”

Miss Turnbull here interrupted him with an exclamation of astonishment, and made many protestations of entire dependence upon his disinterested friendship. He waited with proud patience till she had finished her eulogium.

“How far the generous extent of your confidence, madam, reaches, or may hereafter reach,” said he, “must be tried by others, not by me—nor yet by my son.”

Almeria changed colour.

“He has left it to me, madam, to do that for him, which perhaps he feared he might not have sufficient resolution to do for himself—to return to you these letters and this picture; and to assure you that he considers you as entirely at liberty to form any connexion that may be suited to your present views and circumstances.”

Mr. Elmour put into her hand a packet of her own

letters to Frederick, and a miniature picture of herself, which she had formerly given to her lover. This was an unexpected stroke. His generosity—his firmness of character—the idea of losing him for ever—all rushed upon her mind at once.

Artificial manners vanish the moment the natural passions are touched. Almeria clasped her hands in an agony of grief, and exclaimed, “Is he gone! gone for ever?—I have deserved it!”—The letters and picture fell from her hand, she sunk back quite overpowered. When she recovered, she found herself in the open air on a seat under Mr. Elmour’s study windows, and Ellen beside her.

“Pity, forgive, and advise me, my dear, my best, my only real friend,” said Almeria: “never did I want your advice so much as at this moment.”

“You shall have it, then, without reserve,” said Ellen, “and without fear that it should be attributed to any unworthy motive. I could almost as soon wish for my brother’s death as desire to see him united to any woman, let her beauty and accomplishments be what they might, who had a mean or frivolous character, such as could consider money as the greatest good, or dissipation as the prime object of life. I am firmly persuaded, my dear Almeria, that however you may be dazzled by the first view of what is called fashionable life, you will soon see things as they really are, and that you will return to your former tastes and feelings.”

“O! I am, I am returned to them!” cried Almeria; “I will write directly to Lady Stock and to Sir Thomas, to tell them that I have changed my mind—only prevail upon your father to be my guardian.”

“That is out of my power,” said Ellen; “and I think that it is much better you should be as you are, left completely at liberty, and entirely independent of us. I

advise you, Almeria, to persist in your scheme of spending the ensuing winter in town with Lady Stock—then you will have an opportunity of comparing your own different feelings, and of determining what things are essential to your happiness. If you should find that the triumphs of fashion delight you more than the pleasures of domestic life, pursue them—your fortune will put it in your power; you will break no engagements; and you will have no reproaches to fear from us. On the contrary, if you find that your happiness depends upon friendship and love, and that the life we formerly led together is that which you prefer, you will return to Elmour Grove, to your friend, and your lover, and your choice will not be that of romance, but of reason.”

It was with difficulty that Almeria, in her present fit of enthusiasm, could be brought to listen to sober sense and true friendship. Her parting from Ellen and Mr. Elmour cost her many tears, and she returned to her fashionable friend with swollen eyes and a heavy heart. Her sorrow, however, was soon forgotten in the bustle and novelty of a new situation. Upon her arrival in London, fresh trains of ideas were quickly forced upon her mind, which were as dissimilar as possible from those associated with love, friendship, and Elmour Grove. At Sir Thomas Stock's, every thing she saw and heard served to remind, or rather to convince her, of the opulence of the owner of the house. Here every object was estimated, not for its beauty or elegance, but by its costliness. Money was the grand criterion, by which the worth of animate and inanimate objects was alike decided. In this society, the worship of the golden idol was avowed without shame or mystery; and all who did not bow the knee to it were considered as hypocrites or fools. Our heroine, possessed of two hundred thousand pounds, could not fail to have a large share of incense—every thing she said, or looked, was applauded

in Sir Thomas Stock's family; and she would have found admiration delightful, if she had not suspected that her fortune alone entitled her to all this applause. This was rather a mortifying reflection. By degrees, however, her delicacy on this subject abated; she learned philosophically to consider her fortune as a thing so immediately associated with herself as to form a part of her personal merit. Upon this principle, she soon became vain of her wealth, and she was led to overrate the consequence that riches bestow on their possessor.

In a capital city, such numerous claimants for distinction appear, with beauty, birth, wit, fashion, or wealth to support their pretensions, that the vanity of an individual, however clamorous, is immediately silenced, if not humbled. When Miss Turnbull went into public, she was surprised by the discovery of her own, nay even of Lady Stock's insignificance. At York, her ladyship was considered as a personage high as human veneration could look; but in London, she was lost in a crowd of fellow-mortals.

It is, perhaps, from this sense of humiliation, that individuals combine together, to obtain by their union that importance and self-complacency, which separately they could never enjoy. Miss Turnbull observed, that a numerous acquaintance was essential to those who lived much in public—that the number of bows and curtsies, and the consequence of the persons by whom they are given or received, is the measure of merit and happiness. Nothing can be more melancholy than most places of public amusement, to those who are strangers to the crowds which fill them.

Few people have such strength of mind as to be indifferent to the opinions of numbers, even considered merely as numbers; hence those who live in crowds in fact surrender the power of thinking for themselves, either in trifles or in matters of consequence. Our heroine had

imagined before she came to town, that Lady Stock moved in the highest circle of fashion; but she soon perceived that many of the people of rank who visited her ladyship, and who partook of her sumptuous entertainments, thought they condescended extremely whilst they paid this homage to wealth.

One night at the Opera, Almeria happened to be seated in the next box to Lady Bradstone, a proud woman of high family, who considered all whose genealogy could not vie in antiquity with her own as upstarts that ought to be kept down. Her ladyship, either not knowing or not caring who was in the next box to her, began to ridicule an entertainment which had been given a few days before by Lady Stock. From her entertainment, the transition was easy to her character, and to that of her whole family. Young Stock was pronounced to have all the purse-proud self-sufficiency of a banker, and all the pertness of a clerk; even his bow seemed as if it came from behind the counter.

Till this moment, Almeria had at least permitted, if not encouraged, this gentleman's assiduities; for she had hitherto seen him only in company where he had been admired: his attentions, therefore, had been flattering to her vanity. But things now began to appear in quite a different light: she saw Mr. Stock in the point of view in which Lady Bradstone placed him; and felt that she might be degraded, but could not be elevated, in the ranks of fashion by such an admirer. She began to wish that she was not so intimately connected with a family which was ridiculed for want of taste, and whose wealth, as she now suspected, was their only ticket of admittance into the society of the truly elegant. In the land of fashion, "Alps on Alps arise;" and no sooner has the votary reached the summit of one weary ascent than another appears higher still and more difficult of attainment. Our heroine now became discon-

tented in that situation, which but a few months before had been the grand object of her ambition.

In the mean time, as Mr. Stock had not overheard Lady Bradstone's conversation at the Opera, and as he had a comfortably good opinion of himself, he was sure that he was making a rapid progress in the lady's favour. He had of late seldom heard her mention any of her friends at Elmour Grove; and he was convinced that her romantic attachment to Frederick must have been conquered by his own superior address. Her fortune was fully as agreeable to him as to his money-making father: the only difference between them was, that he loved to squander, and his father to hoard gold. Extravagance frequently produces premature avarice — young Mr. Stock calculated Miss Turnbull's fortune, weighed it against that of every other young lady within the sphere of his attractions, found the balance in her favour by some thousands, made his proposal in form, and could not recover his astonishment, when he found himself in form rejected. Sir Thomas and Lady Stock used all their influence in his favour, but in vain: they concluded that Almeria's passion for Frederick Elmour was the cause of this refusal; and they directed their arguments against the folly of marrying for love. Our heroine was at this time more in danger of the folly of marrying for fashion: not that she had fixed her fancy upon any man of fashion in particular, but she had formed an exalted idea of the whole species—and she regretted that Frederick was not in that magic circle in which all her hopes of happiness now centred. She wrote kind letters to Miss Elmour, but each letter was written with greater difficulty than the preceding; for she had lost all interest in the occupations which formerly were so delightful. She and Ellen had now few ideas in common; and her epistles dwindled into apologies for long silence—promises

of being a better correspondent in future—reasons for breaking these promises—hopes of pardon, etc. Ellen, however, continued steady in her belief that her friend would at last prove worthy of her esteem, and of her brother's love. The rejection of Mr. Stock, which Almeria did not fail to mention, confirmed this favourable opinion.

When that gentleman was at length with some difficulty convinced that our heiress had decided against him, his manners and those of his family changed towards her from the extreme of civility to that of rudeness—they spoke of her as a coquette and a jilt, and a person who gave herself very extraordinary airs. She was vexed, and alarmed—and in her first confusion and distress thought of retreating to her friends at Elmour Grove. She wrote a folio sheet to Ellen, unlike her late apologetic epistles, full of the feelings of her heart, and of a warm invective against fashionable and interested *friends*. After a narrative of her quarrel with the Stocks, she declared that she would immediately quit her London acquaintance and return to her best friend. But the very day after she had despatched this letter, she changed her mind, and formed a new idea of a *best friend*.

One morning she went with Lady Stock to a bookseller's, whose shop served as a fashionable *lounge*. Her ladyship valued books, like all other things, in proportion to the money which they cost: she had no taste for literature, but a great fancy of accumulating the most expensive publications, which she displayed ostentatiously as part of the costly furniture of her house. Whilst she was looking over some literary luxuries, rich in all the elegance of hot-press and vellum binding, Lady Bradstone and a party of her friends came into the room. She immediately attracted and engrossed the attention of all present. Lady Stock turned over the leaves of the fine books, and asked their prices; but she had the mortification to perceive that she

for she was fortified by the consciousness that she had

was an object rather of derision than of admiration to the new comers. None are so easily put out of countenance by airs, as those who are most apt to play them off on their inferiors. Lady Stock bit her lips in evident embarrassment, and the awkwardness of her distress increased the confidence and triumph of her adversary. She had some time before provoked Lady Bradstone by giving a concert in opposition to one of hers, and by engaging, at an enormous expense, a celebrated performer for *her night*: hostilities had thenceforward been renewed at every convenient opportunity, by the contending fair ones. Lady Bradstone now took occasion loudly to lament her extreme poverty; and she put this question to all her party, whether, if they had it in their power, they should prefer having more money than taste, or more taste than money? They were going to decide *par acclamation*, but her ladyship insisted upon taking each vote separately, because this prolonged the torments of her rival, who heard the preference of taste to money reiterated half a dozen times over, with the most provoking variety of insulting emphasis. Almeria's sufferings during this scene were far more poignant than those of the person against whom the ridicule was aimed: not that she pitied Lady Stock—no; she would have rejoiced to have seen her humbled to the dust, if she could have escaped all share in her mortification: but as she appeared as her ladyship's acquaintance, she apprehended that she might be mistaken for her friend. An opportunity offered of marking the difference. The bookseller asked Lady Stock if she chose to put her name down in a list of subscribers to a new work. The book, she saw, was to be dedicated to Lady Bradstone—and that was sufficient to decide her against it.

She declared that she never supported such things either by her name or her money; that for her part she was no

politician; that she thought female patriots were absurd and odious; and that she was glad none of that description were of her acquaintance.

All this was plainly directed against Lady Bradstone, who was a zealous patriot: her ladyship retorted, by some reflections equally keen, but rather more politely expressed, each party addressing their innuendoes to the bookseller, who, afraid to disoblige either the rich or the fashionable, preserved, as much as it was in the power of his muscles, a perfectly neutral countenance. At last, in order to relieve himself from his constraint, he betook himself to count the subscribers, and Miss Turnbull seized this moment to desire that her name might be added to the list. Lady Bradstone's eyes were immediately fixed upon her with complacency—Lady Stock's flashed fire. Regardless of their fire, Almeria coolly added, "Twelve copies, sir, if you please."

"Twelve copies, Miss Turnbull, at a guinea a-piece! Lord bless me, do you know what you are about, my dear?" said Lady Stock.

"Perfectly well," replied our heroine; "I think twelve guineas, or twenty times that sum, would be well bestowed in asserting independence of sentiment, which I understand is the object of this work."

A whisper from Lady Bradstone to one of the shopmen, of "Who is that charming woman?" gave our heroine courage to pronounce these words. Lady Stock in great displeasure walked to her carriage, saying, "You are to consider what you will do with your twelve copies, Miss Turnbull; for I am convinced your guardian will never let such a parcel of inflammatory trash into his house: he admires female patriotism, and *all that sort of thing*, as little as I do."

The rudeness of this speech did not disconcert Almeria; for she was fortified by the consciousness that she had

gained her point with Lady Bradstone. This lady piqued herself upon showing her preferences and aversions with equal enthusiasm and *éclat*. She declared before a large company at dinner, that notwithstanding Miss Turnbull was *nobody* by birth, she had made herself *somebody* by spirit; and that for her part, she should, contrary to her general principle, which she confessed was to keep a strong line of demarcation between nobility and mobility, take a pride in bringing forward merit even in the shape of a Yorkshire grazier's daughter.

Pursuant to this gracious declaration, she empowered a common friend to introduce Miss Turnbull to her, on the first opportunity. When people really wish to become acquainted with each other, opportunities are easily and quickly found. The parties met, to their mutual satisfaction, that very night in the coffee-room of the Opera-house; conversed more in five minutes than people in town usually converse in five months or years, when it is their wish to keep on a merely civil footing. But this was not the footing on which Miss Turnbull desired to be with Lady Bradstone; she took the utmost pains to please, and succeeded. She owed her success chiefly to the dexterous manner in which she manifested her contempt for her late dear friend Lady Stock. Her having refused an alliance with the family was much in her favour; her ladyship admired her spirit, but little suspected that the contemptuous manner in which she had once been overheard to speak of this *banker's son* was the real and immediate cause of his rejection. The phrase—"only Stock, the banker's son"—decided his fate: so much may be done by the mere emphasis on a single word from fashionable lips! Our heroine managed with considerable address in bringing her quarrel with one friend to a crisis at the moment when another was ready to receive her. An ostensible pretext is never wanting to those who are resolved on war. The book to

which Miss Turnbull had subscribed was the pretext upon this occasion: nothing could be more indifferent to her than politics; but Lady Bradstone's party and principles were to be defended at all events. Sir Thomas Stock protested that he might be hurt essentially in the opinion of those for whom he had the highest consideration if a young lady living under his roof, known to be his ward, and probably presumed to be guided by him, should put her name as subscriber to twelve copies of a work patronized by Lady Bradstone. "The mere circumstance of its being dedicated to her ladyship showed what it *must* be," Sir Thomas observed; and he made it a point with Miss Turnbull that she should withdraw her name from the subscription. This Miss Turnbull absolutely refused. Lady Bradstone was her confidante upon the occasion, and half a dozen notes a day passed between them: at length the affair was brought to the long wished-for crisis. Lady Bradstone invited Miss Turnbull to her house, feeling herself, as she said, bound in honour to *bear her out* in a dispute of which she had been the original occasion. In this lady's society, Almeria found the style of dress, manners, and conversation, different from what she had seen at Lady Stock's: she had without difficulty imitated the affectation of Lady Stock, but there was an ease in the decided tone of Lady Bradstone which could not be so easily acquired. Having lived from her infancy in the best company, there was no heterogeneous mixture in her manners; and the consciousness of this gave an habitual air of security to her words, looks and motions. Lady Stock seemed forced to beg or buy—Lady Bradstone accustomed to command or levy, admiration as her rightful tribute. The pride of Lady Bradstone was uniformly resolute and successful; the insolence of Lady Stock, if it were opposed, became cowardly and ridiculous. Lady Bradstone seemed to have, on all occasions, an instinctive sense of what a person of fashion

ought to do; Lady Stock, notwithstanding her bravadoing air, was frequently perplexed and anxious, and therefore awkward: she had always recourse to precedents. "Lady P—— said so, or Lady Q—— did so; Lady G—— wore this, or Lady H—— was there, and therefore I am sure it is proper."

On the contrary, Lady Bradstone never quoted authorities, but presumed that she was a precedent for others. The one was eager to follow, the other determined to lead, the fashion.

Our heroine, who was by no means deficient in penetration, and whose whole attention was now given to the study of externals, quickly perceived these shades of difference between her late and her present friend. She remarked, in particular, that she found herself much more at ease in Lady Bradstone's society. Her ladyship's pride was not so offensive as Lady Stock's vanity: secure of her own superiority, Lady Bradstone did not want to measure herself every instant with inferiors. She treated Almeria as her equal in every respect; and in setting her right in points of fashion never seemed to triumph, but to consider her own knowledge as a necessary consequence of the life she had led from her infancy. With a sort of proud generosity, she always considered those whom she honoured with her friendship as thenceforward entitled to all the advantages of her own situation, and to all the respect due to a part of herself. She now always used the word *we*, with peculiar emphasis, in speaking of Miss Turnbull and herself. This was a signal perfectly well understood by her acquaintance. Almeria was received every where with the most distinguished attention; and she was delighted, and absolutely intoxicated, with her sudden rise in the world of fashion. She found that her former acquaintance at Lady Stock's were extremely ambitious of claiming an intimacy; but this could not be done. Miss Turnbull had

now acquired, by practice, the power of looking at people without seeming to see them, and of forgetting those with whom she was perfectly well acquainted. Her opinion of her own consequence was much raised by the court that was paid to her by several young men of fashion, who thought it expedient to marry two hundred thousand pounds.

How quickly ambition extends her views ! Our heroine's highest object had lately been to form an alliance with a man of fashion; she had now three fashionable admirers in her train; but though she was flattered by their attention, she had not the least inclination to decide in favour of any of these candidates. The only young man of her present acquaintance who seemed to be out of the reach of her power was Lord Bradstone; and upon the conquest of his heart, or rather his pride, her fancy was fixed. He had all his mother's family pride, and he had been taught by her to expect an alliance with a daughter of one of the first noble families in England. The possibility of his marrying a grazier's daughter had never entered into his or Lady Bradstone's thoughts : they saw, indeed, every day, examples, among the first nobility, of such matches; but they saw them with contempt. Almeria knew this, and yet she did not despair of success : nor was she wrong in her calculations. Lord Bradstone was fond of high play—his taste for gaming soon reduced him to distress—his guardian was enraged, and absolutely refused to pay his lordship's debts. What was to be done?—He must extricate himself from his difficulties by marrying some rich heiress. Juxtaposition makes more matches than all the arts of Cupid. Miss Turnbull was the heiress nearest at hand. Lord Bradstone's pride was compelled to yield to his interest, and he resolved to pay his addresses to the Yorkshire grazier's daughter : but he knew that his mother would be

indignant at this idea; and he therefore determined to proceed cautiously, and to assure himself of the young lady's approbation before he should brave his mother's anger.

The winter was now passed, and her ladyship invited Miss Turnbull to accompany her to Cheltenham;—her son was of the party. Our heroine plainly understood his intentions, and her friendship for Lady Bradstone did not prevent her from favouring his views: neither was she deterred by her knowledge of his lordship's taste for play, so ardent was her desire for a coronet. The recollection of Frederick Elmour sometimes crossed her imagination, and struck her heart; but the pang was soon over, and she settled her conscience by the reflection, that she was not, in the least degree, bound in honour to him—he had set her entirely at liberty, and could not complain of her conduct. As to Ellen—every day she determined to write to her, and every day she put it off till to-morrow. At last she was saved the trouble of making and breaking any more resolutions: for one evening, as she was walking with Lady Bradstone and her noble admirer, in the public walk, she met Miss Elmour and her brother.

She accosted Ellen with great eagerness; but it was plain to her friend's discerning eyes that her joy was affected. After repeating several times that she was quite delighted at this unexpected meeting, she ran on with a number of common-place questions, commencing and concluding with, “When did you come?—How long do you stay?—Where do you lodge?”

“We have been here about a fortnight, and I believe we shall stay about a month longer.”

“Indeed!—A month!—So long!—How fortunate!—But where are you?”

“We lodge a little out of the town, on the road to Cirencester.”

“How unfortunate!—We are at such a shocking distance!—I’m with Lady Bradstone—a most charming woman!—Who are you with?”

“With my poor father,” said Ellen; “he has been very ill lately, and we came here on his account.”

“Ill!—Old Mr. Elmour!—I’m extremely concerned—but whom have you to attend him? You should send to town for Dr. Grant—do you know he is the only man now?—the only man Lady Bradstone and I have any dependence on—if I were dying, he is the man I should send for. Do have him for Mr. Elmour, my dear—and don’t be alarmed, above all things—you know it’s so natural, at your father’s age, that he should not be as well as he has been—but I distress you—and detain you.”

Our heroine, after running off these unmeaning sentences, passed on, being ashamed to walk with Ellen in public, because Lady Bradstone had whispered, “*Who is she?*”—Not to be known in the world of fashion is an unpardonable crime, for which no merit can atone. Three days elapsed before Miss Turnbull went to see her friends, notwithstanding her extreme concern for poor Mr. Elmour. Her excuse to her conscience was, that Lady Bradstone’s carriage could not sooner be spared. People in a certain rank of life are, or make themselves, slaves to horses and carriages; with every apparent convenience and luxury, they are frequently more dependent than their tradesmen or their servants. There was a time when Almeria would not have been restrained by these imaginary *impossibilities* from showing kindness to her friends; but that time was now completely past. She was, at present, anxious to avoid having any private conversation with Ellen, because she was ashamed to avow her change of views and sentiments. In the short morning visit which she paid her, Almeria talked of public places, of public characters, of

dress and equipages, etc. She inquired, indeed, with a modish air of infinite sensibility, for poor Mr. Elmour; and when she heard that he was confined to his bed, she regretted most excessively that she could not see him, but a few seconds afterwards, with a suitable change of voice and countenance, she made an easy transition to the praise of a new dress of Lady Bradstone's invention. Frederick Elmour came into the room in the midst of the eulogium on her ladyship's taste—she was embarrassed for a moment; but quickly recovering the tone of a fine lady, she spoke to him as if he had never been any thing to her but a common acquaintance. The dignity and firmness of his manner provoked her pride; she wished to coquet with him—she tried to excite his jealousy by talking of Lord Bradstone: but vain were all her airs and innuendoes; they could not extort from him even a sigh. She was somewhat consoled, however, by observing in his sister's countenance the expression, as she thought, of extreme mortification.

A few days after this visit, Miss Turnbull received the following note from Miss Elmour:

“MY DEAR ALMERIA;

“If you still wish that I should treat you as a friend, show me that you do, and you will find my affection unaltered. If, on the contrary, you have decided to pursue a mode of life, or to form connexions which make you ashamed to own any one for a friend who is not a fine lady, let our intimacy be dissolved for ever—it could only be a source of mutual pain. My father is better to-day, and wishes to see you. Will you spend this evening with him and with

Your affectionate

ELLEN ELMOUR?”

It happened that the very day Miss Turnbull received this note, Lady Bradstone was to have a concert, and Almeria knew that her ladyship would be offended if she were to spend the evening with the Elmours: it was, as she said to herself, *impossible*, therefore, to accept of Ellen's invitation. She called upon her in the course of the morning to make an apology. She found Ellen beside her father, who was seated in his arm-chair: he looked extremely pale and weak: she was at first shocked at the change she saw in her old friend, and she could not utter the premeditated apology. Ellen took it for granted that she was come, in consequence of her note, to spend the day with her, and she embraced her with affectionate joy. Her whole countenance changed when our heroine began at last to talk of Lady Bradstone and the concert—Ellen burst into tears.

“My dear child,” said Mr. Elmour, putting his hand upon his daughter's, which rested upon the arm of his chair, “I did not expect this weakness from you.”

Miss Turnbull, impatient to shorten a scene which she had neither strength of mind to endure nor to prevent, rose to take leave.

“My dear Ellen,” said she, in an irresolute tone, “my dearest creature, you must not distress yourself in this way—I must have you keep up your spirits. You confine yourself too much, indeed you do; and you see you are not equal to it. Your father will be better, and he will persuade you to leave him for an hour or two, I am sure, and we must have you amongst us; and I must introduce you to Lady Bradstone—she's a charming woman, I assure you—you would like her of all things, if you knew her. Come—don't let me see you in this way. Really, my dear Ellen, this is so unlike you—I can assure you that, whatever you may think, I love you as well as ever I did, and never shall forget my obligations to *all* your family;

but you know, a person who lives in the world as I do must make such terrible sacrifices of their time—one can't do as one pleases—one's an absolute slave. So you must forgive me, dear Ellen, for bidding you farewell for the present."

Ellen hastily wiped away her tears, and turning to Almeria with an air of dignity, held out her hand to her, and said, "Farewell for ever, Almeria!—May you never feel the want of a sincere and affectionate friend!—May the triumphs of fashion make you amends for all you sacrifice to obtain them!"

Miss Turnbull was abashed and agitated—she hurried out of the room to conceal her confusion, stepped into a carriage with a coronet, drove away, and endeavoured to forget all that had passed. The concert in the evening recalled her usual train of ideas, and she persuaded herself that she had done all, and more than was necessary, in offering to introduce Ellen to Lady Bradstone. "How could she neglect such an offer?"

A few days after the concert, Almeria had the pleasure of being introduced to Lady Bradstone's four daughters—Lady Gabriella, Lady Agnes, Lady Bab, and Lady Kitty. Of the existence of these young ladies Almeria had scarcely heard—they had been educated at a fashionable boarding-school; and their mother was now under the disagreeable necessity of bringing them home to live with her, because the eldest was past seventeen.

Lady Gabriella was a beauty, and determined to be a Grace—but which of the three Graces, she had not yet decided.

Lady Agnes was plain, and resolved to be *odd*, and a wit.

Lady Bab and Lady Kitty were charming hoydens, with all the *modern* simplicity of fourteen or fifteen in their manners. Lady Bab had a fine long neck, which was

always in motion—Lady Kitty had white teeth, and was always laughing;—but it is impossible to characterise them, for they differed in nothing from a thousand other young ladies.

These four sisters agreed in but one point—in considering their mother as their common enemy. Taking it for granted that Miss Turnbull was her friend, she was looked upon by them as being naturally entitled to a share of their distrust and enmity. They found a variety of causes of complaint against our heroine; and if they had been at any loss, their respective waiting-maids would have furnished them with inexhaustible causes of quarrel.

Lady Bradstone could not bear to go with more than four in a coach—“Why was Miss Turnbull always to have a front seat in the coach, and two of the young ladies to be always left at home on her account?”—“How could Lady Bradstone make such a favourite of a grazier’s daughter, and prefer her to her own children, as a companion?” etc.

The young ladies never discouraged their attendants from saying all the ill-natured things that they could devise of Miss Turnbull, and they invented a variety of methods of tormenting her. Lady Gabriella found out that Almeria was an old maid, and horridly ugly and awkward; Lady Agnes *quizzed* her perpetually; and the Ladies Bab and Kitty played upon her innumerable practical jokes. She was astonished to find in high life a degree of vulgarity of which her country companions would have been ashamed: but all such things in high life go under the general term *dashing*. These young ladies were *dashers*. Alas! perhaps foreigners and future generations may not know the meaning of the term!

Our heroine’s temper was not proof against the trials to which it was hourly exposed: perhaps the consciousness that she was not born to the situation in which she now moved, joined to her extreme anxiety to be thought genteel

and fashionable, rendered her peculiarly irritable when her person and manners were attacked by ladies of quality. She endeavoured to conciliate her young enemies by every means in her power; and at length she found a method of pleasing them. They were immoderately fond of baubles; and they had not money enough to gratify this taste. Miss Turnbull at first, with great timidity, begged Lady Gabriella's acceptance of a ring, which seemed particularly to catch her fancy: the facility with which the ring was accepted, and the favourable change it produced, as if by magic, in her ladyship's manners towards our heroine, encouraged her to try similar experiments upon the other sisters. She spared not ear-rings, crosses, brooches, pins, and necklaces; and the young ladies in return began to show her all the friendship which can be purchased by such presents—or by any presents. Even whilst she rejoiced at the change in their behaviour, she could not avoid despising them for the cause to which she knew it must be attributed; nor did she long enjoy even the temporary calm procured by these peace-offerings; for the very same things which propitiated the daughters offended the mother. Lady Bradstone one morning insisted upon Lady Gabriella's returning a necklace, which she had received from Almeria; and her ladyship informed Miss Turnbull, at the same time, with an air of supreme haughtiness, that “she could not possibly permit *her* daughters to accept such valuable presents from any but their own relations; that if the Lady Bradstones did not know what became them, it was her duty to teach them propriety.”

It was rather late in life to begin to teach, even if they had been inclined to learn. They resented her last lesson, or rather her last act of authority, with acrimony proportioned to the value of the object; and Miss Turnbull was compelled to hear their complaints. Lady Gabriella said, she was convinced that her mother's only reason for making her

return the necklace was, because she had not one quite so handsome. Lady Agnes, between whom and her mamma there was pending a dispute about a pair of diamond earrings, left by her grandmother, observed, that her mother might, if she pleased, call *jealousy*, *propriety*; but that she must not be surprised if other people used the old vocabulary; that her mamma's pride and vanity were always at war; for that though she was proud enough to see her daughters *show well* in public, yet she required to have it said that she looked younger than any of them, and that she was infinitely better dressed.

Lady Bab and Lady Kitty did not fail in this favourable moment of general discontent to bring forward their list of grievances; and in the discussion of their rights and wrongs they continually appealed to our heroine, crowding round her whilst she stood silent and embarrassed. Ashamed of them and of herself, she compared the Lady Bradstones with Ellen—she compared the sisters-in-law she was soon to have with the friend she had forsaken. The young ladies mistook the expression of melancholy in Almeria's countenance, at this instant, for sympathy in their sorrows; and her silence, for acquiescence in the justice of their complaints. They were reiterating their opinions with something like plebeian loudness of voice, when their mother entered the room. The ease with which her daughters changed their countenances and the subject of conversation, when she entered, might have prevented all suspicion but for the blushes of Almeria, who, though of all the party she was the least guilty, looked by far the most abashed. The necklace which hung from her hand, and on which in the midst of her embarrassment her eyes involuntarily fell, seemed to Lady Bradstone proof positive against her. Her ladyship recollected certain words she had heard as she opened the door, and now applied them without hesitation to herself. Politeness restrained the

expression of her anger towards Miss Turnbull, but it burst furious forth upon her daughters; and our heroine was now as much alarmed by the violence of her future mother-in-law as she had been disgusted by the meanness of her *intended* sisters. From this day forward, Lady Bradstone's manner changed towards Almeria, who could plainly perceive, by her altered eye, that she had lost her confidence, and that her ladyship considered her as one who was playing a double part, and fomenting dissensions in her family. She thought herself bound, in honour to the daughters, not to make any explanation that could throw the blame upon them; and she bore in painful silence the many oblique reproaches, reflections upon ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, which she knew were aimed at her. The consciousness that she was treating Lady Bradstone with insincerity, in encouraging the addresses of her son, increased Miss Turnbull's embarrassment; she repented having for a moment encouraged his clandestine attachment; and she now urged him in the strongest manner to impart his intentions to his mother. He assured her that she should be obeyed; but his obedience was put off from day to day; and in the mean time, the more Almeria saw of his family, the more her desire to be connected with them diminished. The affair of the necklace was continually renewed, in some shape or other, and a perpetual succession of petty disputes occurred, in which both parties were in the wrong, and each openly or secretly blamed her for not taking their part. Her mind was so much harassed, that all her natural cheerfulness forsook her; and the being obliged to assume spirits in company, and among people who were not worth the toil of pleasing, became every hour more irksome. The transition from these domestic miseries to public dissipation and gaieties made her still more melancholy.

When she calmly examined her own heart, she perceived

that she felt little or no affection for Lord Bradstone, though she had been flattered by his attentions, when the assiduity of a man of rank and fashion was new to her: but now the joys of being a countess began to fade in her imagination. She hesitated—she had not strength of mind sufficient to decide—she was afraid to proceed; yet she had not courage to retract.

Ellen's parting words recurred to her mind—"May you never feel the want of a sincere and affectionate friend! May the triumphs of fashion make you amends for all you sacrifice to obtain them!"—"Alas!" thought she, "Ellen foresaw that I should soon be disgusted with this joyless, heartless intercourse; but how can I recede? how can I disengage myself from this Bradstone, now that I have encouraged his addresses?—Fool that I have been!—Oh, if I could now be advised by that best of friends, who used to assist me in all my difficulties!—But she despises, she has renounced me—she has bid me farewell for ever!"

Notwithstanding this "farewell for ever," there was still at the bottom of Almeria's heart, even whilst she bewailed herself in this manner, a secret hope that Ellen's esteem and friendship might be recovered, and she resolved to make the trial. She was eager to put this idea into execution the moment it occurred to her; and after apologizing to the Lady Bradstones for not, as usual, accompanying them in their morning ride, she set out to walk to Miss Elmour's lodgings. It was a hot day—she walked fast, from the hurry and impatience of her mind. The servant who attended her knocked twice at Mr. Elmour's door before any one answered; at last the door was opened by a maid-servant, with a broom in her hand.

"Is Miss Elmour at home?"

"No, sir—she left Cheltenham this morning betimes, and we be getting the house ready for other lodgers."

Almeria was very much disappointed—she looked flushed

and fatigued; and the maid said, "Ma'am, if you'll be pleased to rest a while, you're welcome, I'm sure—and the parlour's cleaned out—be pleased to sit down, ma'am."—Almeria followed, for she was really tired, and glad to accept the good-natured offer. She was shown into the same parlour where she had but a few weeks before taken leave of Ellen. The maid rolled forward the great arm-chair, in which old Mr. Elmour had been seated; and as she moved it, a gold-headed cane fell to the ground.

Almeria's eyes turned upon it directly as it fell; for it was an old friend of hers: many a time she had played with it when she was a child, and for many years she had been accustomed to see it in the hand of a man whom she loved and respected. It brought many pleasing and some painful associations to her mind—for she reflected how ill she had behaved to the owner of it the last time she saw him.

"Ay, ma'am," said the maid, "it is the poor old gentleman's cane, sure enough—it has never been stirred from here, nor his hat and gloves, see, since the day he died."

"Died!—Good Heavens!—Is Mr. Elmour dead?"

"Yes, sure—he died last Tuesday, and was buried yesterday. You'd better drink some of this water, ma'am," said the girl, filling a glass that stood on the table. "Why! dear heart! I would not have mentioned it so sudden in this way, but I thought it could no way hurt you. Why, it never came into my head you could be a friend of the family's, nor more, may be, at the utmost, than an acquaintance, as you never used to call much during his illness."

This was the most cutting reproach, and the innocence with which it was uttered made it still more severe. Almeria burst into tears; and the poor girl, not knowing what to say next, and sorry for all she had said, took up the cane, which had fallen from Almeria's hands, and ap-

plied herself to brightening the gold head with great diligence. At this instant there was a double knock at the house-door.

“It’s only the young gentleman, ma’am,” said the maid, as she went towards the door.

“What young gentleman?” said Almeria, rising from her seat.

“Young Mr. Elmour, ma’am: he did not go away with his sister, but stayed to settle some matters. O, they have let him in.”

The maid stood with the parlour-door half open in her hand, not being able to decide in her own fancy whether the lady wished that he should come into the room or stay out; and before either she, or perhaps Almeria, had decided this point, it was settled for them by his walking in. Almeria was standing so as to be hid by the door; and he was so intent upon his own thoughts, that, without perceiving there was any body in the room, he walked straight forward to the table, took up his father’s hat and gloves, and gave a deep sigh. He heard his sigh echoed—looked up, and started at the sight of Almeria, but immediately assumed an air of distant and cold respect. He was in deep mourning, and looked pale, as if he had suffered much. Almeria endeavoured to speak; but could get out only a few words, expressive of *the shock and astonishment* she had just felt.

“Undoubtedly, madam, you must have been shocked,” replied Frederick, in a calm voice; “but you could not have reason to be much astonished. My father’s life had been despaired of some time—you must have seen how much he was changed when you were here a few weeks ago.” Almeria could make no reply; the tears, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them, rolled down her cheeks: the cold, and almost severe, manner in which Frederick spoke, and the consciousness that she deserved it, struck

her to the heart. He followed her, as she abruptly quitted the room, and in a tone of more kindness, but with the same distant manner, begged to have the honour of attending her home. She bowed her head, to give that assent which her voice could not at this instant utter; and she was involuntarily going to put her arm within his; but, as he did not seem to perceive this motion, she desisted, coloured violently, adjusted the drapery of her gown to give employment to the neglected hand; then walked on with precipitation. Her foot slipped as she was crossing the street; Frederick offered his arm—she could not guess, from the way in which it was presented, whether her former attempt had been perceived or not. This trifle appeared to her a point of the utmost importance; for by this she thought she could decide whether his feelings were really as cold towards her as they appeared, whether he felt love and anger, or contempt and indifference. Whilst she was endeavouring in vain to form her opinion, all the time she leant upon his arm, and walked on in silence, a carriage passed them; Frederick bowed, and his countenance was suddenly illuminated. Almeria turned eagerly to see the cause of the change, and as the carriage drove on she caught a glimpse of a beautiful young woman. A spasm of jealousy seized her heart—she withdrew her arm from Frederick's. The abruptness of the action did not create any emotion in him—his thoughts were absent. In a few minutes he slackened his pace, and turned from the road towards a path across the fields, asking if Miss Turnbull had any objection to going that way to Lady Bradstone's instead of along the dusty road. She made no objection—she thought she perceived that Frederick was preparing to say something of importance to her, and her heart beat violently.

“Miss Turnbull will not, I hope, think what I am going to say impertinent; she may be assured that it proceeds

from no motive but the desire to prevent the future unhappiness of one who once honoured my family with her friendship."

"You are too good—I do not deserve that you should be interested in my happiness or unhappiness—I cannot think you impertinent—pray speak freely."

"And quickly," she would have added if she dared. Without abating any of his reserve from this encouragement, he proceeded precisely in the same tone as before, and with the same steady composure.

"An accidental acquaintance with a friend of my Lord Bradstone's has put me in possession of what, perhaps, you wish to be a secret, madam, and what I shall inviolably keep as such."

"I cannot pretend to be ignorant of what you allude to," said Almeria; "but it is more than probable that you may not have heard the exact state of the business; indeed it is impossible that you should, because no one but myself could fully explain my sentiments. In fact they were undecided; I was this very morning going to consult your sister upon that subject."

"You will not suppose that I am going to intrude my counsels upon you, Miss Turnbull; nothing can be further from my intention: I am merely going to mention a fact to you, of which I apprehend you are ignorant, and of which, as you are circumstanced, no one in your present society, perhaps no one in the world but myself, would choose to apprise you. Forgive me, madam, if I try your patience by this preface: I am very desirous not to wound your feelings more than is necessary."

"Perhaps," said Almeria, with a doubtful smile, "perhaps you are under a mistake, and imagine my feelings to be much more interested than they really are. If you have any thing to communicate to Lord Bradstone's disadvantage, you may mention it to me without hesitation, and without

fear of injuring my happiness, or his; for, to put you at ease at once, I am come to a determination positively to decline his lordship's addresses."

"This assurance certainly puts me at ease at once," said Frederick. But Almeria observed that he neither expressed by his voice nor countenance any of that joy which she had hoped to inspire by the assurance: on the contrary, he heard it as a determination in which he was personally unconcerned, and in which pure benevolence alone could give him an interest. "This relieves me," continued he, "from all necessity of explaining myself further."

"Nay," said Almeria, "but I must beg you will explain yourself. You do not know but it may be necessary for me to have your antidote ready in case of a relapse."

No change, at least none that betrayed the anxiety of a lover, was visible in Frederick's countenance at this hint of a relapse; but he gravely answered, that, when so urged, he could not forbear to tell her the exact truth, that Lord Bradstone was a ruined man—ruined by gaming—and that he had been so indelicate as to declare to his *friend*, that his sole object in marrying was money. Our heroine's pride was severely hurt by the last part of this information; but even that did not wound her so keenly as the manner in which Frederick behaved. She saw that he had no remains of affection for her lurking in his heart—she saw that he now acted merely as he declared, from a desire to save from misery one who had formerly honoured his family with her friendship. Stiff, cold words—she endeavoured to talk upon indifferent subjects, but could not—she was somewhat relieved when they reached Lady Bradstone's door, and when Frederick left her. The moment he was gone, however, she ran up stairs to her own apartment, and looked eagerly out of her window to catch the last glimpse of him. Such is the strange caprice of the human heart, that a lover appears the most valuable at the moment

he is lost. Our heroine had felt all her affection for Frederick revive with more than its former force within this last hour; and she thought she now loved with a degree of passion of which she had never before found herself capable. Hope is perhaps inseparable from the existence of the passion of love. She passed alternately from despair to the most flattering delusions: she fancied that Frederick's coldness was affected—that he was acting only from honour—that he wished to leave her at liberty—and that as soon as he knew she was actually disengaged from Lord Bradstone he would fly to her with all his former eagerness. This notion having once taken possession of her mind, she was impatient in the extreme to settle her affairs with Lord Bradstone. He was not at home—he did not come in till late in the evening. It happened, that the next day Almeria was to be of age; and Lord Bradstone, when he met her in the evening, reminded her of her promise not “to prolong the torments of suspense beyond that period.” She asked, whether he had, in compliance with her request, communicated the affair to Lady Bradstone? No: but he would as soon as he had reasonable grounds of hope. Miss Turnbull rejoiced that he had disobeyed her injunctions—she said that Lady Bradstone might now be for ever spared hearing what would have inevitably excited her indignation. His lordship stared, and could not comprehend our heroine's present meaning. She soon made it intelligible. We forbear to relate all that was said upon the occasion: as it was a disappointment of the purse and not of the heart, his lordship was of course obliged to make a proportional quantity of professions of eternal sorrow and disinterestedness. Almeria, partly to save her own pride the mortification of the repetition, forbore to allude to the confidential speech in which he had explained to *a friend* his motives for marrying; she hoped that he would soon console himself with some richer heiress,

and she rejoiced to be disencumbered of him, and even of his coronet; for in this moment coronets seemed to her but paltry things—so much does the appearance of objects vary according to the medium through which they are viewed!

Better satisfied with herself after this refusal of the earl, and in better spirits than she had been for some months, she flattered herself with the hopes that Frederick would call upon her again before he left Cheltenham; he would then know that Lord Bradstone was no longer her lover.

She fell asleep full of these imaginations—dreamed of Frederick and Elmour Grove—but this was only a dream. The next day—and the next—and the next—passed without her seeing or hearing any thing of Frederick: and the fourth day, as she rode by the house where the Elmours had lodged, she saw put up in the parlour window an advertisement of “*Lodgings to be let.*” She was now convinced that Frederick had left Cheltenham—left it without thinking of her or of Lord Bradstone. The young Lady Bradstones observed, that she scarcely spoke a word during the remainder of her morning’s ride. At night she was attacked with a feverish complaint: the image of the beautiful person, whom she had seen in the coach that passed whilst she was walking with Frederick, was now continually before her eyes. She had made all the inquiries she could, to find out who that young lady might be; but this point could not be ascertained, because, though she described the lady accurately, she was not equally exact about the description of the carriage. The arms and livery had totally escaped her observation. The different conjectures that had been made by the various people to whom she had applied, and the voices in which their answers were given, ran in her head all this feverish night.

“Perhaps it was Lady Susanna Quin—very likely it was Lady Mary Lowther—very possibly Miss Grant; you know she goes about with old Mrs. Grant in a yellow coach—but

there are so many yellow coaches—the arms or the livery would settle the point at once.” These words, *the arms and the livery would settle the point at once*, she repeated to herself perpetually, though without annexing any ideas to the words. In short, she was very feverish all night; and in the morning, though she endeavoured to rise, she was obliged to lie down again. She was confined to her bed for about a week: Lady Bradstone sent for the best physicians; and the young ladies, in the intervals of dressing and going out, whenever they could remember it, came into Miss Turnbull’s room to “hope she found herself better.” It was obvious to her, that no one person in the house cared a straw about her, and she was oppressed with the sense of being an encumbrance to the whole family. Whilst she was alone, she formed many projects for her future life, which she resolved to execute as soon as she should recover. She determined immediately to go down to her own house in the country, and to write to Ellen a recantation of all her fine lady errors. She composed, whilst she lay on her feverish pillow, twenty letters to her former friend, each of them more eloquent and magnanimous than the other: but in proportion as her fever left her, the activity of her imagination abated, and with it her eloquence and magnanimity. Her mind, naturally weak, and now enfeebled by disease, became quite passive, and received and yielded to the impressions made by external circumstances. New trains of ideas, perfectly different from those which had occupied her mind during her fever, and in the days preceding her illness, were excited during her convalescence. She lay listening to, or rather hearing, the conversation of the young Lady Bradstones. They used to come into her room at night, and stay for some time whilst they had their hair curled, and talked over the events of the day—whom they had met—what dresses they had worn—what matches were on the

tapis, etc. They happened one night to amuse themselves with reading an old newspaper, in which they came to an account of a splendid masquerade, which had been given the preceding winter in London by a rich heiress.

“ Lord! what charming entertainments Miss Turnbull might give if she pleased. Why, do you know, she is richer than this woman,” whispered Lady Bab; “ and she is of age now, you know. If I were she, I’m sure I’d have a house of my own, and the finest I could get in London. Now such a house as my aunt Pierrepont’s—and servants—and carriages—and I would make myself of some consequence.”

This speech was not lost upon our heroine; and the whisper in which it was spoken increased its effect. The next day, as Lady Bab was sitting at the foot of Almeria’s bed, she asked for a description of “ my aunt Pierrepont’s house.” It was given to her *con amore*, and a character of “ my aunt Pierrepont” was added gratis. “ She is the most charming amiable woman in the world—quite a different sort of person from mamma. She has lived all her life about court, and she is connected with all the great people, and a prodigious favourite at court—and she is of such consequence!—You cannot imagine of what consequence she is!”

Lady Gabriella then continued the conversation, by telling Miss Turnbull a great secret, that her aunt Pierrepont and her mother were not on the best terms in the world: “ for mamma’s so violent, you know, about politics, and quite on a contrary side to my aunt. Mamma never goes to court; and, between you and I, they say she would not be received. But now that is a shocking thing for us; for of what use is it to me, for instance, that I can dance so tolerable a minuet, if I cannot dance at court. But the most provoking part of the business is, that mamma won’t let my aunt Pierrepont present us. Why, when she cannot

or will not go to the drawing-room herself, what could be more proper, you know, than to let us be presented by Lady Pierrepont—Lady Pierrepont, you know, who is such a prodigious favourite, and knows every thing in the world that's proper at court, and every where : it really is monstrous of mamma ! Now, if you were in our places, should not you be quite provoked ? By the by, you never were presented at court yourself, were you ?”

“Never,” said Almeria, with a sudden feeling of mortification.

“No, you could not—of course you could not, living with mamma as you do ; for I am sure she would quarrel with an angel for just only talking of going to court. Lord ! if I was as rich as you, what beautiful birthnight dresses I would have !”

These and similar conversations wrought powerfully upon the weak mind of our poor heroine. She rose from her bed after her illness wondering what had become of her passion for Frederick Elmour : certainly she was now able to console herself for his loss, by the hopes of being presented at court, and of being dressed with uncommon splendour. She was surprised at this change in her own mind ; but she justified it to herself by the reflection, that it would show an unbecoming want of spirit to retain any remains of regard for one who had treated her with so much coldness and indifference, and who in all probability was attached to another woman. Pride and resentment succeeded to tenderness ; and she resolved to show Frederick and Ellen that she could be happy her own way. It is remarkable that her friendship for the sister always increased or decreased with her love for her brother. Ambition, as it has often been observed, is a passion that frequently succeeds to love, though love seldom follows ambition. Almeria, who had now recovered her strength, was one morning sitting in her own room meditating arrangements for the

next winter's campaign, when she was roused by the voices of Lady Bab and Lady Kitty at her room door.

“Miss Turnbull! Miss Turnbull! come! come!—Here's the king and queen and all the royal family, and my aunt Pierrepont—come quick to our dressing-room windows, or they will be out of sight.”

The fair hoydens seized her between them, and dragged her away.

“Mamma says it's horribly vulgar to run to the windows, but never mind that. There's my aunt Pierrepont's coach—is not it handsome?—O every thing about her is so handsome!—you know she has lived all her life at court.”

The eulogiums of these young ladies, and the sight of Lady Pierrepont's entry into Cheltenham in the wake of royalty, and the huzzas of the mob, and the curiosity of all ranks who crowded the public walks in the evening, to see the illustrious guests, contributed to raise our heroine's enthusiasm. She was rather surprised afterwards to observe that Lady Pierrepont passed her sister and nieces, on the public walk, without taking the slightest notice of them; her head was turned indeed quite another way when she passed, and she was in smiling conversation with one of her own party.

Lady Gabriella whispered, “My aunt Pierrepont cannot *know* us now, because we are with mamma.”

Miss Turnbull now, for the first time, saw Lady Bradstone in a situation in which she was neglected; this served to accelerate the decline and fall of her ladyship's power over her mind. She began to consider her not as a person by whom she had been brought into notice in the circles of fashion, but as one by whom she was prevented from rising to a higher orbit. Lady Bradstone went to see her sister the day after her arrival, but she was *not at home*. Some days afterwards Lady Pierrepont returned her visit:

she came in a sedan chair, because she did not wish that her carriage should be seen at Lady Bradstone's door. It was incumbent upon her to take every possible precaution to prevent the suspicion of her being biassed by sisterly affection: her sister and she were unfortunately of such different opinions in politics, and her sister's politics were so much disapproved where Lady Pierrepont most wished for approbation, that she could not, consistently with her principles or interest, countenance them, by appearing in public with one so obnoxious.

Miss Turnbull observed, with the most minute attention, every word and gesture of Lady Pierrepont. At first view, her ladyship appeared all smiling ease and affability; but in all her motions, even in those of her face, there was something that resembled a puppet—her very smiles, and the turns of her eyes, seemed to be governed by unseen wires. Upon still closer observation, however, there was reason to suspect that this puppet might be regulated by a mind within, of some sort or other; for it could not only answer questions by a voice of its own, and apparently without being prompted, but moreover it seemed to hesitate, and to take time for thought, before it hazarded any reply. Lady Pierrepont spoke always as if she thought her words would be repeated, and must *lead to consequences*; and there was an air of vast circumspection and mystery about her, which appeared sublime or ridiculous according to the light in which it was considered. To our heroine it appeared sublime. Her ladyship's conversation, if a set of unmeaning phrases be deserving of that name, at length turned upon the concern she felt, that it had not been in her power to procure an increase of pension for a certain Mrs. Vickars. "Such a respectable character!—the widow of a distant relation of the Pierreponts." There was no probability, after all the interest and influence she had used, she said, that Mrs.

Vickars could ever be gratified in the line she had attempted; that therefore it was her ladyship's advice to her to look out for some situation of an eligible description, which might relieve her from the distressing apprehension of appearing burdensome or importunate.

As well as her ladyship's meaning could be made out, cleared from the superfluity of words with which it was covered, she wished to get rid of this poor widow, and to fasten her as an humble companion upon any body who would be troubled with *such a respectable character*! Miss Turnbull foresaw the possibility of obliging her ladyship by means of Mrs. Vickars: for as she proposed to purchase a house in town, it would be convenient to her to have some companion; and this lady, who was of a certain age, and who had always lived in the best company, would be well suited to serve as her chaperon. To do our heroine justice, considering that she was unpractised in manœuvring with court ladies, she conducted her scheme with a degree of address worthy of her object. Through the medium of Lady Bab and Lady Gabriella, she opened a correspondence with Lady Pierrepont. Mrs. Vickars was introduced to Miss Turnbull—liked her prodigiously; and Lady Pierrepont was most happy in the prospect of her relation's being so eligibly situate. In proportion as Miss Turnbull advanced in the good graces of Lady Pierrepont, she receded from Lady Bradstone. This lady's indignation, which had been excited against Almeria by her not siding with her against her daughters, now rose to the highest pitch, when she perceived what was going on. No crime could in her eyes be greater than that of seceding from her party. Her violence in party matters was heightened by the desire to contrast herself with her sister Pierrepont's courtly policy. Lady Bradstone, all the time, knew and cared very little about politics, except so far as they afforded her opportunities for the display of spirit and eloquence. She had a

fine flow of words, and loved to engage in argument, especially as she had been often told by gentlemen that her enthusiasm became her extremely, and that, even if a man could resist the force of her arguments, he must yield to the fire of her eyes. It happened that Miss Turnbull was present one day when Lady Bradstone had been unusually warm in a political argument, and Lady Pierrepont as cool and guarded as her sister was eager. Almeria was appealed to, and gave judgment in favour of Lady Pierrepont, who happened to be in the right. Regardless of right or wrong, Lady Bradstone became more and more vehement, whilst Lady Pierrepont sat in all the composed superiority of silence, maintaining the most edifying meekness of countenance imaginable, as if it were incumbent on her to be, or at least to seem, penitent for a sister's perversity. She sighed deeply when the *tirade* was finished, and fixed her eyes upon her beautiful niece Gabriella. Lady Gabriella immediately filled up the pause by declaring that she knew nothing of politics, and hoped she never should, for that she did not know of what use they were to women, except to prevent them from going to court.

Lady Bradstone expressed high indignation at perceiving that her daughters thought more of dancing a minuet at a birthnight ball than of the good of the nation.

Mrs. Vickars, who was present, now interposed a word as mediatrix, observing, that it was natural for the young ladies at their age : and Miss Turnbull, catching or imitating something of the tone of Lady Pierrepont, ventured to add, that "it was a pity that Lady Bradstone's daughters did not enjoy all the advantages of their high rank, and that she really wished Lady Bradstone could be prevailed upon to enter into conciliatory measures."

On hearing this speech, Lady Bradstone, no longer able to restrain her anger within the bounds of politeness, exclaimed, "I am not surprised at receiving such advice

from you, Miss Turnbull; but I own I am astonished at hearing such sentiments from my daughters. High sentiments are to be expected from high birth."

How Lady Bradstone contrived to make her aristocratic pride of birth agree with her democratic principles, it may be difficult to explain; but fortunately the idea of preserving consistency never disturbed her self-complacency. Besides, there are so many examples, to keep her ladyship in countenance, of persons who live as royalists and talk as republicans.

Almeria could not brook the affront implied by Lady Bradstone's last speech; and matters were now brought to a crisis: she resolved not to remain longer in a house where she was exposed to such insults. She was of "age, and, thank Heaven! independent."

Lady Bradstone made no opposition to her determination; but congratulated her upon the prospect of becoming independent.

"I agree with you, Miss Turnbull, in thanking Heaven for making me independent. Independence of mind, of course," added she, "I value above independence of purse."

Whatever vexation our heroine might feel from this speech, and from the perfect indifference with which Lady Bradstone parted from her, was compensated by the belief that she had by her conduct this evening ingratiated herself with Lady Pierrepont. She was confirmed in this opinion by Mrs. Vickars, who said that her ladyship afterwards spoke of Miss Turnbull as a very judicious and safe young person, whom she should not scruple to protect. She was even so condescending as to interest herself about the house in town, which Miss Turnbull talked of purchasing: she knew that a noble friend of hers, who was going on a foreign embassy, had thoughts of parting with his house; and it would certainly suit Miss Turnbull,

if she could compass the purchase. Almeria felt herself highly honoured by her ladyship's taking a concern in any of her affairs; and she begged of Mrs. Vickars to say, that "expense was no object to her." She consequently paid a few hundred guineas more than the value of the house, for the honour of Lady Pierrepont's interference. Her ladyship saw into the weakness of our heroine's character, and determined to make advantage of it. It was a maxim of hers, that there is no person so insignificant, but some advantage may be made by them; and she had acted upon this principle through life, sometimes so as to excite in the minds of the ignorant a high admiration of her affability. It is said, that when Lady Pierrepont was asked why she married, she replied, "To increase my consequence, and strengthen my connexions."

Perhaps this speech was made for her by some malicious wit; but it is certain that she never upon any occasion of her life neglected an opportunity of acting upon this principle. She was anxious with this view to have as many dependents as possible: and she well knew that those who were ambitious of a curtsy from her at the playhouse, or a whisper at the opera, were as effectually her dependents as the mendicants at her door, who are in want of a shilling. The poor may be held in the iron fetters of necessity, but the rich are dragged behind the car of fashion by the golden chains of vanity.

The summer in the life of a fine lady is a season comparatively of so little consequence, that the judicious historian may pass over some months of it without their being missed in the records of time. He hastens to the busy and important season of winter.

Our heroine took possession of her magnificent house in town: and Mrs. Vickars was established as *arbitratrix elegantiarum*.

This lady deemed herself a judge in the last appeal of

every thing that became a person of fashion; and her claim to infallibility upon these points was established by her being fourth cousin to Lady Pierrepont. Almeria soon discovered in her companion an inordinate love of power, and an irritability of temper, which misfortunes and ill health had increased to such a degree, that it required more than the patience of a female Job to live with her upon good terms. Martyrs in the cause of vanity certainly exhibit wonderful, if not admirable, fortitude in the midst of the absurd and extravagant torments which they inflict upon themselves. Our heroine endured for a whole season, without any outward complaint, but with many an inward groan, the penance which she had imposed upon herself: the extent of it can be comprehended only by those who have been doomed to live with a thoroughly ill-tempered woman. The reward was surely proportioned to the sufferings. Miss Turnbull received a smile, or a nod, or something like a curtsy from Lady Pierrepont, whenever she met her in public; her ladyship's cards were occasionally left at the Yorkshire heiress's door; and she sometimes honoured Miss Turnbull's crowded rooms, by crowding them still more with her august presence. There was further reason to hope, that her ladyship might be induced to present Almeria at court before the next birthday. All these advantages were to be attributed to Mrs. Vickers, for she was the connecting link between two beings of inferior and superior order. We forbear to describe, or even to enumerate, the variety of balls, suppers, dinners, déjeunés, galas, and masquerades, which Miss Turnbull gave to the fashionable world during this winter. The generous public forget these things the week they are over; and the consequence they bestow endures no longer than the track of a triumphal chariot.

Our heroine was never fully convinced of this truth till it was confirmed by her own experience. She found it

necessary continually to renew her expensive efforts, to keep herself alive in the memory of her great acquaintance. Towards the time when she expected to be presented at court by Lady Pierrepont, a sudden coolness was apparent in her ladyship's manner; and one morning Almeria was surprised by a note from her, regretting in the most polite, but positive terms, that it would be absolutely out of her power to have the honour of presenting Miss Turnbull at St. James's. In the utmost consternation, Almeria flew for an explanation to Mrs. Vickars. Mrs. Vickars was in a desperate fit of *the sullen*, which had lasted now upwards of eight-and-forty hours, ever since her advice had not been taken about the placing of certain bronze figures, with antique lamps in their hands, upon the great staircase. It was necessary to bring the lady into a good humour in the first place, by yielding to her uncontrolled dominion over the *candelabras*. This point being settled, and an unqualified submission in all matters of taste, past, present, or to come, declared or implied on the part of our heroine, Mrs. Vickars on her part promised to set out immediately on an embassy to Lady Pierrepont, to discover the cause of the present discontent. After making sundry ineffectual attempts to see her noble relation, she was at last admitted; and after one hour's private audience, she returned to the anxious Almeria with a countenance lengthened to the utmost stretch of melancholy significance.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Vickars?"

It was long before this question was answered: but after many friendly lamentations, Mrs. Vickars could not help observing that Miss Turnbull had nobody to blame in this business but herself. This, or any thing else, she was willing to admit, to get at the point. "But what have I done? I dare say it is, as you say, all my own fault—but tell me how?"

“How!—Can you, my dearest Miss Turnbull, forget that you did the most imprudent and really unaccountable thing, that ever woman did?—Lady Pierrepont *had it* from Stock the banker. Now you must be certainly conscious to what I allude.”

Almeria still looked innocent till Mrs. Vickars produced the book dedicated to Lady Bradstone, for twelve copies of which Miss Turnbull had subscribed. Her name was printed among the list of subscribers, and there was no palliating the fact. When her companion saw that she was quite overwhelmed with the sense of this misfortune, she began to hint, that though the evil was great, it was not without remedy; that in her own private opinion, Lady Pierrepont might have passed over the thing, if she had not heard it at a most unlucky moment. The provoking banker mentioned it to her ladyship just after he had disappointed her of certain moneys, for which she was negotiating. From her situation and means of obtaining secret and early intelligence, she had it frequently in her power to make money by selling in or out of the stocks. Such an opportunity at present occurred; and “it was a great pity,” Mrs. Vickars observed, “that the want of a little ready money should preclude her from the possibility of profiting by her situation.” Miss Turnbull, who was not deficient in quickness of comprehension, upon this hint immediately said, “that her ladyship might command some thousands, which she had in Sir Thomas Stock’s bank.” Lady Pierrepont the next day found that it would be best to hush up the affair of the subscription to the fatal pamphlet. She said, “that she had with infinite satisfaction ascertained, that the thing had not been noticed in the quarter where she feared it would have created an insuperable prejudice—that there were other Turnbulls, as she was happy to understand, in the world, besides Mrs. Vickars’s friend; and that as, in the list of subscribers, she was mentioned only

as *Miss* Turnbull, not as Almeria Turnbull, all was safe, and nobody would suspect that a lady presented at court by my Lady Pierrepont could be the same person that subscribed to a book of such a description."

This affair being adjusted, the league was tacitly formed between interest and vanity. Miss Turnbull was presented at court by Lady Pierrepont, and her ladyship bought into the stocks with the Yorkshire heiress's money. The gratification of Almeria's ambition, however, did not complete her happiness. When she was at the summit of the Alps of fashion, she saw how little was to be seen.

Though she liked to have it to say that she was a great deal with Lady Pierrepont, yet the time always passed most heavily in her company; nor was the inferiority of this lady's understanding compensated by an affectionate heart. Her smoothly polished exterior prevented all possibility of obtaining any hold over her. She had the art at once to seem to be intimate with people, and to keep them at the greatest distance; as, in certain optical deceptions, an object which appears close to us eludes our hand, if we attempt to grasp it. Almeria felt the want of that species of unreserved confidence and friendship which she had formerly enjoyed with Ellen. In judging of what will make us happy, we are apt to leave time out of the account; and this leads to most important errors. For a short period we may be amused or gratified by what will fatigue and disgust us if long continued. The first winter that she spent in dissipation, she was amused; but winter after winter passed, and the recurrence of the same public diversions, and the same faces, and the same common place conversation, wearied instead of interesting her. But as the pleasure of novelty declined, the power of habit increased; and she continued the same course of life for six years—six long years! against both her judgment and her feelings, the absolute slave of an imaginary necessity. Thus the silly chicken remains pri-

soner in a circle of chalk : even when the hand by which it was held down is removed, it feels an imaginary pressure, from which it dares not even attempt to escape.

Almeria, however, was now arrived at an age when she could no longer, with any propriety, be called a chicken : she was seven-and-twenty ; and the effect of keeping late hours, and the continual petty irritations to which she had been subject, were sufficiently visible in her countenance. She looked in a morning so faded and haggard, that any one not used to the *wear and tear* of fashionable faces would have guessed Almeria's age to be seven-and-thirty instead of seven-and-twenty. During her six campaigns in London, she or her fortune had made many conquests ; but none of her London captives had ever obtained any power over her affections, and her ambition could not decide upon the pretensions of her several suitors. Lady Pierrepont, who was her prime adviser, had an interest in keeping her unmarried ; because during this time her ladyship employed most advantageously certain moneys, which she had borrowed from our heiress. This female politician made some objection to every proposal ; continually repeating, that Miss Turnbull might do better—that she might look higher—that with her pretensions, there could be no doubt that she would have a variety of advantageous offers—and that her *play* should be to raise her value by rejecting, without hesitation, all pretenders but those of the first distinction. Lady Pierrepont, who usually spoke with all the ambiguity of an oracle, seemed on this subject more than usually mysterious. She dropped half sentences, then checked herself, hinted that she was not at liberty to speak out ; but that she had her own private reasons for advising her friend Miss Turnbull not to be precipitate in her choice. Her ladyship's looks said more than her words, and Almeria interpreted them precisely as she wished. There was a certain marquis, whom she some-

times met at Lady Pierrepont's, and whom she would have been pleased to meet more frequently. He was neither young, nor handsome, nor witty, nor wise. What was he then?—He was a marquis—and is not that enough?—Almeria saw that he was looked up to as a person of great influence and importance, and she now had the habit of trusting to the eyes and ears of others. She now considered what people were *thought of*, not what they really were; and according to this mode of estimation she could not fail to form a high opinion of this exalted personage. He paid her distinguished, but not decisive attention; and perhaps the uncertainty in which she was kept as to his views increased her interest upon the subject. There was always some obstacle, which seemed to prevent him from declaring himself:—at one time he was suddenly obliged to go ambassador to some foreign court; he went, and staid a year; at his return he was immersed in politics, and deplored his hard fate in terms which Almeria thought it was impossible not to construe favourably to her wishes. She thought she was upon the point of becoming a marchioness, when his lordship was again sent into what he called banishment. Lady Pierrepont had constantly letters from him, however; passages from which she from time to time read to Almeria, in whose weak mind this kept alive an indistinct hope, for which she had no rational foundation. She was confirmed in her belief that the marquis had serious thoughts of her, by the opinion of Mrs. Vickars, who she thought was in the secret, and who certainly would not speak decidedly without sufficient reason. Indeed, nothing but the pleasure she received from Mrs. Vickars's favourable prognostics upon this subject could have in any degree balanced the pain she daily endured from this lady's fretful temper. Almeria submitted to her domineering humour, and continued to propitiate

her with petty sacrifices, more from fear than love—from fear that her adverse influence might be fatal to her present scheme of aggrandisement. Weak minds are subject to this apprehension of control from secret causes utterly inadequate to their supposed effects; and thus they put their destiny into the hands of persons who could not otherwise obtain influence over their fate.

The time at length arrived when our heroine was to be confirmed in her expectations, or wakened from her state of self-delusion. The marquis returned from abroad, and Lady Pierrepont wrote a note more mysteriously worded than usual, signifying that she “wished to have a conference with Miss Turnbull on a subject of some importance; and begged to know at what hour in the morning she might be secure of the pleasure of finding her at home.” Almeria named her hour, and waited for its arrival with no small impatience. Lady Pierrepont’s thundering knock at the door was heard; her ladyship was shown up stairs; and she entered the room with a countenance that seemed to promise well. She preluded with many flattering phrases—declared that ever since she had been first acquainted with Miss Turnbull at Cheltenham, she had always considered her with sentiments of esteem, of which she had since given indeed the most convincing proofs, by accepting of obligations from her.

“Obligations!” exclaimed Almeria, with an air of polite astonishment.

“Yes, my dear Miss Turnbull,” continued her ladyship, with still more polite humility, “I am under obligations to you assuredly. Things of a pecuniary nature ought not to be named, I confess, in the same sentence with friendship; yet for the sake of one’s family it is, whilst we remain in this world, the duty of every one to pay a certain degree of attention to such points; and a person who has, like

me, advantages of situation and connexions, would not be justifiable in neglecting, under due limitations, to make use of them."

Miss Turnbull readily assented to these guarded truisms, but wondered to what all this was to lead.

"The money which you have had the goodness to trust in my hands," continued her ladyship, "has, without in the least impoverishing, or, I hope, *inconveniencing* you, been of the most material advantage to me."

Almeria comprehended that her ladyship referred to her speculations in the stocks, and she congratulated her upon her success; and added assurances, that for her own part she had not been in the slightest degree *inconvenienced*. Whilst Miss Turnbull uttered these assurances, however, she was not sorry to see Lady Pierrepont take out of her pocket-book bank notes to the amount of her debt; for in plain truth, the interest of this loan had never been punctually paid; and Almeria had often regretted that she had placed so much of her fortune out of her own power. "Let me now return these to you with a thousand thanks," said her ladyship. "Indeed, my niece Gabriella has more reason even than I have to thank you; for you must know, my dear Miss Turnbull, that all my speculations have been for her. From the time that she came to live with me, I was determined that she should be properly established; and you must be sensible that, for a young lady's establishment in our days, money is as essential as beauty. La belle Gabrielle is now provided for as she ought to be, and of course the consequence will be a suitable alliance." Miss Turnbull expressed her satisfaction at finding that her money had been instrumental in attaining so happy a purpose, and presumed to ask if her ladyship had any immediate alliance in view.

"It is a secret as yet; but I have no secrets for you, my dear Miss Turnbull: indeed, I came here this morning by

our dear Gabriella's particular desire to communicate it to you. I flatter myself you will approve of her choice—our favourite marquis."

Almeria was so much astonished and shocked by these words, that she turned as pale as if she were going to faint. "Our favourite marquis!" she repeated in a faltering voice; "I thought——"

The fear of becoming ridiculous restrained her anger, and she paused.—"You thought, perhaps," resumed the perfectly-composed Lady Pierrepont, "you thought, perhaps, my dear, that there was too great a disparity of age between Gabriella and the marquis."

"Oh! no."

"Why, that is an objection, I confess; at least it would be to some young ladies: but as Gabriella is satisfied, we may waive that."

"Oh yes, certainly."

"One cannot help being interested for him; he is such a respectable character—and so much in love! It would really surprise you, my dear; for you know he was a man, one would have imagined, so much immersed in politics—I protest I never had a suspicion of his having a thought of Gabriella, till the proposal was absolutely made."

"I am sure *I* never suspected the marquis's attachment to Lady Gabriella," said Miss Turnbull: "on the contrary——"

"On the contrary," pursued Lady Pierrepont, "he paid her always, as I remember, less attention than to twenty others, who were indifferent to him."

The struggle was still violent in our heroine's mind between rage and the dread of exposing herself to ridicule. Lady Pierrepont saw this, and coolly held her in this dilemma.

"Now," continued her ladyship, "men are such unaccountable creatures, one never can understand them. Do

you know, my dear Miss Turnbull, I had, till his lordship explained himself unequivocally to me, a notion that he was in love with you."

"Really!" said our heroine, forcing a laugh.

"Did your friend Mrs. Vickers never tell you so?"

"Yes, she did—frequently."

"Both of us mistaken, you see, my dear. Mortifying! to find one's judgment so fallible. I tell the marquis, he might absolutely have been privately married to Gabriella without my finding him out—it is so easy now, the easiest thing in the world, to impose upon me. Well, I must bid you adieu for the present, my dear Miss Turnbull—you may imagine I have a world of business on my hands."

With the utmost appearance of cordiality Lady Pierrepont shook our heroine's receding hand; and, without seeming to notice the painful emotions visible in Almeria's countenance, departed smiling, and perfectly composed.

The moment that her ladyship had left the room, our heroine retired to her own apartment, and hastily bolted the door to prevent the intrusion of Mrs. Vickers, whose curiosity and condolence, whether real or affected, she was not in a humour to endure. She walked up and down the room in great agitation, by turns angry with Lady Pierrepont, with the marquis, with Lady Gabriella, with Mrs. Vickers, and with herself. After her anger had spent itself, the sorrowful certainty that it was unavailing remained; the disappointment was irremediable, and her mortification was the more poignant, because she had no human being to sympathise in her feelings, no one to whom she could complain.

"So this is fashionable friendship," said she to herself.

"This is the end of all Lady Pierrepont's and Lady Gabriella's professions of regard for me!—Fool that I have been, to become their dupe!—With my eyes open, I saw
and it was going forward, though now I can recollect

a thousand and a thousand circumstances, by which I might have been undeceived. But I trusted implicitly—idiot that I was!—to the friendship of this treacherous, unfeeling courtier. Once I had a friend, to whom I might trust implicitly—I never, never shall find her equal.”

A transient recollection of former times crossed her mind—but those times could not be recalled; and the present pressed upon her most forcibly. Frustrated in all her ambitious schemes, she was sensible that all that now remained for her was to conceal her disappointment, and to avoid the contempt to which she would be exposed in the world, if it were whispered that Miss Turnbull had fancied that the Marquis of—— was in love with her, whilst he was all the while paying his addresses to Lady Gabriella Bradstone. This powerful fear of ridicule conquered, or suppressed, all other feelings. With all the resolution she could assume, Almeria went to Mrs. Vickars, and congratulated her upon the happy event which was soon likely to take place in her family: she even constrained herself so far, as, without expressing either suspicion or resentment, to hear her companion disclaim all knowledge of the affair, and declare that she had that morning, for the first time, heard of it from Lady Pierrepont, with a degree of astonishment from which she had not yet recovered.

In a few weeks afterwards Lady Gabriella's marriage took place. Our heroine's mortification was much increased by the splendour in which the bride appeared, and by the great share of the public attention which the fair marchioness seemed for some days to engross. Miss Turnbull was weary of hearing the praises of her equipages and dress; and the dissimulation she was continually obliged to practise towards Mrs. Vickars became intolerable. Nothing but a pretext for quarrelling with this lady was wanting to Almeria, and nothing but an excuse for leaving Almeria was now desired by Mrs. Vickars, who had received an invi-

tation from the marchioness, which she was impatient to accept. The ladies one morning after breakfast fell into a dispute upon the comparative merits of blue and green. It was not to all appearance a very dangerous subject, but in certain situations every subject becomes dangerous.

"This riband is a beautiful blue," said Miss Turnbull.

"I confess I do not think so," said Mrs. Vickars; "it is a very unbecoming shade of blue."

"Unbecoming!—I have been told by twenty people, that it is remarkably becoming to me. Ingoldsby told me yesterday, that she never saw so beautiful a blue."

"Ingoldsby's taste is not infallible, I imagine," said Mrs. Vickars, with a contemptuous smile.

"It may not be infallible," replied our heroine, "but it is at least as much to be relied upon as other people's."

"I am sure I do not pretend to compare my taste to Mrs. Ingoldsby's; but I may be permitted to have an opinion of my own, I hope: and in my opinion it is a frightful blue, and shockingly unbecoming. And at all events I like green infinitely better than blue; and I beseech you, Miss Turnbull, not to wear this hideous riband."

"I am sure I don't pretend to set my taste in competition with Mrs. Vickars's; but I must confess I cannot think this a frightful blue, or shockingly unbecoming, nor can I agree with any body in preferring green to blue; and for once I shall take the liberty of following my own fancy."

"For once!—I am sorry I ever presumed to offer an opinion upon this or any other subject to Miss Turnbull—I shall be more cautious in future; but I candidly own I did think I might prefer green to blue without giving offence."

"It gives me no offence, I assure you, Mrs. Vickars, that you should prefer green to blue; I am not so ridiculous. But people who cannot bear to be contradicted

themselves are always apt to fancy that others have the same strange sort of domineering temper."

"People who can bear nothing but flattery, Miss Turnbull, should have such a friend as Mrs. Ingoldsby, who would swear that blue is green, and black white, I make no doubt," said Mrs. Vickars; "for my part, I am sorry I cannot get rid of my troublesome sincerity."

"Sincerity! Sincerity!—To do you justice, Mrs. Vickars, whatever I may have felt about trifles, in affairs of importance I have never found your *sincerity* troublesome."

The ironical accent upon the word *sincerity* sufficiently marked Miss Turnbull's meaning.

The irritable temper of Mrs. Vickars put it out of her power to act a part with that "exquisite dissimulation," for which some of her sex have been celebrated by the judicious Davila. Thrown off her guard by the last sarcastic insinuation, Mrs. Vickars burst into an angry defence of her own sincerity with respect to the affair of the marquis and Lady Gabriella. Almeria observed, that this "defence was quite unnecessary, as she had not made any accusation; and these apologies could be prompted only by Mrs. Vickars's own *tenderness* of conscience." Mrs. Vickars replied with increasing acrimony. She said, that her "conduct needed no apologies, and that she should not stoop to make any, to soothe the disappointed ambition of any person whatever." Reproach succeeded reproach—sarcasm produced sarcasm—till at last Mrs. Vickars declared, that after what had passed, it was impossible she should remain another day in Miss Turnbull's house. This declaration was heard by Almeria with undisguised satisfaction. The next day Mrs. Vickars accepted of an invitation from the marchioness; and our heroine afterwards protested that she was as much rejoiced to be freed from the encumbrance

of such a companion, as Sinbad the sailor was to get rid of the old man of the sea, who fastened himself upon his shoulders with such remorseless tenacity.

She resolved to be more cautious in the choice of her next companion. There were many candidates for the honour of supplying the place of Mrs. Vickars; amongst these was Mrs. Ingoldsby, a lady who was perfect mistress of the whole art of flattery, by means of which she had so far ingratiated herself with Miss Turnbull, that she felt secure of a preference over all competitors. Almeria had indeed almost decided in her favour, when she received a note from a Mrs. Wynne, an old lady with whom she had formerly been acquainted in Yorkshire, and who, being just come to town, was eager to renew her intimacy with Miss Turnbull. She was a woman of an excellent heart, and absolutely incapable of suspecting that others could be less frank or friendly than herself. She was sometimes led into mistakes by this undistinguishing benevolence; for she imagined that all which appeared wrong would prove right, if properly understood; that there must be some good reason for every thing that seemed to be bad; that every instance of unkindness or insolence was undesigned, and that every quarrel was only a misunderstanding. Possessed by this good-natured kind of wrong-headedness, she frequently did the most provoking, by way of doing the most obliging, things imaginable.

Upon this principle she would place contending parties by surprise in the very situation which of all others they most wished to avoid, and then gave the signal for a pitched battle, by begging the enemies would shake hands with one another. Now she had heard it reported in Yorkshire that there was some coolness between the El-mours and Miss Turnbull; but she was morally certain there could be no truth in this report, for a variety of the very best reasons in the world.

“In the first place,” argued Mrs. Wynne, “to my certain knowledge, Miss Turnbull was, from her infancy, always the greatest favourite at Elmour Grove, the pupil of the good old gentleman, and the intimate friend of the daughter. During that odd Hodgkinson’s lifetime, Almeria was always with Miss Ellen Elmour, who treated her quite like a sister. I am sure I remember, as if it were yesterday, her introducing Miss Turnbull to me, and the affectionate way in which she spoke of her—and I particularly recollect hearing Almeria Turnbull, amongst other grateful things, say, that she should wish to live and die with her friends at Elmour Grove. Then she had stronger reasons afterwards for being attached to them—you know it was Mr. Frederick Elmour who gained her large fortune for her. I was in the court-house in York the very day the cause was decided, and I never heard a man speak with more energy and eloquence than Frederick Elmour did in her defence. It was plain, indeed, that the eloquence came from his heart—as to the law part of the business, I know my nephew, who understands those things, said it was a very nice question, and that if her cause had not been managed as ably as it was, she would not have gained her fortune. Now of course this was a thing that never could be forgotten. I own, I expected that there would have been a match between Miss Turnbull and Mr. Elmour; but Sir Thomas Stock, her guardian, took her away from us, and Mr. Elmour fell in love with another lady. But all this time Miss Turnbull has never married, though she has been so much in the great world, and from her large fortune must have had so many offers. I heard it said yesterday, that she had refused Sir Thomas Stock’s eldest son, and my Lord Bradstone, and some others; now it is plain she would not marry merely for money or title. My nephew, who is so amiable and sensible, is just the man for her, and he had used to admire her very much in former times, when he

met her at Elmour Grove." Mrs. Wynne hinted her wishes to her nephew, but he seemed not much inclined towards Miss Turnbull, "because," said he, "though Frederick and his sister never uttered a syllable to her disadvantage, I cannot, from circumstances, help imagining, that she has not behaved well to them; and besides, after five or six years spent in the great world, and in all the dissipation in which she has lived, her disposition cannot probably be the same as it was when I knew her in the country."

Mrs. Wynne could not, with her good-natured eyes, see the force of any of these objections, and she was determined to convince her nephew of their futility. With this view she formed a scheme which was to be kept a profound secret from the parties concerned, till the moment when it should be ripe for execution. She heard that Miss Turnbull was in want of a companion; and she knew that Mrs. Henry Elmour, a very amiable young widow, distantly related to the Elmour family, and who had formerly been a friend of Almeria's, was at this moment in great distress. She had no doubt that Miss Turnbull would be delighted with an opportunity of serving any one connected with a family to whom she owed such obligations. Mrs. Wynne fancied that this would be the finest occasion imaginable to prove to her nephew, that, notwithstanding Almeria had lately lived so much in the fashionable world, she had the same grateful heart as formerly.

Eager to come to this demonstration, Mrs. Wynne wrote immediately to the distressed widow, begging her to come to town with all possible expedition; "for I have found, or at least I am morally sure of finding, the most charming situation your heart can desire. I say no more, that I may not deprive you of the pleasure of the surprise."

The same day that she sent this letter to the post, she despatched the following note to Almeria :

“ MY DEAR MISS TURNBULL,

“ I am too well persuaded of the goodness of your heart to fear that you should think my present interference impertinent. We used to be very good friends in Yorkshire, and I am sure shall be just the same in London; therefore I write without ceremony, as friends should. I called upon you twice, but found you were unluckily not at home. Now I have a matter very near my heart to speak to you about, that perhaps will turn out as much to your satisfaction as to mine. I cannot express myself so well as I could wish in writing, but am sure you will not repent your kindness, if you will do us the honour of dining with us in a family way on Friday next; and in the mean time, let me beg you will not decide your choice of a companion. I cannot be more explicit, lest (as I have said once before to-day) I should deprive you of the pleasure of the surprise. Dear madam, forgive this freedom in one who most sincerely wishes you well (as Friday will prove). My nephew, Henry Wynne (whom you may remember a great admirer of yours), desires his best respects; and with every good wish I remain,

“ Dear Miss Turnbull’s

“ Affectionate humble servant,

“ M. WYNNE.”

This letter at first surprised our heroine, and afterwards afforded subject for much ridicule to Mrs. Ingoldsby, to whom Almeria showed it. She laughed at the odd freedom of the Yorkshire dame, at the old-fashioned plainness of the style—parenthesis within parenthesis—at last, concluding with respects and best wishes, and *remaining* dear Miss Turnbull’s humble servant. She opined, however, upon the third perusal of the letter, that Mrs. Wynne was anxious to present her nephew to Miss Turnbull, and that

this was the real meaning of her curious note—that probably she wished to surprise her with the sight of some Yorkshire damsel, who had formed the reasonable expectation, that because Miss Turnbull had done her the honour to notice her ages ago in the country, she was to be her companion in town. Mrs. Ingoldsby further observed, that Mrs. Wynne, though she had not practised at court, was no bad politician in thus attempting to recommend a companion to Miss Turnbull, who would of course be entirely in her nephew's interests. Almeria's vanity was indirectly flattered by these insinuations, which tended to prove her vast consequence, in being thus the object of plots and counterplots; and she the more readily believed this, from the experience she had had of Lady Pierrepont's manœuvres. “It is really a dreadful thing,” said she, “to be a great heiress. One must be so circumspect—so much upon one's guard with all the world. But poor Mrs. Wynne shows her cards so plainly, one must be an idiot not to guess her whole play.”

To “mistake reverse of wrong for right” is one of the most common errors in the conduct of life. Our heroine being sensible that she had been ridiculously credulous in her dealings with Lady Pierrepont, was now inclined to be preposterously suspicious. She determined with her next admirer to pursue a system diametrically opposite to that which she had followed with the marquis; she had shown him attractive complaisance; she was now prepared to display the repulsive haughtiness becoming the representative of two hundred thousand pounds: she had completely adopted Lady Pierrepont's maxim, *That a lady should marry to increase her consequence and strengthen her connexions*. Her former ideas, that love and esteem were necessary to happiness in a union for life, seemed obsolete and romantic; and the good qualities of her admirers, though they were always to be mentioned as the ostensible

reasons for her choice, were never in reality to influence her decision.

To stoop at once from a marquis to a private gentleman would be terrible; yet that private gentleman was worthy of some little consideration, not because he was, as Almeria remembered, a man of excellent sense, temper, and character, but because he had a clear estate of eight thousand pounds a year, and was next heir to an earldom.

Miss Turnbull cannot properly be called a female fortune-hunter; but, to coin a new name for our heroine, which may be useful to designate a numerous class of her contemporaries, she was decidedly a female *title-hunter*.

She accepted of the invitation to dinner, and, accompanied by a proper supporter in Mrs. Ingoldsby, went to Mrs. Wynne's, dressed in the utmost extravagance of the mode, blazing in all the glory of diamonds, in hopes of striking admiration even unto awe upon the hearts of all beholders. Though she had been expressly invited to a *family party*, she considered that only as an humble country phrase to excuse beforehand any deficiency of magnificence. She had no doubt that the finest entertainment, and the finest company, Mrs. Wynne could procure or collect, would be prepared for her reception. She was somewhat surprised, especially as she came fashionably late, to find in the drawing-room only old Mrs. Wynne, her nephew, and a lady, who from her dress and modest appearance was evidently *nobody*. Miss Turnbull swept by her, though she had a disagreeable recollection of having somewhere seen this figure in a former state of existence. Mrs. Wynne, good soul! did not believe in wilful blindness, and she therefore said, with provoking simplicity, "Miss Turnbull, this is your good friend Mrs. Henry Elmour—poor thing! she is sadly altered in her looks since you saw her, a gay rosy lass at Elmour Grove! But though her looks are changed, her heart, I can answer for it, is just

the same as ever, and she remembers you with all the affection you could desire. She would not be like any other of her name, indeed, if she did otherwise. The Elmours were all so fond of you!"

The name of Elmour, instead of having that irresistible charm, which Mrs. Wynne expected, over Almeria's heart, produced a directly contrary effect. It recalled many associations that were painful to her pride; she was vexed to perceive that obligations and intimacies which she had forgotten, or which she wished to forget, were remembered so obstinately by others. All this passed in her mind whilst Mrs. Wynne was speaking. With a look of ill-humoured surprise, Almeria half rose from her seat, and as Mrs. Henry Elmour was presented to her, uttered some phrases in an unintelligible voice, and then sunk back again on the sofa. Mrs. Wynne made room for the widow between her and Miss Turnbull—Mr. Wynne kept aloof—a dead silence ensued—and Miss Turnbull, seeing that in her present position there was nothing else to be done, condescended to hope that all Mrs. Henry Elmour's friends in Yorkshire were well when she left them. Mrs. Wynne's countenance brightened up, and she now addressed her conversation to Mrs. Ingoldsby, in order to leave the pair, whom she had destined to be friends, at perfect liberty to talk over "old times."

Mrs. Henry Elmour naturally spoke of the happy days which they had spent together at Elmour Grove; but Miss Turnbull was so much occupied in clasping one of her diamond bracelets, that half of what was said to her seemed not to be heard, and the other half to create no interest. She looked up, when she had at length adjusted her bracelet, and with an insipid smile (learnt from Lady Pierrepont) seemed to beg pardon for her fit of absence. The unfortunate Mrs. Elmour recommenced all she had said; but

though Miss Turnbull's eyes were at this time directed towards the widow's face, they wandered over her features with such insolent examination, that she was totally abashed. Having gained her point, our heroine now looked round as the door opened, in expectation of the entrance of some persons who might be worthy of her attention; but lo! it was only a servant, who announced that dinner was served. Miss Turnbull's surprise could be equalled only by her indignation, when she found that it was literally to a *family party* she was invited. "Miss Turnbull," said Mrs. Wynne, as they were sitting down to dinner, "I have been much disappointed in not having the company of some friends of yours, who I expected would dine with us to-day; but they will be with us, I hope, to-night—they were unluckily engaged to dine with the Duchess of——."

Miss Turnbull vouchsafed to appear interested, when the name of a duchess was mentioned; but her countenance again changed to an expression of almost angry vexation, when Mrs. Wynne explained, that these friends were Mr. and Mrs. Elmour, and Mr. Charles Wynne and his lady. "Miss Ellen Elmour, you know: she was——"—"Very true, I saw her marriage in the papers, I remember, some time ago," replied Miss Turnbull; "a year, if I'm not mistaken."

"Two years ago, madam," said Mrs. Wynne.

"Was it two!—I dare say it might—you know it is so impossible to keep a register of deaths and marriages in one's head. Pray, are you at all acquainted, Mrs. Wynne, with the Duchess of——? She was always a prodigious friend of the Elmours, as I remember. How is that?—Are they any way related, I wonder?"

"Yes; they are now related by marriage," said Mr. Wynne; "Mrs. Elmour is a niece of the duchess."

"Indeed!"

“She is a charming woman,” said Mr. Wynne; “so beautiful, and yet so unaffected—so sensible, yet so unassuming.”

“Pray,” interrupted Mrs. Ingoldsby, “has not her grace conversaziones, or reading parties, or something in that style every week!—She is quite a learned lady, I understand. There was always something odd about her, and I cannot help being afraid of her.”

“I assure you,” said Mrs. Wynne, “that there is nothing odd or strange about the Duchess of——. She has always the most agreeable society that London can afford.”

Miss Turnbull and Mrs. Ingoldsby interchanged looks of affected contempt: but Mr. Wynne added, “Her grace has, you know, a taste for literature and for the arts; and the most celebrated literary characters, as well as those who have distinguished themselves in active life, assemble at her house, where they can enjoy the most agreeable conversation—that in which a knowledge of books and of the world is happily blended.”

“And as to being afraid of her grace,” resumed Mrs. Wynne, “that is quite impossible; she has such affable, engaging manners. I am sure, even I am not in the least afraid of her.”

“But you know,” said Miss Turnbull, with a malicious look of mock humility, “there is a difference between you and me.—I would not meet her grace for the world, for I am persuaded I should not be able to articulate a syllable in her classical presence—I have not been used to that style of company, by any means. I assure you, I should be, as Mrs. Ingoldsby says, horribly afraid of your witty duchess.”

“She has none of the airs of a wit, believe me,” said Mrs. Wynne, growing more and more earnest; “and if you will not believe me, ask your friend Ellen.”

“O excuse me, I beseech; I shall ask no questions—

I only beg leave to keep myself well, when I am well. The Elmours, who are so clever, and have such merit, and so on, are all vastly better suited to her grace than I am."

No contradiction ensued—our heroine was mortified beyond the power of concealment.

After dinner, when the ladies retired, Mrs. Wynne, though somewhat alarmed and puzzled by Miss Turnbull's behaviour, summoned all the resolution which benevolence could inspire, and resolved at once to come to the point with our heroine. She flattered herself that all in Miss Turnbull that appeared inauspicious to her hopes was only *her manner*, that sort of manner which people, who live much in high life, catch, and practise, without meaning to give themselves airs, or to humble their neighbours.

Many persons will perhaps think good Mrs. Wynne almost an idiot: but she was a woman of abilities; and if she did not exert them in discovering with promptitude the follies of others, she enjoyed much happiness in her benevolent scepticism. This evening, however, she was doomed to be absolutely convinced, against her will, that she had formed too favourable an opinion of one of her fellow-creatures.

She was eager to explain herself to Almeria before Ellen and Mr. Frederick Elmour should arrive; she therefore took her aside, and began without any preface:—"My dear Miss Turnbull, here is a charming opportunity for you to do a kind, and generous, and grateful action. This poor Mrs. Henry Elmour!—She has told you how she has been reduced to distress without any imprudence of hers. Now you could not, I am sure, prove the goodness of your own heart better to your friends (who will be here in half an hour) than by showing kindness to this unfortunate widow. I cannot presume to say more than that I think she would make a most agreeable companion to an amiable,

sensible young lady—and you have not decided your choice, have you?”

“Pardon me, I have decided, beyond a possibility of retracting,” replied Miss Turnbull, haughtily.

“I am very sorry,” said Mrs. Wynne, with an expression of real concern in her countenance. “I have been very imprudent.”

“Really I am infinitely distressed that it is out of my power to oblige her; but the lady who is with me now, Mrs. Ingoldsby, has a prior claim.”

Prior claim!—prior to that of the Elmour family! thought Mrs. Wynne.

The decisive manner in which Miss Turnbull spoke precluded all further hope.

“Well, I did think it would have been such a pleasure to Miss Turnbull to meet Mrs. Henry Elmour, and all her old friends the Elmours here to-day; and I fancied, that if there had been any little coolness or misunderstanding, it would quite have passed off, and that I should have had the joy of seeing you all shake hands—I thought it would have been such an agreeable surprise to you to see all the Elmour family, and Ellen’s charming little girl, and Mr. Frederick Elmour’s boy!”

A more disagreeable surprise could scarcely have been imagined for our heroine. She informed Mrs. Wynne, coldly, that there was not the slightest quarrel between her and any of the Elmours; and that therefore there was no necessity, or possible occasion, for any shaking of hands or reconciliation scenes: that undoubtedly the style of life she had been thrown into had entirely separated her from her Yorkshire acquaintance; and time had dissolved the sort of intimacy that neighbourhood had created: that she should always, notwithstanding, be most particularly happy to meet any of the Elmour family; though, from her situation, it was a good fortune she had not often enjoy-

ed, nor indeed could in future expect: but that she wished it to be understood, and repeated, that she always in all companies properly acknowledged the obligations she had to Mr. Frederick Elmour as a lawyer. Her cause, she believed, was the first in which he had distinguished himself; and she was rejoiced to find that he had since risen so rapidly in his profession.—As to Miss Ellen Elmour, she was a very charming, sensible young woman, no doubt; and Miss Turnbull assured Mrs. Wynne she was delighted to hear she was so suitably married in point of understanding and temper, and all those sort of things—and besides, to a gentleman of a reasonable fortune, which she was happy to hear Mr. C. Wynne possessed.

Here she was interrupted in her speech—the door opened, and the Duchess of —, Mr. and Mrs. Elmour, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wynne, were announced. Our heroine was not prepared for the sight of the duchess; and her grace's appearance made her receive her old friends in a manner very different from that in which she had determined to meet them. Practised as she was, she stood irresolute and awkward, whilst Ellen, with easy, graceful kindness, accosted her, and immediately introduced her to the Duchess of —. As Mr. Frederick Elmour approached, and as his beautiful wife was presented to Miss Turnbull, not all her efforts could conceal the mortification she endured, whilst she pronounced that she was vastly happy—quite delighted—that all this was really such an agreeable and *unexpected surprise* to her—for she did not even know any of her Yorkshire friends were in town.

Mrs. Ingoldsby came up to her assistance. Miss Turnbull rallied her spirits, and determined to make her stand upon the exclusive ground of fashion. Those who comprehend the rights of the privileged orders of fashion are aware that even a commoner, who is in a certain *set*, is far superior to a duchess who is not supposed to move in that

magic circle. Almeria, upon this principle, began to talk to the Duchess of —— of some of her acquaintance, who were of the highest *ton*; and then affectedly checked herself, and begged pardon, and looked surprised at Mrs. Ingoldsby, when she found that her grace was not acquainted with them. Much as Miss Turnbull had reason to complain of Lady Pierrepont and the young bride the marchioness, she now thought that their names would do her honour; and she scrupled not to speak of them as her best friends, and as the most amiable creatures existing.— Such is the meanness and insufficiency of vanity!

“Poor Lady Pierrepont,” said the Duchess of———: “with her independent fortune, what could tempt her to enslave herself, as she has done, to a court life?”

“Her ladyship finds herself suited to her situation, I believe,” said Miss Turnbull. “Lady Pierrepont is certainly formed, more than most people I know, to succeed and shine in a court; and she is in favour, and in power, and in fashion.”

“Does it follow of course that she is happy?” said Ellen.

“O! happy—of course; I suppose so.”

“No doubt,” said Mrs. Ingoldsby; “she has every reason to be happy: has not she just made her niece a marchioness?”

Miss Turnbull repeated “*Happy!* to be sure Lady Pierrepont is happy, if any body in the world is happy.”— A short sigh escaped from our heroine.

Ellen heard the sigh, and attended to it more than to her words; she looked upon her with compassion, and endeavoured to change the conversation.

“We spend this winter in town; and as I think I know your *real* tastes, Almeria,” said she, taking Almeria’s hand, “we must have the pleasure of introducing you to some of her grace’s literary friends, who will, I am sure, please and suit you particularly.”

Mr. Frederick Elmour, who now really pitied Almeria, though in his pity there was a strong mixture of contempt, joined his sister in her kindness, and named and described some of the people whom he thought she would be most desirous of knowing. The names struck Miss Turnbull's ears, for they were the names of persons distinguished in the fashionable as well as in the literary world; and she was dismayed and mortified by the discovery that her *country friends* had by some means, incomprehensible to her, gained distinction and intimacy in society where she had merely admission; she was vexed beyond expression when she found that *the Elmours* were superior to her even on her own ground. At this instant Mrs. Wynne, with her usual simplicity, asked Mrs. Elmour and Ellen why they had not brought their charming children with them; adding, "You are, my dears, without exception, the two happiest mothers and wives I am acquainted with. And after all, what happiness is there equal to domestic happiness?—O my dear Miss Turnbull, trust me, though I am a silly old woman, there's nothing like it—and friends at court are not like friends at home—and all the Lady Pierreponts that ever were or ever will be born are not, as you'll find when you come to try them, like one of these plain good Ellens and Elmours."

The address, simple as it was, came so home to Almeria's experience, and so many recollections rushed at once upon her memory, that all her factitious character of a fine lady gave way to natural feeling, and suddenly she burst into tears. "Good heavens! my dear Miss Turnbull," cried Mrs. Ingoldsby, "what is the matter?—Are not you well?—Salts! salts!—the heat of the room!—Poor thing!—she has such weak nerves.—Mr. Elmour, may I trouble you to ring the bell for our carriage? Miss Turnbull has such sensibility! This meeting, so unexpected, with so many old friends, has quite overcome her."

Miss Turnbull, recalled to herself by Mrs. Ingoldsby's voice, repeated the request to have her carriage immediately, and departed with Mrs. Ingoldsby as soon as she possibly could, utterly abashed and mortified; mortified most at not having been able to conceal her mortification. Incapable absolutely of articulating, she left Mrs. Ingoldsby to cover her retreat, as well as she could, with weak nerves and sensibility.

Even the charitable Mrs. Wynne was now heard to acknowledge that she could neither approve of Miss Turnbull's conduct, nor frame any apology for it. She confessed that it looked very like what she of all things detested most—*ingratitude*. Her nephew, who had been a cool observant spectator of this evening's performance, was glad that his aunt's mind was now decided by Almeria's conduct. He exclaimed that he would not marry such a woman, if her portion were to be the mines of Peru.

Thus Miss Turnbull lost all chance of the esteem and affection of another man of sense and temper, who might even at this late period of her life have recalled her from the follies of dissipation, and rendered her permanently happy.

And now that our heroine must have lost all power of interesting the reader, now that the pity even of the most indulgent must be utterly sunk in contempt, we shall take our leave of her, resigning her to that misery, which she had been long preparing for herself. It is sufficient to say, that after this period she had some offers from men of fashion of ruined fortunes; but these she rejected, still fancying that with her wealth, which had been prodigiously increased, she could not fail to make a splendid match. So she went on coquetting and coquetting, rejecting and rejecting, till at length she arrived at an age when she could reject no longer. She ceased to be an object to matrimonial adventurers, but to these succeeded a swarm

of female legacy-hunters. Among the most distinguished was her companion, Mrs. Ingoldsby, whose character she soon discovered to be artful and selfish in the extreme. This lady's flattery, therefore, lost all its power to charm, but yet it became necessary to Almeria; and even when she knew that she was duped, she could not part with Mrs. Ingoldsby, because it was not in her power to supply the place of a flatterer with a *friend*.—A friend! that first blessing of life cannot be bought—it must be deserved.

Miss, or as she must now be called, *Mrs.* Almeria Turnbull, is still alive—probably at this moment haunting some place of public amusement, or stationary at the card-table. Wherever she may be, she is despised and discontented; one example more amongst thousands, that wealth cannot purchase, or fashion bestow, real happiness.

“See how the world its veterans rewards—

A youth of folly, an old age of cards!”

Edgeworth's-Town, 1802.

MADAME DE FLEURY.

CHAPTER I.
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CHAPTER I.

"There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall.
How can you, mothers, vex your infants so?"

POPE.

"D'ABORD, madame, c'est impossible!—Madame ne descendra pas ici?"* said François, the footman of Madame de Fleury, with a half expostulatory, half indignant look, as he let down the step of her carriage at the entrance of a dirty passage, that led to one of the most miserable-looking houses in Paris.

"But what can be the cause of the cries which I hear in this house?" said Madame de Fleury.

"'Tis only some child, who is crying," replied François: and he would have put up the step, but his lady was not satisfied.

"'Tis nothing in the world," continued he, with a look of appeal to the coachman, "it *can* be nothing, but some children, who are locked up there above. The mother,

* In the first place, my lady, it is impossible! Surely my lady will not get out of her carriage here?

the workwoman my lady wants, is not at home, that's certain."

"I must know the cause of these cries; I must see these children," said Madame de Fleury, getting out of her carriage.

François held his arm for his lady as she got out.

"Bon!" cried he with an air of vexation. "Si madame le veut absolument, à la bonne heure!—Mais madame sera abîmée. Madame verra que j'ai raison. Madame ne montera jamais ce vilain escalier. D'ailleurs c'est au cinquième. Mais, madame, c'est impossible*."

Notwithstanding the impossibility, Madame de Fleury proceeded; and bidding her talkative footman wait in the entry, made her way up the dark, dirty, broken staircase, the sound of the cries increasing every instant, till, as she reached the fifth story, she heard the shrieks of one in violent pain. She hastened to the door of the room from which the cries proceeded; the door was fastened, and the noise was so great, that though she knocked as loud as she was able, she could not immediately make herself heard. At last the voice of a child from within answered, "The door is locked—mammy has the key in her pocket, and won't be home till night; and here's Victoire has tumbled from the top of the big press, and it is she that is shrieking so."

Madame de Fleury ran down the stairs which she had ascended with so much difficulty, called to her footman, who was waiting in the entry, despatched him for a surgeon, and then she returned to obtain from some people who lodged in the house assistance to force open the door of the room in which the children were confined.

On the next floor there was a smith at work, filing so

* To be sure it must be as my lady pleases—but my lady will find it terribly dirty!—my lady will find I was right—my lady will never get up that shocking staircase,—it is impossible!

earnestly that he did not hear the screams of the children. When his door was pushed open, and the bright vision of Madame de Fleury appeared to him, his astonishment was so great that he seemed incapable of comprehending what she said. In a strong provincial accent he repeated, "*Plait-il ?*" and stood aghast till she had explained herself three times : then suddenly exclaiming, "*Ah ! c'est ça !*"—he collected his tools precipitately, and followed to obey her orders. The door of the room was at last forced half open, for a press that had been overturned prevented its opening entirely. The horrible smells that issued did not overcome Madame de Fleury's humanity : she squeezed her way into the room, and behind the fallen press saw three little children : the youngest, almost an infant, ceased roaring, and ran to a corner ; the eldest, a boy of about eight years old, whose face and clothes were covered with blood, held on his knee a girl younger than himself, whom he was trying to pacify, but who struggled most violently, and screamed incessantly, regardless of Madame de Fleury, to whose questions she made no answer.

"Where are you hurt, my dear?" repeated Madame de Fleury, in a soothing voice. "Only tell me where you feel pain?"

The boy, showing his sister's arm, said, in a surly tone—"It is this that is hurt—but it was not I did it."

"It was, it *was*," cried the girl as loud as she could vociferate : "it was Maurice threw me down from the top of the press."

"No—it was you that were pushing me, Victoire, and you fell backwards.—Have done screeching, and show your arm to the lady."

"I can't," said the girl.

"She won't," said the boy.

"She *cannot*," said Madame de Fleury, kneeling down

to examine it. "She cannot move it : I am afraid that it is broken."

"Don't touch it ! don't touch it !" cried the girl, screaming more violently.

"Ma'am, she screams that way for nothing often," said the boy. "Her arm is no more broke than mine, I'm sure ; she'll move it well enough when she's not cross."

"I am afraid," said Madame de Fleury, "that her arm is broken."

"Is it indeed?" said the boy, with a look of terror.

"O ! don't touch it—you'll kill me, you are killing me," screamed the poor girl, whilst Madame de Fleury with the greatest care endeavoured to join the bones in their proper place, and resolved to hold the arm till the arrival of the surgeon.

From the feminine appearance of this lady, no stranger would have expected such resolution ; but with all the natural sensibility and graceful delicacy of her sex, she had none of that weakness or affectation, which incapacitates from being useful in real distress. In most sudden accidents, and in all domestic misfortunes, female resolution and presence of mind are indispensably requisite : safety, health, and life, often depend upon the fortitude of women. Happy they, who, like Madame de Fleury, possess strength of mind, united with the utmost gentleness of manner and tenderness of disposition !

Soothed by this lady's sweet voice, the child's rage subsided ; and no longer struggling, the poor little girl sat quietly on her lap, sometimes writhing and moaning with pain.

The surgeon at length arrived : her arm was set : and he said, "that she had probably been saved much future pain by Madame de Fleury's presence of mind."

"Sir,—will it soon be well?" said Maurice to the surgeon.

“O yes, very soon, I dare say,” said the little girl. “Tomorrow, perhaps; for now that it is tied up, it does not hurt me to signify—and after all, I do believe, Maurice, it was not you threw me down.”

As she spoke, she held up her face to kiss her brother. —“That is right,” said Madame de Fleury: “there is a good sister.”

The little girl put out her lips, offering a second kiss, but the boy turned hastily away to rub the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.

“I am not cross now: am I, Maurice?” said she.

“No, Victoire, I was cross myself when I said *that*.”

As Victoire was going to speak again, the surgeon imposed silence, observing, that she must be put to bed, and should be kept quiet. Madame de Fleury laid her upon the bed, as soon as Maurice had cleared it of the things with which it was covered; and as they were spreading the ragged blanket over the little girl, she whispered a request to Madame de Fleury, that she would “stay till her mamma came home, to beg Maurice off from being whipped, if mamma should be angry.”

Touched by this instance of goodness, and compassionating the desolate condition of these children, Madame de Fleury complied with Victoire’s request; resolving to remonstrate with their mother for leaving them locked up in this manner. They did not know to what part of the town their mother was gone; they could tell only, “that she was to go to a great many different places to carry back work, and to bring home more; and that she expected to be in by five.” It was now half after four.

Whilst Madame de Fleury waited, she asked the boy to give her a full account of the manner in which the accident had happened.

“Why, ma’am,” said Maurice, twisting and untwisting a ragged handkerchief as he spoke, “the first beginning of

all the mischief was, we had nothing to do; so we went to the ashes to make dirt pies: but Babet would go so close that she burnt her petticoat, and threw about all our ashes, and plagued us, and we whipped her: but all would not do, she would not be quiet; so to get out of her reach, we climbed up by this chair on the table to the top of the press, and there we were well enough for a little while, till somehow we began to quarrel about the old scissors, and we struggled hard for them, till I got this cut."

Here he unwound the handkerchief, and for the first time showed the wound, which he had never mentioned before.

"Then," continued he, "when I got the cut, I shoved Victoire, and she pushed at me again, and I was keeping her off, and her foot slipped, and down she fell; and caught by the press-door, and pulled it and me after her, and that's all I know."

"It is well that you were not both killed," said Madame de Fleury. "Are you often left locked up in this manner by yourselves, and without any thing to do?"

"Yes, always, when mamma is abroad—except sometimes we are let out upon the stairs, or in the street; but mamma says we get into mischief there."

This dialogue was interrupted by the return of the mother. She came up stairs slowly, much fatigued, and with a heavy bundle under her arm.

"How now! Maurice? how comes my door open? What's all this?" cried she in an angry voice; but seeing a lady sitting upon her child's bed, she stopped short in great astonishment. Madame de Fleury related what had happened, and averted her anger from Maurice, by gently expostulating upon the hardship and hazard of leaving her young children in this manner during so many hours of the day.

"Why, my lady," replied the poor woman, wiping her

forehead, “every hard-working woman in Paris does the same with her children, and what can I do else? I must earn bread for these helpless ones, and to do that I must be out backwards and forwards, and to the furthest parts of the town, often from morning till night, with those that employ me; and I cannot afford to send the children to school, or to keep any kind of a servant to look after them; and when I’m away, if I let them run about these stairs and entries, or go into the streets, they do get a little exercise and air, to be sure, such as it is; on which account I do let them out sometimes; but then a deal of mischief comes of that, too—they learn all kinds of wickedness, and would grow up to be no better than pickpockets, if they were let often to consort with the little vagabonds they find in the streets. So what to do better for them I don’t know.”

The poor mother sat down upon the fallen press, looked at Victoire, and wept bitterly. Madame de Fleury was struck with compassion: but she did not satisfy her feelings merely by words of comfort, or by the easy donation of some money—she resolved to do something more, and something better.

CHAPTER II.

"Come often, then; for haply in my bow'r
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom, thou mayst gain:
If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

BEATTIE.

It is not so easy to do good as those who have never attempted it may imagine; and they who without consideration follow the mere instinct of pity, often by their imprudent generosity create evils more pernicious to society than any which they partially remedy. "Warm Charity, the general friend," may become the general enemy, unless she consults her head as well as her heart. Whilst she pleases herself with the idea that she daily feeds hundreds of the poor, she is perhaps preparing want and famine for thousands. Whilst she delights herself with the anticipation of gratitude for her bounties, she is often exciting only unreasonable expectations, inducing habits of dependence, and submission to slavery.

Those who wish to do good should attend to experience, from whom they may receive lessons upon the largest scale that time and numbers can afford.

Madame de Fleury was aware that neither a benevolent disposition nor a large fortune was sufficient to enable her to be of real service, without the constant exercise of her judgment. She had therefore listened with deference to the conversation of well-informed men upon those subjects on which ladies have not always the means or the wish to acquire extensive and accurate knowledge. Though a Parisian belle, she had read with attention some of those books which are generally thought too dry or too deep for her

sex. Consequently her benevolence was neither wild in theory, nor precipitate nor ostentatious in practice.

Touched with compassion for a little girl, whose arm had been accidentally broken, and shocked by the discovery of the confinement and the dangers to which numbers of children in Paris were doomed, she did not make a parade of her sensibility. She did not talk of her feelings in fine sentences to a circle of opulent admirers, nor did she project for the relief of the little sufferers some magnificent establishment, which she could not execute nor superintend. She was contented with attempting only what she had reasonable hopes of accomplishing.

The gift of education she believed to be more advantageous than the gift of money to the poor; as it ensures the means both of future subsistence and happiness. But the application even of this incontrovertible principle requires caution and judgment. To crowd numbers of children into a place called a school, to abandon them to the management of any person called a schoolmaster or a schoolmistress, is not sufficient to secure the blessings of a good education. Madame de Fleury was sensible that the greatest care is necessary in the choice of the person to whom young children are to be intrusted: she knew that only a certain number can be properly directed by one superintendent; and that by attempting to do too much, she might do nothing, or worse than nothing. Her school was formed, therefore, on a small scale, which she could enlarge to any extent, if it should be found to succeed. From some of the families of poor people, who in earning their bread are obliged to spend most of the day from home, she selected twelve little girls, of whom Victoire was the eldest, and she was between six and seven.

The person under whose care Madame de Fleury wished to place these children was a nun of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, with whose simplicity of character, benevolence,

and mild, steady temper, she was thoroughly acquainted. Sister Frances was delighted with the plan. Any scheme that promised to be of service to her fellow-creatures was sure of meeting with her approbation; but this suited her taste peculiarly, because she was extremely fond of children. No young person had ever boarded six months at her convent without becoming attached to good Sister Frances.

The period of which we are writing was some years before convents were abolished; but the strictness of their rules had in many instances been considerably relaxed. Without much difficulty, permission was obtained from the abbess for our nun to devote her time during the day to the care of these poor children, upon condition that she should regularly return to her convent every night before evening prayers. The house which Madame de Fleury chose for her little school was in an airy part of the town; it did not face the street, but was separated from other buildings at the back of a court, retired from noise and bustle. The two rooms intended for the occupation of the children were neat and clean, but perfectly simple, with whitewashed walls, furnished only with wooden stools and benches, and plain deal tables. The kitchen was well lighted (for light is essential to cleanliness), and it was provided with utensils; and for these appropriate places were allotted, to give the habit and the taste of order. The school-room opened into a garden larger than is usually seen in towns. The nun, who had been accustomed to purchase provision for her convent, undertook to prepare daily for the children breakfast and dinner; they were to sup and sleep at their respective homes. Their parents were to take them to Sister Frances every morning, when they went out to work, and to call for them upon their return home every evening. By this arrangement, the natural ties of affection and intimacy between the children and their parents would not be loosened; they would be

separate only at the time when their absence must be inevitable. Madame de Fleury thought, that any education, which estranges children entirely from their parents, must be fundamentally erroneous; that such a separation must tend to destroy that sense of filial affection and duty, and those principles of domestic subordination, on which so many of the interests, and much of the virtue and happiness, of society depend. The parents of these poor children were eager to trust them to her care, and they strenuously endeavoured to promote what they perceived to be entirely to their advantage. They promised to take their daughters to school punctually every morning—a promise which was likely to be kept, as a good breakfast was to be ready at a certain hour, and not to wait for any body. The parents looked forward with pleasure also to the idea of calling for their little girls at the end of their day's labour, and of taking them home to their family supper. During the intermediate hours, the children were constantly to be employed, or in exercise. It was difficult to provide suitable employments for their early age; but even the youngest of those admitted could be taught to wind balls of cotton, thread, and silk, for haberdashers; or they could shell peas and beans, etc. for a neighbouring *traiteur*; or they could weed in a garden. The next in age could learn knitting and plain work, reading, writing, and arithmetic. As the girls should grow up, they were to be made useful in the care of the house. Sister Frances said she could teach them to wash and iron, and that she would make them as skilful in cookery as she was herself. This last was doubtless a rash promise; for in most of the mysteries of the culinary art, especially in the medical branches of it, in making savoury messes palatable to the sick, few could hope to equal the neat-handed Sister Frances. She had a variety of other accomplishments—but her humility and good sense forbade her, upon the present occa-

sion, to mention these. She said nothing of embroidery, or of painting, or of cutting out paper, or of carving in ivory, though in all these she excelled: her cuttings out in paper were exquisite as the finest lace; her embroidered housewives, and her painted boxes, and her fan-mounts, and her curiously-wrought ivory toys, had obtained for her the highest reputation in the convent, amongst the best judges in the world. Those only who have philosophically studied and thoroughly understand the nature of fame and vanity can justly appreciate the self-denial, or magnanimity, of Sister Frances, in forbearing to enumerate or boast of these things. She alluded to them but once, and in the slightest and most humble manner.

“These little creatures are too young for us to think of teaching them any thing but plain-work at present; but if hereafter any of them should show a superior genius, we can cultivate it properly! Heaven has been pleased to endow me with the means—at least our convent says so.”

The actions of Sister Frances showed as much moderation as her words; for though she was strongly tempted to adorn her new dwelling with those specimens of her skill, which had long been the glory of her apartment in the convent, yet she resisted the impulse, and contented herself with hanging over the chimney piece of her school-room a Madonna of her own painting.

The day arrived when she was to receive her pupils in their new habitation. When the children entered the room for the first time, they paid the Madonna the homage of their unfeigned admiration. Involuntarily the little crowd stopped short at the sight of the picture. Some dormant emotions of human vanity were now awakened—played for a moment about the heart of Sister Frances—and may be forgiven. Her vanity was innocent and transient, her benevolence permanent and useful. Repressing the vain-glory of an artist, as she fixed her eyes

upon the Madonna her thoughts rose to higher objects, and she seized this happy moment to impress upon the minds of her young pupils their first religious ideas and feelings. There was such unaffected piety in her manner, such goodness in her countenance, such persuasion in her voice, and simplicity in her words, that the impression she made was at once serious, pleasing, and not to be effaced. Much depends upon the moment and the manner in which the first notions of religion are communicated to children: if these ideas be connected with terror, and produced when the mind is sullen or in a state of dejection, the future religious feelings are sometimes of a gloomy, dispiriting sort; but if the first impression be made when the heart is expanded by hope, or touched by affection, these emotions are happily and permanently associated with religion. This should be particularly attended to by those who undertake the instruction of the children of the poor, who must lead a life of labour, and can seldom have leisure or inclination, when arrived at years of discretion, to re-examine the principles early infused into their minds. They cannot, in their riper age, conquer, by reason, those superstitious terrors, or bigoted prejudices, which render their victims miserable, or perhaps criminal. To attempt to rectify any errors in the foundation, after an edifice has been constructed, is dangerous: the foundation, therefore, should be laid with care. The religious opinions of Sister Frances were strictly united with just rules of morality, strongly enforcing, as the essential means of obtaining present and future happiness, the practice of the social virtues; so that no good or wise persons, however they might differ from her in modes of faith, could doubt the beneficial influence of her general principles, or disapprove of the manner in which they were inculcated.

Detached from every other worldly interest, this bene-

volent nun devoted all her earthly thoughts to the children, of whom she had undertaken the charge. She watched over them with unceasing vigilance, whilst diffidence of her own abilities was happily supported by her high opinion of Madame de Fleury's judgment. This lady constantly visited her pupils every week; not in the hasty, negligent manner, in which fine ladies sometimes visit charitable institutions, imagining that the honour of their presence is to work miracles, and that every thing will go on rightly when they have said, "*Let it be so;*" or "*I must have it so.*" Madame de Fleury's visits were not of this dictatorial or cursory nature. Not minutes, but hours, she devoted to these children—she who could charm by the grace of her manners, and delight by the elegance of her conversation, the most polished circles* and the best-informed societies of Paris, preferred to the glory of being admired the pleasure of being useful :—

" Her life, as lovely as her face,
Each duty mark'd with every grace;
Her native sense improved by reading,
Her native sweetness by good-breeding."

* It was of this lady that Marmontel said—"She has the art of making the most common thoughts appear new, and the most uncommon, simple, by the elegance and clearness of her expressions."

CHAPTER III.

" Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be :
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires."

SHENSTONE.

By repeated observation, and by attending to the minute *reports* of Sister Frances, Madame de Fleury soon became acquainted with the habits and temper of each individual in this little society. The most intelligent and the most amiable of these children was Victoire. Whence her superiority arose, whether her abilities were naturally more vivacious than those of her companions, or whether they had been more early developed by accidental excitation, we cannot pretend to determine, lest we should involve ourselves in the intricate question respecting natural genius—a metaphysical point, which we shall not in this place stop to discuss. Till the world has an accurate philosophical dictionary (a work not to be expected in less than half a dozen centuries), this question will never be decided to general satisfaction. In the mean time, we may proceed with our story.

Deep was the impression made on Victoire's heart by the kindness that Madame de Fleury showed her at the time her arm was broken ; and her gratitude was expressed with all the enthusiastic *fondness* of childhood. Whenever she spoke or heard of Madame de Fleury, her countenance became interested and animated, in a degree that would

have astonished a cool English spectator. Every morning her first question to Sister Frances was—"Will *she* come to-day?"—If Madame de Fleury was expected, the hours and the minutes were counted, and the sand in the hour-glass that stood on the school-room table was frequently shaken. The moment she appeared, Victoire ran to her, and was silent; satisfied with standing close beside her, holding her gown when unperceived, and watching, as she spoke and moved, every turn of her countenance. Delighted by these marks of sensibility, Sister Frances would have praised the child, but was warned by Madame de Fleury to refrain from injudicious eulogiums, lest she should teach her affectation.

"If I must not praise, you will permit me at least to love her," said Sister Frances.

Her affection for Victoire was increased by compassion: during two months the poor child's arm hung in a sling, so that she could not venture to play with her companions. At their hours of recreation, she used to sit on the school-room steps, looking down into the garden at the scene of merriment, in which she could not partake.

For those who know how to find it, there is good in every thing. Sister Frances used to take her seat on the steps, sometimes with her work, and sometimes with a book; and Victoire, tired of being quite idle, listened with eagerness to the stories which Sister Frances read, or watched with interest the progress of her work: soon she longed to imitate what she saw done with so much pleasure, and begged to be taught to work and read. By degrees, she learned her alphabet; and could soon, to the amazement of her school-fellows, read the names of all the animals in Sister Frances's *picture book*. No matter how trifling the thing done, or the knowledge acquired, a great point is gained by giving the desire for employment. Child-

ren frequently become industrious from impatience of the pains and penalties of idleness. Count Rumford showed that he understood childish nature perfectly well, when, in his house of industry at Munich, he compelled the young children to sit for some time idle in a gallery round the hall, where others a little older than themselves were busied at work. During Victoire's state of idle convalescence, she acquired the desire to be employed, and she consequently soon became more industrious than her neighbours. Succeeding in her first efforts, she was praised—was pleased, and persevered till she became an example of activity to her companions. But Victoire, though now nearly seven years old, was not quite perfect. Naturally, or accidentally, she was very passionate, and not a little self-willed.

One day being mounted, horsemanlike, with whip in hand, upon the banister of the flight of stairs leading from the school-room to the garden, she called in a tone of triumph to her play-fellows, desiring them to stand out of the way, and see her slide from top to bottom. At this moment Sister Frances came to the school-room door, and forbade the feat: but Victoire, regardless of all prohibition, slid down instantly, and moreover was going to repeat the glorious operation, when Sister Frances, catching hold of her arm, pointed to a heap of sharp stones that lay on the ground upon the other side of the banisters.

“I am not afraid,” said Victoire.

“But if you fall there, you may break your arm again.”

“And if I do, I can bear it,” said Victoire. “Let me go, pray let me go—I must do it.”

“No; I forbid you, Victoire, to slide down again!—Babet, and all the little ones, would follow your example, and perhaps break their necks.”

The nun, as she spoke, attempted to compel Victoire

to dismount : but she was so much of a heroine, that she would do nothing upon compulsion. Clinging fast to the banisters, she resisted with all her might ; she kicked and screamed, and screamed and kicked ; but at last her feet were taken prisoners : then grasping the railway with one hand, with the other she brandished high the little whip.

“ What ! ” said the mild nun, “ would you strike me with that *arm* ? ”

The arm dropped instantly—Victoire recollected Madame de Fleury’s kindness the day when the arm was broken : dismounting immediately, she threw herself upon her knees in the midst of the crowd of young spectators, and begged pardon of Sister Frances. For the rest of the day she was as gentle as a lamb ; nay, some assert that the effects of her contrition were visible during the remainder of the week.

Having thus found the secret of reducing the little rebel to obedience by touching her on the tender point of gratitude, the nun had recourse to this expedient in all perilous cases : but one day, when she was boasting of the infallible operation of her charm, Madame de Fleury advised her to forbear recurring to it frequently, lest she should wear out the sensibility she so much loved. In consequence of this counsel, Victoire’s violence of temper was sometimes reduced by force, and sometimes corrected by reason ; but the principle and the feeling of gratitude were not exhausted or weakened in the struggle. The hope of reward operated upon her generous mind more powerfully than the fear of punishment ; and Madame de Fleury devised rewards with as much ability as some legislators invent punishments.

Victoire’s brother Maurice, who was now of an age to earn his own bread, had a strong desire to be bound apprentice to the smith who worked in the house where his

mother lodged. This most ardent wish of his soul he had imparted to his sister: and she consulted her benefactress, whom she considered as all-powerful in this, as in every other affair.

“Your brother’s wish shall be accomplished,” replied Madame de Fleury, “if you can keep your temper one month. If you are never in a passion for a whole month, I will undertake that your brother shall be bound apprentice to his friend the smith. To your companions, to Sister Frances, and above all to yourself, I trust, to make me a just report this day month.”

CHAPTER IV.

“You she preferr’d to all the gay resorts,
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.”

LYTTELTON.

AT the end of the time prescribed, the judges, including Victoire herself, who was the most severe of them all, agreed she had justly deserved her reward. Maurice obtained his wish; and Victoire’s temper never relapsed into its former bad habits—so powerful is the effect of a well-chosen motive!—Perhaps the historian may be blamed for dwelling on such trivial anecdotes; yet a lady, who was accustomed to the conversation of deep philosophers and polished courtiers, listened without disdain to these simple annals. Nothing appeared to her a trifle that could tend to form the habits of temper, truth, honesty, order, and industry;—habits, which are to be early induced, not by

solemn precepts, but by practical lessons. A few more examples of these shall be recorded, notwithstanding the fear of being tiresome.

One day little Babet, who was now five years old, saw, as she was coming to school, an old woman sitting at a corner of the street, beside a large black brazier full of roasted chesnuts. Babet thought that the chesnuts looked and smelled very good; the old woman was talking earnestly to some people, who were on her other side: Babet filled her work-bag with chesnuts, and then ran after her mother and sister, who, having turned the corner of the street, had not seen what passed. When Babet came to the school-room, she opened her bag with triumph, displayed her treasure, and offered to divide it with her companions. "Here, Victoire," said she, "here is the largest chesnut for you."

But Victoire would not take it; for she said that Babet had no money, and that she could not have come honestly by these chesnuts. She spoke so forcibly upon this point, that even those who had the tempting morsel actually at their lips, forbore to bite; those who had bitten, laid down their half-eaten prize; and those who had their hands full of chesnuts, rolled them back again towards the bag. Babet cried with vexation.

"I burned my fingers in getting them for you, and now you won't eat them!—Nor I must not eat them!" said she: then curbing her passion, she added, "But at any rate, I won't be a thief. I am sure I did not think it was being a thief just to take a few chesnuts from an old woman, who had such heaps and heaps: but Victoire says it is wrong, and I would not be a thief for all the chesnuts in the world—I'll throw them all into the fire this minute!"

"No; give them back again to the old woman," said Victoire.

“But may be, she would scold me for having taken them,” said Babet; “or who knows but she might whip me?”

“And if she did, could not you bear it?” said Victoire: “I am sure I would rather bear twenty whippings than be a thief.”

“Twenty whippings! that’s a great many,” said Babet; “and I am so little, consider—and that woman has such a monstrous arm!—Now if it was Sister Frances, it would be another thing. But come! if you will go with me, Victoire, you shall see how I will behave.”

“We will all go with you,” said Victoire.

“Yes, all!” said the children; “and Sister Frances, I dare say, would go, if you asked her.”

Babet ran and told her, and she readily consented to accompany the little penitent to make restitution. The chesnut woman did not whip Babet, nor even scold her; but said she was sure, that since the child was so honest as to return what she had taken, she would never steal again. This was the most *glorious* day of Babet’s life, and the happiest. When the circumstance was told to Madame de Fleury, she gave the little girl a bag of the best chesnuts the old woman could select, and Babet with great delight shared her reward with her companions.

“But, alas! these chesnuts are not roasted. O! if we could but roast them!” said the children.

Sister Frances placed in the middle of the table, on which the chesnuts were spread, a small earthenware furnace—a delightful toy, commonly used by children in Paris to cook their little feasts.

“This can be bought for sixpence,” said she: “and if each of you twelve earn one half-penny a-piece to-day, you can purchase it to-night, and I will put a little fire into it, and you will then be able to roast your chesnuts.”

The children ran eagerly to their work—some to wind worsted for a woman who paid them a *liard* for each ball, others to shell peas for a neighbouring *traiteur*—all rejoicing that they were able to earn *something*. The elder girls, under the directions and with the assistance of Sister Frances, completed making, washing, and ironing, half a dozen little caps, to supply a baby-linen warehouse. At the end of the day, when the sum of the produce of their labours was added together, they were surprised to find, that, instead of one, they could purchase two furnaces. They received and enjoyed the reward of their united industry. The success of their first efforts was fixed in their memory: for they were very happy roasting the chesnuts, and they were all (Sister Frances inclusive) unanimous in opinion that no chesnuts ever were so good, or so well roasted. Sister Frances always partook in their little innocent amusements; and it was her great delight to be the dispenser of rewards, which at once conferred present pleasure, and cherished future virtue.

CHAPTER V.

“To virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
And bid the tear of emulation start.”

ROGERS.

VICTOIRE, who gave constant exercise to the benevolent feelings of the amiable nun, became every day more dear to her. Far from having the selfishness of a favourite, Victoire loved to bring into public notice the good actions of her companions. “Stoop down your ear to me, Sister Frances,” said she, “and I will tell you a secret—I will tell you why my friend Annette is growing so thin—I found it out this morning—she does not eat above half her soup every day. Look, there’s her porringer covered up in the corner—she carries it home to her mother, who is sick, and who has not bread to eat.”

Madame de Fleury came in, whilst Sister Frances was yet bending down to hear this secret; it was repeated to her; and she immediately ordered that a certain allowance of bread should be given to Annette every day to carry to her mother during her illness.

“I give it in charge to you, Victoire, to remember this, and I am sure it will never be forgotten. Here is an order for you upon my baker: run and show it to Annette. This is a pleasure you deserve; I am glad that you have chosen for your friend a girl who is so good a daughter. Good daughters make good friends.”

By similar instances of goodness Victoire obtained the love and confidence of her companions, notwithstanding her manifest superiority. In their turn, they were eager

to proclaim her merits; and as Sister Frances and Madame de Fleury administered justice with invariable impartiality, the hateful passions of envy and jealousy were never excited in this little society. No servile sycophant, no malicious detractor, could rob or defraud their little virtues of their due reward.

“Whom shall I trust to take this to Madame de Fleury?” said Sister Frances, carrying into the garden, where the children were playing, a pot of fine jonquils, which she had brought from her convent.—“These are the first jonquils I have seen this year, and finer I never beheld! Whom shall I trust to take them to Madame de Fleury this evening?—It must be some one who will not stop to stare about on the way, but who will be very, very careful—some one in whom I can place perfect dependence.”

“It must be Victoire, then,” cried every voice.

“Yes, she deserves it to-day particularly,” said Annette, eagerly, “because she was not angry with Babet, when she did what was enough to put any body in a passion. Sister Frances, you know this cherry-tree which you grafted for Victoire last year, and that was yesterday so full of blossoms—now you see, there is not a blossom left!—Babet plucked them all this morning to make a nosegay.”

“But she did not know,” said Victoire, “that pulling off the blossoms would prevent my having any cherries.”

“O, I am very sorry I was so foolish,” said Babet; “Victoire did not even say a cross word to me.”

“Though she was excessively anxious about the cherries,” pursued Annette, “because she intended to have given the first she had to Madame de Fleury.”

“Victoire, take the jonquils—it is but just,” said Sister Frances. “How I do love to hear them all praise her!—I knew what she would be from the first.”

With a joyful heart Victoire took the jonquils, promised to carry them with the utmost care, and not to stop to stare

on the way. She set out to Madame de Fleury's hotel, which was in *La Place de Louis Quinze*. It was late in the evening, the lamps were lighting, and as Victoire crossed the Pont de Louis Seize, she stopped to look at the reflection of the lamps in the water, which appeared in succession, as they were lighted, spreading as if by magic along the river. While Victoire leaned over the battlements of the bridge, watching the rising of these stars of fire, a sudden push from the elbow of some rude passenger precipitated her pot of jonquils into the Seine. The sound it made in the water was thunder to the ear of Victoire; she stood for an instant vainly hoping it would rise again, but the waters had closed over it for ever.

“ Dans cet état affreux, que faire ?

..... Mon devoir.”

Victoire courageously proceeded to Madame de Fleury's, and desired to see her.

“ D'abord c'est impossible—madame is dressing to go to a concert;” said François. “ Cannot you leave your message ?”

“ O no,” said Victoire; “ it is of great consequence—I must see *her* myself; and she is so good, and you too, Monsieur François, that I am sure you will not refuse.”

“ Well, I remember one day you found the seal of my watch, which I dropped at your school-room door—one good turn deserves another. If it is possible, it shall be done—I will inquire of madame's woman.”—“ Follow me up stairs,” said he, returning in a few minutes; “ madame will see you.”

She followed him up the large staircase, and through a suite of apartments sufficiently grand to intimidate her young imagination.

“Madame est dans son cabinet. Entrez—mais entrez donc, entrez toujours.”

Madame de Fleury was more richly dressed than usual; and her image was reflected in the large looking-glass, so that at the first moment Victoire thought she saw many fine ladies, but not one of them the lady she wanted.

“Well, Victoire, my child, what is the matter?”

“O, it is her voice!—I know you now, madame, and I am not afraid—not afraid even to tell you how foolish I have been. Sister Frances trusted me to carry for you, madame, a beautiful pot of jonquils, and she desired me not to stop on the way to stare; but I did stop to look at the lamps on the bridge, and I forgot the jonquils, and somebody brushed by me, and threw them into the river—and I am very sorry I was so foolish.”

“And I am very glad that you are so wise as to tell the truth, without attempting to make any paltry excuses. Go home to Sister Frances, and assure her that I am more obliged to her for making you such an honest girl than I could be for a whole bed of jonquils.”

Victoire's heart was so full that she could not speak—she kissed Madame de Fleury's hand in silence, and then seemed to be lost in contemplation of her bracelet.

“Are you thinking, Victoire, that you should be much happier, if you had such bracelets as these?—Believe me, you are mistaken if you think so; many people are unhappy, who wear fine bracelets; so, my child, content yourself.”

“Myself! O madam, I was not thinking of myself—I was not wishing for bracelets—I was only thinking that——”

“That what?”

“That it is a pity you are so very rich; you have every thing in this world that you want, and I can never be of the least use to *you*—all my life I shall never be able to do *you*

any good—and what,” said Victoire, turning away to hide her tears, “what signifies the gratitude of such a poor little creature as I am?”

“Did you never hear the fable of the lion and the mouse, Victoire?”

“No, madam—never!”

“Then I will tell it to you.”

Victoire looked up with eyes of eager expectation—François opened the door to announce that the Marquis de M—— and the Comte de S—— were in the saloon; but Madame de Fleury staid to tell Victoire her fable—she would not lose the opportunity of making an impression upon this child’s heart.

It is whilst the mind is warm that the deepest impressions can be made. Seizing the happy moment sometimes decides the character and the fate of a child. In this respect what advantages have the rich and great in educating the children of the poor! they have the power which their rank, and all its decorations, obtain over the imagination. Their smiles are favours; their words are listened to as oracular; they are looked up to as beings of a superior order. Their powers of working good are almost as great, though not quite so wonderful, as those formerly attributed to beneficent fairies.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Knowledge for them unlocks her *useful* page,
And virtue blossoms for a better age.”

BARBAULD.

A FEW days after Madame de Fleury had told Victoire the fable of the lion and the mouse, she was informed by Sister Frances that Victoire had put the fable into verse. It was wonderfully well done for a child of nine years old, and Madame de Fleury was tempted to praise the lines; but checking the enthusiasm of the moment, she considered whether it would be advantageous to cultivate her pupil's talents for poetry. Excellence in the poetic art cannot be obtained without a degree of application for which a girl in her situation could not have leisure. To encourage her to become a mere rhyming scribbler, without any chance of obtaining celebrity or securing subsistence, would be folly and cruelty. Early prodigies, in the lower ranks of life, are seldom permanently successful; they are cried up one day, and cried down the next. Their productions rarely have that superiority which secures a fair preference in the great literary market. Their performances are, perhaps, said to be—*wonderful, all things considered, etc.* Charitable allowances are made; the books are purchased by associations of complaisant friends or opulent patrons; a kind of forced demand is raised, but this can be only temporary and delusive. In spite of bounties and of all the arts of protection, nothing but what is intrinsically good will long be preferred, when it must be purchased. But granting that positive excellence is at-

tained, there is always danger that for works of fancy the taste of the public may suddenly vary; there is a fashion in these things; and when the mode changes, the mere literary manufacturer is thrown out of employment; he is unable to turn his hand to another trade, or to any but his own peculiar branch of the business. The powers of the mind are often partially cultivated in these self-taught geniuses. We often see that one part of their understanding is nourished to the prejudice of the rest—the imagination, for instance, at the expense of the judgment; so that, whilst they have acquired talents for show, they have none for use. In the affairs of common life, they are utterly ignorant and imbecile—or worse than imbecile. Early called into public notice, probably before their moral habits are formed, they are extolled for some play of fancy or of wit, as Bacon calls it, some *juggler's trick of the intellect*; immediately they take an aversion to plodding labour, they feel raised above their situation; *possessed* by the notion that genius exempts them, not only from labour, but from vulgar rules of prudence, they soon disgrace themselves by their conduct, are deserted by their patrons, and sink into despair, or plunge into profligacy.*

Convinced of these melancholy truths, Madame de Fleury was determined not to add to the number of those imprudent or ostentatious patrons, who sacrifice to their own amusement and vanity the future happiness of their favourites. Victoire's verses were not handed about in fashionable circles, nor was she called upon to recite them before a brilliant audience, nor was she produced in public as a prodigy; she was educated in private, and by slow and sure degrees, to be a good, useful, and happy member of society. Upon the same principles which decided Madame de Fleury against encouraging Victoire to be a

* To these observations there are honourable exceptions.

poetess, she refrained from giving any of her little pupils accomplishments unsuited to their situation. Some had a fine ear for music, others showed powers of dancing; but they were taught neither dancing nor music—talents which in their station were more likely to be dangerous than serviceable. They were not intended for actresses or opera-girls, but for shop-girls, mantua-makers, work-women, and servants of different sorts; consequently they were instructed in things which would be most necessary and useful to young women in their rank of life. Before they were ten years old, they could do all kinds of plain needlework, they could read and write well, and they were mistresses of the common rules of arithmetic. After this age, they were practised by a writing-master in drawing out bills neatly, keeping accounts, and applying to every-day use their knowledge of arithmetic. Some were taught by a laundress to wash, and *get up* fine linen and lace; others were instructed by a neighbouring *traiteur* in those culinary mysteries, with which Sister Frances was unacquainted. In sweetmeats and confectionaries she yielded to no one; and she made her pupils as expert as herself. Those who were intended for ladies' maids were taught mantua-making, and had lessons from Madame de Fleury's own woman in hair-dressing.

Amongst her numerous friends and acquaintances, and amongst the shopkeepers whom she was in the habit of employing, Madame de Fleury had means of placing and establishing her pupils suitably and advantageously: of this both they and their parents were aware, so that there was a constant and great motive operating continually to induce them to exert themselves, and to behave well. This reasonable hope of reaping the fruits of their education, and of being immediately rewarded for their good conduct; this perception of the connexion between what they are taught and what they are to become, is necessary to make

young people assiduous: for want of attending to these principles, many splendid establishments have failed to produce pupils answerable to the expectations which had been formed of them.

During seven years that Madame de Fleury persevered uniformly on the same plan, only one girl forfeited her protection—a girl of the name of Manon; she was Victoire's cousin, but totally unlike her in character.

When very young, her beautiful eyes and hair caught the fancy of a rich lady, who took her into her family as a sort of humble playfellow for her children. She was taught to dance and to sing: she soon excelled in these accomplishments, and was admired, and produced as a prodigy of talent. The lady of the house gave herself great credit for having discerned, and having *brought forward*, such talents. Manon's moral character was in the mean time neglected. In this house, where there was a constant scene of hurry and dissipation, the child had frequent opportunities and temptations to be dishonest. For some time she was not detected; her caressing manners pleased her patroness, and servile compliance with the humours of the children of the family secured their good-will. Encouraged by daily petty successes in the art of deceit, she became a complete hypocrite. With culpable negligence, her mistress trusted implicitly to appearances; and without examining whether she was really honest, she suffered her to have free access to unlocked drawers and valuable cabinets. Several articles of dress were missed from time to time; but Manon managed so artfully, that she averted from herself all suspicion. Emboldened by this fatal impunity, she at last attempted depredations of more importance. She purloined a valuable snuff-box—was detected in disposing of the broken parts of it at a pawnbroker's, and was immediately discarded in disgrace; but by her tears, and vehement expressions of remorse, she so far worked

upon the weakness of the lady of the house, as to prevail upon her to conceal the circumstance that occasioned her dismissal. Some months afterwards Manon, pleading that she was thoroughly reformed, obtained from this lady a recommendation to Madame de Fleury's school. It is wonderful that people, who in other respects profess and practise integrity, can be so culpably weak as to give good characters to those who do not deserve them; this is really one of the worst species of forgery. Imposed upon by this treacherous recommendation, Madame de Fleury received into the midst of her innocent young pupils one who might have corrupted their minds secretly and irrecoverably. Fortunately a discovery was made in time of Manon's real disposition. A mere trifle led to the detection of her habits of falsehood. As she could not do any kind of needlework, she was employed in winding cotton; she was negligent, and did not in the course of the week wind the same number of balls as her companions: and to conceal this, she pretended that she had delivered the proper number to the woman, who regularly called at the end of the week for the cotton. The woman persisted in her account; the children in theirs; and Manon would not retract her assertion. The poor woman gave up the point; but she declared that she would the next time send her brother to make up the account, because he was *sharper* than herself, and would not be imposed upon so easily. The ensuing week the brother came, and he proved to be the very pawnbroker to whom Manon formerly offered the stolen box: he knew her immediately; it was in vain that she attempted to puzzle him, and to persuade him that he was not the same person. The man was clear and firm. Sister Frances could scarcely believe what she heard. Struck with horror, the children shrunk back from Manon, and stood in silence. Madame de Fleury immediately wrote to the lady who had recommended this girl, and inquired into the truth of the pawn-

broker's assertions. The lady, who had given Manon a false character, could not deny the facts, and could apologize for herself only by saying, that "she believed the girl to be partly reformed, and that she hoped, under Madame de Fleury's judicious care, she would become an amiable and respectable woman."

Madame de Fleury, however, wisely judged, that the hazard of corrupting all her pupils should not be incurred for the slight chance of correcting one, whose bad habits were of such long standing. Manon was expelled from this happy little community—even Sister Frances, the most mild of human beings, could never think of the danger to which they had been exposed without expressing indignation against the lady who recommended such a girl as a fit companion for her blameless and beloved pupils.

CHAPTER VII.

"Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play :
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day."

GRAY.

Good legislators always attend to the habits, and what is called the genius, of the people they have to govern. From youth to age, the taste for whatever is called *une fête* pervades the whole French nation. Madame de Fleury availed herself judiciously of this powerful motive, and connected it with the feelings of affection more than with the passion for show. For instance, when any of her little people had done any thing particularly worthy of reward,

she gave them leave to invite their parents to a *fête* prepared for them by their children, assisted by the kindness of Sister Frances.

One day—it was a holiday obtained by Victoire's good conduct—all the children prepared in their garden a little feast for their parents. Sister Frances spread the table with a bountiful hand, the happy fathers and mothers were waited upon by their children, and each in their turn heard with delight from the benevolent nun some instance of their daughter's improvement. Full of hope for the future, and of gratitude for the past, these honest people ate and talked, whilst in imagination they saw their children all prosperously and usefully settled in the world. They blessed Madame de Fleury in her absence, and they wished ardently for her presence.

“The sun is setting, and Madame de Fleury is not yet come,” cried Victoire; “she said she would be here this evening—What can be the matter?”

“Nothing is the matter, you may be sure,” said Babet, “but that she has forgotten us—she has so many things to think of.”

“Yes; but I know she never forgets us,” said Victoire; “and she loves so much to see us all happy together, that I am sure it must be something very extraordinary that detains her.”

Babet laughed at Victoire's fears: but presently even she began to grow impatient; for they waited long after sunset, expecting every moment that Madame de Fleury would arrive. At last she appeared, but with a dejected countenance, which seemed to justify Victoire's foreboding. When she saw this festive company, each child sitting between her parents, and all at her entrance looking up with affectionate pleasure, a faint smile enlivened her countenance for a moment; but she did not speak to them with her usual ease. Her mind seemed pre-occupied by some

disagreeable business of importance. It appeared that it had some connexion with them; for as she walked round the table with Sister Frances, she said, with a voice and look of great tenderness, “Poor children! how happy they are at this moment!—Heaven only knows how soon they may be rendered, or may render themselves, miserable!”

None of the children could imagine what this meant; but their parents guessed that they had some allusion to the state of public affairs. About this time some of those discontents had broken out, which preceded the terrible days of the revolution. As yet, most of the common people, who were honestly employed in earning their own living, neither understood what was going on, nor foresaw what was to happen. Many of their superiors were not in such happy ignorance—they had information of the intrigues that were forming; and the more penetration they possessed, the more they feared the consequences of causes which they could not control. At the house of a great man, with whom she had dined this day, Madame de Fleury had heard alarming news. Dreadful public disturbances, she saw, were inevitable; and whilst she trembled for the fate of all who were dear to her, these poor children had a share in her anxiety. She foresaw the temptations, the dangers, to which they must be exposed, whether they abandoned, or whether they abided by, the principles their education had instilled. She feared that the labour of years would perhaps be lost in an instant, or that her innocent pupils would fall victims even to their virtues.

Many of these young people were now of an age to understand and to govern themselves by reason; and with these she determined to use those preventive measures which reason affords. Without meddling with politics, in which no amiable or sensible woman can wish to interfere, the influence of ladies in the higher ranks of life may always be exerted with perfect propriety, and with essential

advantage to the public, in conciliating the inferior classes of society, explaining to them their duties and their interests, impressing upon the minds of the children of the poor sentiments of just subordination and honest independence. How happy would it have been for France, if women of fortune and abilities had always exerted their talents and activity in this manner, instead of wasting their powers in futile declamations, or in the intrigues of party!

CHAPTER VIII.

“E’en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done.”

GOLDSMITH.

MADAME DE FLEURY was not disappointed in her pupils. When the public disturbances began, these children were shocked by the horrible actions they saw. Instead of being seduced by bad example, they only showed anxiety to avoid companions of their own age, who were dishonest, idle, or profligate. Victoire’s cousin Manon ridiculed these *absurd* principles, as she called them; and endeavoured to persuade Victoire that she would be much happier if she *followed the fashion*.

“What! Victoire, still with your work-bag on your arm, and still going to school with your little sister, though you are but a year younger than I am, I believe!—thirteen last birthday, were not you?—Mon Dieu! Why, how long do you intend to be a child? and why don’t you leave that old nun, who keeps you in leading-strings?—I assure you, nuns, and schoolmistresses, and schools, and all that sort of things, are out of fashion now—we have abolished all

that—we are to live a life of reason now—and all soon to be equal, I can tell you; let your Madame de Fleury look to that, and look to it yourself; for with all your wisdom, you might find yourself in the wrong box by sticking to her, and that side of the question.—Disengage yourself from her, I advise you, as soon as you can.—My dear Victoire! believe me, you may spell very well—but you know nothing of the rights of man, or the rights of woman.”

“I do not pretend to know any thing of the rights of men, or the rights of women,” cried Victoire; “but this I know, that I never can or will be ungrateful to Madame de Fleury. Disengage myself from her! I am bound to her for ever, and I will abide by her till the last hour I breathe.”

“Well, well! there is no occasion to be in a passion—I only speak as a friend, and I have no more time to reason with you; for I must go home, and get ready my dress for the ball to-night.”

“Manon, how can you afford to buy a dress for a ball?”

“As you might, if you had common sense, Victoire—only by being a *good citizen*. I and a party of us *denounced* a milliner and a confectioner in our neighbourhood, who were horrible aristocrats; and of their goods forfeited to the nation we had, as was our just share, such delicious *marangles*, and charming ribands!—O Victoire! believe me, you will never get such things by going to school, or saying your prayers either. You may look with as much scorn and indignation as you please, but I advise you to let it alone, for all that is out of fashion, and may moreover bring you into difficulties. Believe me, my dear Victoire! your head is not deep enough to understand these things—you know nothing of politics.”

“But I know the difference between right and wrong, Manon: politics can never alter that, you know.”

“Never alter that!—there you are quite mistaken,” said

Manon : “ I cannot stay to convince you now—but this I can tell you, that I know secrets that you don’t suspect.”

“ I do not wish to know any of your secrets, Manon,” said Victoire, proudly.

“ Your pride may be humbled, Citoyenne Victoire, sooner than you expect,” exclaimed Manon, who was now so provoked by her cousin’s contempt, that she could not refrain from boasting of her political knowledge. “ I can tell you, that your fine friends will in a few days not be able to protect you. The Abbé Tracassier is in love with a dear friend of mine, and I know all the secrets of state from her—and I know what I know. Be as incredulous as you please, but you will see that, before this week is at an end, Monsieur de Fleury will be guillotined, and then what will become of you ! Good morning, my proud cousin.”

Shocked by what she had just heard, Victoire could scarcely believe that Manon was in earnest ; she resolved, however, to go immediately and communicate this intelligence, whether true or false, to Madame de Fleury. It agreed but too well with other circumstances, which alarmed this lady for the safety of her husband. A man of his abilities, integrity, and fortune, could not in such times hope to escape persecution. He was inclined to brave the danger ; but his lady represented that it would not be courage, but rashness and folly, to sacrifice his life to the villainy of others, without probability or possibility of serving his country by his fall.

M. de Fleury, in consequence of these representations, and of Victoire’s intelligence, made his escape from Paris ; and the very next day *placards* were put up in every street, offering a price for the head of Citoyen Fleury, *suspected of incivisme*.

Struck with terror and astonishment at the sight of these *placards*, the children read them as they returned in the evening from school ; and little Babet in the vehemence of

her indignation mounted a lamplighter's ladder, and tore down one of the papers. This imprudent action did not pass unobserved: it was seen by one of the spies of Citoyen Tracassier, a man who, under the pretence of zeal *pour la chose publique*, gratified without scruple his private resentments and his malevolent passions. In his former character of an abbé, and a man of wit, he had gained admittance into Madame de Fleury's society. There he attempted to dictate both as a literary and religious despot. Accidentally discovering that Madame de Fleury had a little school for poor children, he thought proper to be offended, because he had not been consulted respecting the regulations, and because he was not permitted, as he said, to take the charge of this little flock. He made many objections to Sister Frances, as being an improper person to have the spiritual guidance of these young people: but as he was unable to give any just reason for his dislike, Madame de Fleury persisted in her choice, and was at last obliged to assert, in opposition to the domineering abbé, her right to judge and decide in her own affairs. With seeming politeness, he begged ten thousand pardons for his conscientious interference. No more was said upon the subject; and as he did not totally withdraw from her society till the revolution broke out, she did not suspect that she had any thing to fear from his resentment. His manners and opinions changed suddenly with the times; the mask of religion was thrown off, and now, instead of objecting to Sister Frances as not being sufficiently strict and orthodox in her tenets, he boldly declared, that a nun was not a fit person to be intrusted with the education of any of the young citizens—they should all be *des élèves de la patrie*. The abbé, become a member of the Committee of Public Safety, denounced Madame de Fleury, in the strange jargon of the day, as “*the fosterer of a swarm of bad citizens, who were*

nourished in the anticivic prejudices de l'ancien régime, and fostered in the most detestable superstitions, in defiance of the law." He further observed, that he had good reason to believe that some of these little *enemies to the constitution* had contrived and abetted M. de Fleury's escape. Of their having rejoiced at it in a most indecent manner he said he could produce irrefragable proof. The boy who saw Babet tear down the *placard* was produced, and solemnly examined; and the thoughtless action of this poor little girl was construed into a state crime of the most horrible nature. In a declamatory tone, Tracassier reminded his fellow-citizens, that in the ancient Grecian times of virtuous republicanism (times of which France ought to show herself emulous), an Athenian child was condemned to death for having made a plaything of a fragment of the gilding that had fallen from a public statue. The orator, for the reward of his eloquence, obtained an order to seize every thing in Madame de Fleury's school-house, and to throw the nun into prison.

CHAPTER IX.

“Who now will guard bewilder’d youth
Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage?—
Such war can Virtue wage?”

At the very moment when this order was going to be put in execution, Madame de Fleury was sitting in the midst of the children, listening to Babet, who was reading *Æsop’s* fable of *the old man and his sons*. Whilst her sister was reading, Victoire collected a number of twigs from the garden: she had just tied them together; and was going, by Sister Frances’s desire, to let her companions try if they could break the bundle, when the attention of the moral of the fable was interrupted by the entrance of an old woman, whose countenance expressed the utmost terror and haste, to tell what she had not breath to utter. To Madame de Fleury she was a stranger; but the children immediately recollected her to be the *chesnut woman*, to whom Babet had some years ago restored certain purloined chesnuts.

“Fly!” said she, the moment she had breath to speak: “Fly!—they are coming to seize every thing here—carry off what you can—make haste—make haste!—I came through a by-street. A man was eating chesnuts at my stall, and I saw him show one that was with him the order from Citoyen Tracassier. They’ll be here in five minutes—quick!—quick!—You, in particular,” continued she, turning to the nun, “else you’ll be in prison.”

At these words, the children, who had clung round Sister

Frances, loosed their hold, exclaiming, "Go! go quick: but where? where?—we will go with her."

"No, no!" said Madame de Fleury, "she shall come home with me—my carriage is at the door."

"Ma belle dame!" cried the chesnut woman, "your house is the worst place she can go to—let her come to my cellar—the poorest cellar in these days is safer than the grandest palace."

So saying, she seized the nun with honest roughness, and hurried her away. As soon as she was gone, the children ran different ways, each to collect some favourite thing, which they thought they could not leave behind. Victoire alone stood motionless beside Madame de Fleury; her whole thoughts absorbed by the fear that her benefactress would be imprisoned. "O madame! dear, dear Madame de Fleury, don't stay! don't stay!"

"O children, never mind these things."

"Don't stay, madame, don't stay!—I will stay with them—I will stay—do you go."

The children hearing these words, and recollecting Madame de Fleury's danger, abandoned all their little property, and instantly obeyed her orders to go home to their parents. Victoire at last saw Madame de Fleury safe in her carriage. The coachman drove off at a great rate; and a few minutes afterwards Tracassier's myrmidons arrived at the school-house. Great was their surprise, when they found only the poor children's little books, unfinished samplers, and half-hemmed handkerchiefs. They ran into the garden, to search for the nun. They were men of brutal habits; yet as they looked at every thing round them, which bespoke peace, innocence, and childish happiness, they could not help thinking it was a pity to destroy what *could do the nation no great harm after all*. They were even glad that the nun had made her escape, since they were not

answerable for it; and they returned to their employer, satisfied for once without doing any mischief: but Citizen Tracassier was of too vindictive a temper to suffer the objects of his hatred thus to elude his vengeance. The next day Madame de Fleury was summoned before his tribunal, and ordered to give up the nun, against whom, as a suspected person, a decree of the law had been obtained.

Madame de Fleury refused to betray the innocent woman: the gentle firmness of this lady's answers to a brutal interrogatory was termed insolence; she was pronounced a refractory aristocrat, dangerous to the state; and an order was made out to seal up her effects, and to keep her prisoner in her own house.

CHAPTER X.

"Alas! full oft on Guilt's victorious car
The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne,
While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
Resigns to tears her angel form."

BEATTIE.

A close prisoner in her own house, Madame de Fleury was now guarded by men suddenly become soldiers, and sprung from the dregs of the people; men of brutal manners, ferocious countenances, and more ferocious minds. They seemed to delight in the insolent display of their newly-acquired power. One of these men had formerly been convicted of some horrible crime, and had been sent to the galleys by M. de Fleury. Revenge actuated this wretch under mask of patriotism, and he rejoiced in

seeing the wife of the man he hated a prisoner in his custody. Ignorant of the facts, his associates were ready to believe him in the right, and to join in the senseless cry against all who were their superiors in fortune, birth, and education. This unfortunate lady was forbidden all intercourse with her friends, and it was in vain she attempted to obtain from her jailers intelligence of what was passing in Paris.

“Tu verras—Tout va bien—Ça ira,” were the only answers they deigned to make : frequently they continued smoking their pipes in obdurate silence. She occupied the back rooms of her house, because her guards apprehended that she might from the front windows receive intelligence from her friends. One morning she was wakened by an unusual noise in the streets ; and upon her inquiring the occasion of it, her guards told her she was welcome to go to the front windows, and satisfy her curiosity. She went, and saw an immense crowd of people surrounding a guillotine, that had been erected the preceding night. Madame de Fleury started back with horror—her guards burst into an inhuman laugh, and asked whether her curiosity was satisfied. She would have left the room ; but it was now their pleasure to detain her, and to force her to continue the whole day in this apartment. When the guillotine began its work, they had even the barbarity to drag her to the window, repeating, “It is there you ought to be!—It is there your husband ought to be!—You are too happy, that your husband is not there this moment. But he will be there—the law will overtake him—he will be there in time—and you too!”

The mild fortitude of this innocent, benevolent woman made no impression upon these cruel men. When at night they saw her kneeling at her prayers, they taunted her with gross and impious mockery ; and when she sunk to sleep, they would waken her by their loud and drunken or-

gies : if she remonstrated, they answered, “ The enemies of the constitution should have no rest.”

Madame de Fleury was not an enemy to any human being; she had never interfered in politics; her life had been passed in domestic pleasures, or employed for the good of her fellow-creatures. Even in this hour of personal danger she thought of others more than of herself : she thought of her husband, an exile in a foreign country, who might be reduced to the utmost distress, now that she was deprived of all means of remitting him money. She thought of her friends, who, she knew, would exert themselves to obtain her liberty, and whose zeal in her cause might involve them and their families in distress. She thought of the good Sister Frances, who had been exposed by her means to the unrelenting persecution of the malignant and powerful Tracassier. She thought of her poor little pupils, now thrown upon the world without a protector. Whilst these ideas were revolving in her mind, one night, as she lay awake, she heard the door of her chamber open softly, and a soldier, one of her guards, with a light in his hand, entered : he came to the foot of her bed; and, as she started up, laid his finger upon his lips.

“ Don’t make the least noise,” said he in a whisper; “ those without are drunk, and asleep. Don’t you know me?—Don’t you remember my face?”

“ Not in the least; yet I have some recollection of your voice.”

The man took off the bonnet-rouge—still she could not guess who he was.—“ You never saw me in an uniform before, nor without a black face.”

She looked again, and recollected the smith, to whom Maurice was bound apprentice, and remembered his *patois* accent.

“ I remember you,” said he, “ at any rate; and your

goodness to that poor girl the day her arm was broken, and all your goodness to Maurice—But I've no time for talking of that now—get up, wrap this great coat round you—don't be in a hurry, but make no noise, and follow me."

She followed him; and he led her past the sleeping sentinels, opened a back door into the garden, hurried her, almost carried her, across the garden, to a door at the furthest end of it, which opened into Les Champs Elysées—"La voilà!" cried he, pushing her through the half-opened door. "God be praised!" answered a voice, which Madame de Fleury knew to be Victoire's, whose arms were thrown round her with a transport of joy.

"Softly; she is not safe yet—wait till we get her home, Victoire," said another voice, which she knew to be that of Maurice. He produced a dark lantern, and guided Madame de Fleury across the Champs Elysées, and across the bridge, and then through various by-streets, in perfect silence, till they arrived safely at the house where Victoire's mother lodged, and went up those very stairs which she had ascended in such different circumstances several years before. The mother, who was sitting up waiting most anxiously for the return of her children, clasped her hands in an ecstasy, when she saw them return with Madame de Fleury.

"Welcome, madame! Welcome, dear madame! but who would have thought of seeing you here, in such a way? Let her rest herself—let her rest; she is quite overcome. Here, miladi, on this poor bed can you sleep?"

"The very same bed you laid me upon the day my arm was broken," said Victoire.

"Ay, Lord bless her!" said the mother; "and though it's seven good years ago, it seemed but yesterday that I saw her sitting on that bed, beside my poor child, looking

like an angel. But let her rest, let her rest—we'll not say a word more, only God bless her; thank Heaven, she's safe with us at last!"

Madame de Fleury expressed unwillingness to stay with these good people, lest she should expose them to danger; but they begged most earnestly that she would remain with them without scruple.

"Surely, madame," said the mother, "you must think that we have some remembrance of all you have done for us, and some touch of gratitude."

"And surely, madame, you can trust us, I hope," said Maurice.

"And surely you are not too proud to let us do something for you. The lion was not too proud to be served by the poor little mouse," said Victoire. "As to danger for us," continued she, "there can be none, for Maurice and I have contrived a hiding-place for you, madame, that can never be found out—let them come spying here so often as they please, they will never find her out, will they, Maurice? Look, madame, into this lumber-room—you see it seems to be quite full of wood for firing; well, if you creep in behind, there's a place behind where you can lie quite snug, and here's a trap-door into the loft that nobody ever would think of—for we have hung these old things from the top of it, and who could guess it was a trap-door! So you see, dear madame, you may sleep in peace here, and never fear for us."

Though but a girl of fourteen, Victoire showed at this time all the sense and prudence of a woman of thirty. Gratitude seemed at once to develope all the powers of her mind. It was she and Maurice who had prevailed upon the smith to effect Madame de Fleury's escape from her own house. She had invented, she had foreseen, she had arranged every thing; she had scarcely rested night or day since the imprisonment of her benefactress; and now that

her exertions had fully succeeded, her joy seemed to raise her above all feeling of fatigue; she looked as fresh, and moved as briskly, her mother said, as if she was preparing to go to a ball.

“Ah! my child,” said she, “your cousin Manon, who goes to those balls every night, was never so happy as you are this minute.”

But Victoire's happiness was not of long continuance; for the next day they were alarmed by intelligence that Tracassier was enraged beyond measure at Madame de Fleury's escape, that all his emissaries were at work to discover her present hiding-place, that the houses of all the parents and relations of her pupils were to be searched, and that the most severe denunciations were issued against all by whom she should be harboured. Manon was the person who gave this intelligence, but not with any benevolent design; she first came to Victoire, to display her own consequence; and to terrify her, she related all she knew from a soldier's wife, who was M. Tracassier's mistress. Victoire had sufficient command over herself to conceal from the inquisitive eyes of Manon the agitation of her heart; she had also the prudence not to let any one of her companions into her secret, though, when she saw their anxiety, she was much tempted to relieve them, by the assurance that Madame de Fleury was in safety. All the day was passed in apprehension. Madame de Fleury never stirred from her place of concealment: as the evening and the hour of the domiciliary visits approached, Victoire and Maurice were alarmed by an unforeseen difficulty. Their mother, whose health had been broken by hard work, in vain endeavoured to suppress her terror at the thoughts of this domiciliary visit; she repeated incessantly that she knew they should all be discovered, and that her children would be dragged to the guillotine before her face. She was in such a distracted state, that they dreaded she

would, the moment she saw the soldiers, reveal all she knew.

“If they question me, I shall not know what to answer,” cried the terrified woman. “What can I say?—What can I do?”

Reasoning, entreaties, all were vain; she was not in a condition to understand, or even to listen to, any thing that was said. In this situation they were, when the domiciliary visitors arrived—they heard the noise of the soldiers’ feet on the stairs—the poor woman sprang from the arms of her children; but at the moment the door was opened, and she saw the glittering of the bayonets, she fell at full length in a swoon on the floor—fortunately before she had power to utter a syllable. The people of the house knew, and said, that she was subject to fits on any sudden alarm; so that her being affected in this manner did not appear surprising. They threw her on a bed, whilst they proceeded to search the house: her children staid with her; and, wholly occupied in attending to her, they were not exposed to the danger of betraying their anxiety about Madame de Fleury. They trembled, however, from head to foot, when they heard one of the soldiers swear that all the wood in the lumber-room must be pulled out, and that he would not leave the house till every stick was moved; the sound of each log, as it was thrown out, was heard by Victoire: her brother was now summoned to assist. How great was his terror, when one of the searchers looked up to the roof, as if expecting to find a trap-door! fortunately, however, he did not discover it. Maurice, who had seized the light, contrived to throw the shadows so as to deceive the eye. The soldiers at length retreated; and with inexpressible satisfaction Maurice lighted them down stairs, and saw them fairly out of the house. For some minutes after they were in safety, the terrified mother, who had recovered her senses, could scarcely believe that the danger

was over. She embraced her children by turns with wild transport; and with tears begged Madame de Fleury to forgive her cowardice, and not to attribute it to ingratitude, or to suspect that she had a bad heart. She protested that she was now become so courageous, since she found that she had gone through this trial successfully, and since she was sure that the hiding-place was really so secure, that she should never be alarmed at any domiciliary visit in future. Madame de Fleury, however, did not think it either just or expedient to put her resolution to the trial. She determined to leave Paris; and, if possible, to make her escape from France. The master of one of the Paris diligences was brother to François, her footman: he was ready to assist her at all hazards, and to convey her safely to Bourdeaux, if she could disguise herself properly; and if she could obtain a pass from any friend under a feigned name.

Victoire—the indefatigable Victoire—recollected that her friend Annette had an aunt, who was nearly of Madame de Fleury's size, who had just obtained a pass to go to Bourdeaux to visit some of her relations. The pass was willingly given up to Madame de Fleury; and upon reading it over it was found to answer tolerably well—the colour of the eyes and hair at least would do; though the words *un nez gros* were not precisely descriptive of this lady's. Annette's mother, who had always worn the provincial dress of Auvergne, furnished the high *cornette*, stiff stays, boddice, etc.; and equipped in these, Madame de Fleury was so admirably well disguised, that even Victoire declared she should scarcely have known her. Money, that most necessary passport in all countries, was still wanting: as seals had been put upon all Madame de Fleury's effects the day she had been first imprisoned in her own house, she could not save even her jewels. She had, however, one ring on her finger of some value. How to dispose of it

without exciting suspicion was the difficulty. Babet, who was resolved to have her share in assisting her benefactress, proposed to carry the ring to a *colporteur*—a pedlar, or sort of travelling jeweller, who had come to lay in a stock of hardware at Paris: he was related to one of Madame de Fleury's little pupils, and readily disposed of the ring for her: she obtained at least two-thirds of its value—a great deal in those times.

The proofs of integrity, attachment, and gratitude, which she received in these days of peril, from those whom she had obliged in her prosperity, touched her generous heart so much, that she has often since declared she could not regret having been reduced to distress. Before she quitted Paris, she wrote letters to her friends, recommending her pupils to their protection; she left these letters in the care of Victoire, who to the last moment followed her with anxious affection. She would have followed her benefactress into exile, but that she was prevented by duty and affection from leaving her mother, who was in declining health.

Madame de Fleury successfully made her escape from Paris. Some of the municipal officers in the town through which she passed on her road were as severe as their ignorance would permit in scrutinising her passport. It seldom happened that more than one of these petty committees of public safety could read. One usually spelled out the passport as well as he could, whilst the others smoked their pipes, and from time to time held a light up to the lady's face, to examine whether it agreed with the description.

“Mais toi! tu n'as pas le nez gros!” said one of her judges to her. “Son nez est assez gros, et c'est moi qui le dit,” said another. The question was put to the vote; and the man who had asserted what was contrary to the evidence of his senses was so vehement in supporting his opinion, that it was carried in spite of all that could be said

against it. Madame de Fleury was suffered to proceed on her journey. She reached Bourdeaux in safety. Her husband's friends—the good have always friends in adversity—her husband's friends exerted themselves for her with the most prudent zeal. She was soon provided with a sum of money sufficient for her support for some time in England; and she safely reached that free and happy country, which has been the refuge of so many illustrious exiles.

CHAPTER XI.

“Cozi rozzo diamante appena splende
Dalla rupe natia quand' esce fuori
E a poco a poco lucido se rende
Sotto l'attenta che lo lavora.”

MADAME DE FLEURY joined her husband, who was in London; and they both lived in the most retired and frugal manner. They had too much of the pride of independence to become burthensome to their generous English friends. Notwithstanding the variety of difficulties they had to encounter, and the number of daily privations to which they were forced to submit, yet they were happy—in a tranquil conscience, in their mutual affection, and the attachment of many poor but grateful friends. A few months after she came to England, Madame de Fleury received, by a private hand, a packet of letters from her little pupils. Each of them, even the youngest, who had but just begun to learn joining-hand, would write a few lines in this packet.

In various hands, of various sizes, the changes were rung upon these simple words:

“My dear Madame de Fleury,

“I love you—I wish you were here again—I will be *very very* good whilst you are away. If you stay away ever so long, I shall never forget you, nor your goodness; but I hope you will soon be able to come back, and this is what I pray for every night. Sister Frances says I may tell you that I am very good, and Victoire thinks so too.”

This was the substance of several of their little letters. Victoire’s contained rather more information :—

“You will be glad to *learn* that dear Sister Frances is safe, and that the good chesnut woman, in whose cellar she took refuge, did not get into any difficulty. After you were gone, Mr. T——said that he did not think it worth while to pursue her, as it was only you he wanted to humble. Manon, who has, I do not know how, means of knowing, told me this. Sister Frances is now with her abbess, who, as well as every body else that knows her, is very fond of her. What was a convent, is no longer a convent: the nuns are turned out of it. Sister Frances’s health is not so good as it used to be, though she never complains; I am sure she suffers much; she has never been the same person since that day when we were driven from our happy school-room. It is all destroyed—the garden and every thing. It is now a dismal sight. Your absence also afflicts Sister Frances much, and she is in great anxiety about all of us. She has the six little ones with her every day, in her own apartment, and goes on teaching them, as she used to do. We six eldest go to see her as often as we can. I should have begun, my dear Madame de Fleury, by telling you, that, the day after you left Paris, I went to deliver all the letters you were so very kind to write for us in the midst of your hurry. Your friends have been exceedingly good to us,

and have placed us all. Rose is with Madame la Grace, your mantuamaker, who says she is more handy and more expert at cutting out than girls she has had these three years. Marianne is in the service of Madame de V——, who has lost a great part of her large fortune, and cannot afford to keep her former waiting-maid. Madame de V—— is well pleased with Marianne, and bids me tell you that she thanks you for her. Indeed, Marianne, though she is only fourteen, can do every thing her lady wants. Susanne is with a confectioner; she gave Sister Frances a box of *bonbons* of her own making this morning; and Sister Frances, who is a judge, says they are excellent; she only wishes you could taste them. Annette and I (thanks to your kindness!) are in the same service, with Madame Feuillot, the *brodeuse*, to whom you recommended us: she is not discontented with our work, and indeed sent a very civil message yesterday to Sister Frances on this subject; but I believe it is too flattering for me to repeat in this letter. We shall do our best to give her satisfaction. She is glad to find that we can write tolerably, and that we can make out bills and keep accounts; this being particularly convenient to her at present, as the young man she had in the shop is become an *orator*, and good for nothing but *la chose publique*: her son, who could have supplied his place, is ill; and Madame Feuillot herself, not having had, as she says, the advantage of such a good education as we have been blessed with, writes but badly, and knows nothing of arithmetic. Dear Madame de Fleury, how much, how very much we are obliged to you! We feel it every day more and more: in these times, what would have become of us, if we could do nothing useful! Who *would*, who *could* be burdened with us! Dear madame, we owe every thing to you—and we can do nothing, not the least thing, for you!—My mother is still in bad health, and I fear will never recover: Babet is with her always, and Sister Frances is very

good to her. My brother Maurice is now so good a workman, that he earns a louis a week. He is very steady to his business, and never goes to the revolutionary meetings, though once he had a great mind to be an orator of the people, but never since the day that you explained to him that he knew nothing about equality and the rights of men, etc. How could I forget to tell you, that his master, the smith, who was one of your guards, and who assisted you to escape, has returned without suspicion to his former trade? and he declares that he will never more meddle with public affairs. I gave him the money you left with me for him. He is very kind to my brother—yesterday he mended for Annette's mistress the lock of an English writing-desk, and he mended it so astonishingly well, that an English gentleman, who saw it, could not believe the work was done by a Frenchman; so my brother was sent for, to prove it, and they were forced to believe it. To-day he has more work than he can finish this twelvemonth—all this we owe to you. I shall never forget the day when you promised that you would grant my brother's wish to be apprenticed to this smith, if I was not in a passion for a month—that cured me of being so passionate.

“ Dear Madame de Fleury, I have written you too long a letter, and not so well as I can write when I am not in a hurry; but I wanted to tell you every thing at once, because, may be, I shall not for a long time have so safe an opportunity of sending a letter to you.

VICTOIRE.”

Several months elapsed before Madame de Fleury received another letter from Victoire: it was short, and evidently written in great distress of mind. It contained an account of her mother's death. She was now left at the early age of sixteen an orphan. Madame Feuillot, the *brodeuse*, with whom she lived, added a few lines to her letter, penned

with difficulty and strangely spelled, but expressive of her being highly pleased with both the girls recommended to her by Madame de Fleury, especially Victoire, who she said was such a treasure to her, that she would not part with her on any account, and should consider her as a daughter. "I tell her not to grieve so much; for though she has lost one mother, she has gained another for herself, who will always love her; and besides, she is so useful, and in so many ways, with her pen and her needle, in accounts, and every thing that is wanted in a family or a shop, she can never want employment or friends in the worst times; and none can be worse than these, especially for such pretty girls as she is, who have all their heads turned, and are taught to consider nothing a sin that used to be sins. Many gentlemen, who come to our shop, have found out that Victoire is very handsome, and tell her so; but she is so modest and prudent, that I am not afraid for her. I could tell you, madame, a good anecdote on this subject, but my paper will not allow, and besides my writing is so difficult."

Above a year elapsed before Madame de Fleury received another letter from Victoire: this was in a parcel, of which an emigrant took charge: it contained a variety of little offerings from her pupils, instances of their ingenuity, their industry, and their affection: the last thing in the packet was a small purse labelled in this manner—

"Savings from our wages and earnings, for her who taught us all we know."

CHAPTER XII.

“ Dans sa pompe élégante, admirez Chantilly,
De héros en héros, d’âge en âge, embelli.”

DE LILLE.

THE health of the good Sister Frances, which had suffered much from the shock her mind received at the commencement of the revolution, declined so rapidly in the course of the two succeeding years, that she was obliged to leave Paris, and she retired to a little village in the neighbourhood of Chantilly. She chose this situation, because here she was within a morning’s walk of Madame de Fleury’s country-seat. The Château de Fleury had not yet been seized as national property, nor had it suffered from the attacks of the mob, though it was in a perilous situation, within view of the high road to Paris. The Parisian populace had not yet extended their outrages to this distance from the city; and the poor people who lived on the estate of Fleury, attached from habit, principle, and gratitude to their lord, were not disposed to take advantage of the disorder of the times, to injure the property of those from whom they had all their lives received favours and protection. A faithful old steward had the care of the castle and the grounds. Sister Frances was impatient to talk to him, and to visit the castle, which she had never seen; but for some days after her arrival in the village, she was so much fatigued and so weak, that she could not attempt so long a walk. Victoire had obtained permission from her mistress to accompany the nun for a few days to the country, as Annette undertook to do all the business of the shop during the absence of her companion. Victoire

was fully as eager as Sister Frances to see the faithful steward and the Château de Fleury, and the morning was now fixed for their walk : but in the middle of the night they were wakened by the shouts of a mob, who had just entered the village fresh from the destruction of a neighbouring castle. The nun and Victoire listened; but in the midst of the horrid yells of joy, no human voice, no intelligible word, could be distinguished : they looked through a chink in the window-shutter, and they saw the street below filled with a crowd of men, whose countenances were by turns illuminated by the glare of the torches which they brandished.

“ Good Heavens ! ” whispered the nun to Victoire ; “ I should know the face of that man who is loading his musket—the very man whom I nursed ten years ago, when he was dying of a jail fever ! ”

This man, who stood in the midst of the crowd, taller by the head than the others, seemed to be the leader of the party : they were disputing whether they should proceed further, spend the remainder of the night in the village ale-house, or return to Paris. Their leader ordered spirits to be distributed to his associates, and exhorted them in a loud voice to proceed in their glorious work. Tossing his fire-brand over his head, he declared that he would never return to Paris till he had razed to the ground the Château de Fleury. At these words, Victoire, forgetful of all personal danger, ran out into the midst of the mob, pressed her way up to the leader of these ruffians, caught him by the arm, exclaiming, “ You will not touch a stone in the Château de Fleury—I have my reasons—I say you will not suffer a stone in the Château de Fleury to be touched.”

“ And why not ? ” cried the man, turning astonished ; “ and who are you, that I should listen to you ? ”

“ No matter who I am,” said Victoire ; “ follow me, and I will show you one to whom you will not refuse to listen.

Here!—here she is,” continued Victoire, pointing to the nun, who had followed her in amazement; “here is one to whom you will listen—yes, look at her well: hold the light to her face.”

The nun, in a supplicating attitude, stood in speechless expectation.

“Ay, I see you have gratitude, I know you will have mercy,” cried Victoire, watching the workings in the countenance of the man: “you will save the Château de Fleury, for her sake—who saved your life.”

“I will,” cried this astonished chief of a mob, fired with sudden generosity: “by my faith you are a brave girl, and a fine girl, and know how to speak to the heart, and in the right moment. Friends, citizens! this nun, though she is a nun, she is good for something. When I lay dying of a fever, and not a soul else to help me, she came and gave me medicines and food—in short, I owe my life to her. ’Tis ten years ago, but I remember it well; and now it is our turn to rule, and she shall be paid as she deserves. Not a stone of the Château de Fleury shall be touched!”

With loud acclamations, the mob joined in the generous enthusiasm of the moment, and followed their leader peaceably out of the village. All this passed with such rapidity as scarcely to leave the impression of reality upon the mind. As soon as the sun rose in the morning, Victoire looked out for the turrets of the Château de Fleury, and she saw that they were safe—safe in the midst of the surrounding devastations. Nothing remained of the superb palace of Chantilly but the white arches of its foundation.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ When thy last breath, ere nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd ;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed,
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave—
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave :
The sweet remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
Th' inspiring voice of innocence and truth !”

ROGERS.

THE good Sister Frances, though she had scarcely recovered from the shock of the preceding night, accompanied Victoire to the Château de Fleury. The gates were opened for them by the old steward and his son Basile, who welcomed them with all the eagerness with which people welcome friends in time of adversity. The old man showed them the place ; and through every apartment of the castle went on, talking of former times, and with narrative fondness told anecdotes of his dear master and mistress. Here his lady used to sit and read—here was the table at which she wrote—this was the sofa on which she and the ladies sat the very last day she was at the castle, at the open windows of the hall, whilst all the tenants and people of the village were dancing on the green.

“ Ay, those were happy times,” said the old man ; “ but they will never return.”

“ Never ! O do not say so,” cried Victoire.

“ Never during my life, at least,” said the nun in a low voice, and with a look of resignation.

Basile, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, happened to strike his arm against the chords of Madame de Fleury's harp, and the sound echoed through the room.

“Before this year is at an end,” cried Victoire, “perhaps that harp will be struck again in this castle by Madame de Fleury herself. Last night we could hardly have hoped to see these walls standing this morning, and yet it is safe—not a stone touched! O we shall all live, I hope, to see better times!”

Sister Frances smiled, for she would not depress Victoire’s enthusiastic hope: to please her, the good nun added, that she felt better this morning than she had felt for months, and Victoire was happier than she had been since Madame de Fleury left France. But, alas! it was only a transient gleam. Sister Frances relapsed, and declined so rapidly, that even Victoire, whose mind was almost always disposed to hope, despaired of her recovery. With placid resignation, or rather with mild confidence, this innocent and benevolent creature met the approach of death. She seemed attached to earth only by affection for those whom she was to leave in this world. Two of the youngest of the children which had formerly been placed under her care, and who were not yet able to earn their own subsistence, she kept with her, and in the last days of her life she continued her instructions to them with the fond solicitude of a parent. Her father confessor, an excellent man, who never even in these dangerous times shrunk from his duty, came to attend Sister Frances in her last moments, and relieved her mind from all anxiety, by promising to place the two little children with the lady who had been abbess of her convent, who would to the utmost of her power protect and provide for them suitably. Satisfied by this promise, the good Sister Frances smiled upon Victoire, who stood beside her bed, and with that smile upon her countenance expired.—It was some time before the little children seemed to comprehend, or to believe, that Sister Frances was dead: they had never before seen any

one die; they had no idea what it was to die, and their first feeling was astonishment: they did not seem to understand why Victoire wept. But the next day, when no Sister Frances spoke to them, when every hour they missed some accustomed kindness from her: when presently they saw the preparations for her funeral; when they heard that she was to be buried in the earth, and that they should never see her more, they could neither play nor eat, but sat in a corner holding each other's hands, and watching every thing that was done for the dead by Victoire.

In those times the funeral of a nun with a priest attending would not have been permitted by the populace. It was therefore performed as secretly as possible: in the middle of the night the coffin was carried to the burial-place of the Fleury family; the old steward, his son Basile, Victoire, and the good father confessor, were the only persons present. It is necessary to mention this, because the facts were afterwards misrepresented.

CHAPTER XIV.

“The character is lost!—

Her head adorn'd with lappets, pinn'd aloft,
And ribands streaming gay, superbly raised,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains.”

COWPER.

UPON her return to Paris, Victoire felt melancholy; but she exerted herself as much as possible in her usual occupation; finding that employment and the consciousness of doing her duty were the best remedies for sorrow.

One day as she was busy settling Madame Feuillot's accounts, a servant came into the shop, and inquired for Mademoiselle Victoire: he presented her a note, which she found rather difficult to decipher. It was signed by her cousin Manon, who desired to see Victoire at her hotel. “*Her hotel!*” repeated Victoire with astonishment. The servant assured her that one of the finest hotels in Paris belonged to his lady, and that he was commissioned to show her the way to it. Victoire found her cousin in a magnificent house, which had formerly belonged to the Prince de Salms. Manon, dressed in the disgusting, indecent extreme of the mode, was seated under a richly-fringed canopy. She burst into a loud laugh as Victoire entered.

“You look just as much astonished as I expected,” cried she. “Great changes have happened since I saw you last—I always told you, Victoire, I knew the world better than you did. What has come of all your schooling, and your mighty goodness, and your gratitude truly? Your patroness is banished and a beggar, and you a drudge in the shop of a *brodeuse*, who makes you work your fingers to

the bone, no doubt.—Now you shall see the difference. Let me show you my house ; you know it was formerly the hotel of the Prince de Salms, he that was guillotined the other day ; but you know nothing, for you have been out of Paris this month, I understand. Then I must tell you, that my friend Villeneuve has acquired an immense fortune ! by assignats, made in the course of a fortnight—I say an immense fortune ! and has bought this fine house—Now do you begin to understand ?”

“ I do not clearly know whom you mean by your friend Villeneuve,” said Victoire.

“ The hair-dresser, who lived in our street,” said Manon ; “ he became a great patriot, you know, and orator ; and what with his eloquence, and his luck in dealing in assignats, he has made his fortune and mine.”

“ And yours ! then he is your husband !”

“ That does not follow—that is not necessary—but do not look so shocked—every body goes on the same way now ; besides, I had no other resource—I must have starved—I could not earn my bread as you do. Besides, I was too delicate for hard work of any sort—and besides——but come, let me show you my house—you have no idea how fine it is.”

With anxious ostentation Manon displayed all her riches, to excite Victoire’s envy.

“ Confess, Victoire,” said she at last, “ that you think me the happiest person you have ever known.—You do not answer ; whom did you ever know that was happier ?”

“ Sister Frances, who died last week, appeared to be much happier,” said Victoire.

“ The poor nun !” said Manon, disdainfully. “ Well, and whom do you think the next happiest ?”

“ Madame de Fleury.”

“ An exile and a beggar !—O ! you are jesting now, Victoire—or—envious. With that sanctified face, Citoyenne

(perhaps I should say Mademoiselle) Victoire, you would be delighted to change places with me this instant. Come, you shall stay with me a week to try how you like it."

"Excuse me," said Victoire, firmly; "I cannot stay with you, Manon—you have chosen one way of life, and I another—quite another. I do not repent my choice—may you never repent yours!—Farewell!"

"Bless me! what airs! and with what dignity she looks! Repent of my choice!—a likely thing, truly. Am not I at the top of the wheel?"

"And may not the wheel turn?" said Victoire.

"Perhaps it may," said Manon; "but till it does, I will enjoy myself. Since you are of a different humour, return to Madame Feuillot, and *figure* upon cambric and muslin, and make out bills, and nurse old nuns, all the days of your life. You will never persuade me, however, that you would not change places with me if you could. Stay till you are tried, Mademoiselle Victoire. Who was ever in love with you, or your virtues?—Stay till you are tried."

CHAPTER XV.

“ But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye
To save her blossoms, or defend her fruit.”

MILTON.

THE trial was nearer than either Manon or Victoire expected. Manon had scarcely pronounced the last words, when the *ci-devant* hair-dresser burst into the room, accompanied by several of his political associates, who met to consult measures for the good of the nation. Among these patriots was the Abbé Tracassier.

“ Who is that pretty girl who is with you, Manon ? ” whispered he ; “ a friend of yours, I hope ? ”

Victoire left the room immediately, but not before the profligate abbé had seen enough to make him wish to see more. The next day he went to Madame Feuillot’s, under pretence of buying some embroidered handkerchiefs ; he paid Victoire a profusion of extravagant compliments, which made no impression upon her innocent heart, and which appeared ridiculous to her plain good sense. She did not know who he was, nor did Madame Feuillot ; for though she had often heard of the abbé, yet she had never seen him. Several succeeding days he returned, and addressed himself to Victoire, each time with increasing freedom. Madame Feuillot, who had the greatest confidence in her, left her entirely to her own discretion. Victoire begged her friend Annette to do the business of the shop, and staid at work in the back parlour. Tracassier was much disappointed by her absence ; but as he thought no great cere-

mony necessary in his proceedings, he made his name known in a haughty manner to Madame Feuillot, and desired that he might be admitted into the back parlour, as he had something of consequence to say to Mademoiselle Victoire in private. Our readers will not require to have a detailed account of this tête-à-tête; it is sufficient to say, that the disappointed and exasperated abbé left the house muttering imprecations. The next morning a note came to Victoire, apparently from Manon: it was directed by her, but the inside was written by an unknown hand, and contained these words:—

“You are a charming but incomprehensible girl—since you do not like compliments, you shall not be addressed with empty flattery. It is in the power of the person who dictates this, not only to make you as rich and great as your cousin Manon, but also to restore to fortune and to their country the friends for whom you are most interested. Their fate, as well as your own, is in your power—if you send a favourable answer to this note, the persons alluded to will, to-morrow, be struck from the list of emigrants, and reinstated in their former possessions. If your answer is decidedly unfavourable, the return of your friends to France will be thenceforward impracticable, and their château, as well as their house in Paris, will be declared national property, and sold without delay to the highest bidder. To you, who have as much understanding as beauty, it is unnecessary to say more. Consult your heart, charming Victoire! be happy, and make others happy. This moment is decisive of your fate and of theirs, for you have to answer a man of a most decided character.”

Victoire's answer was as follows:—

“My friends would not, I am sure, accept of their fortune, or consent to return to their country, upon the conditions proposed; therefore I have no merit in rejecting them.”

Victoire had early acquired good principles, and that plain, steady, good sense, which goes straight to its object, without being dazzled or imposed upon by sophistry. She was unacquainted with the refinements of sentiment, but she distinctly knew right from wrong, and had sufficient resolution to abide by the right. Perhaps many romantic heroines might have thought it a generous self-devotion to have become in similar circumstances the mistress of Tracassier; and those who are skilled “to make the worse appear the better cause” might have made such an act of heroism the foundation of an interesting, or at least a fashionable novel. Poor Victoire had not received an education sufficiently refined to enable her to understand these mysteries of sentiment. She was even simple enough to flatter herself that this libertine patriot would not fulfil his threats, and that these had been made only with a view to terrify her into compliance. In this opinion, however, she found herself mistaken. M. Tracassier was indeed a man of the most decided character, if this term may properly be applied to those who act uniformly in consequence of their ruling passion. The Château de Fleury was seized as national property. Victoire heard this bad news from the old steward, who was turned out of the castle along with his son, the very day after her rejection of the proposed conditions.

“I could not have believed that any human creature could be so wicked!” exclaimed Victoire, glowing with indignation: but indignation gave way to sorrow.

“And the Château de Fleury is really seized?—and you, good old man, are turned out of the place where you were born?—and you, too, Basile?—and Madame de Fleury will never come back again!—and perhaps she may be put into prison in a foreign country, and may die for want—and I might have prevented all this!”

Unable to shed a tear, Victoire stood in silent conster-

nation, whilst Annette explained to the good steward and his son the whole transaction. Basile, who was naturally of an impetuous temper, was so transported with indignation, that he would have gone instantly with the note from Tracassier to *denounce* him before the whole national convention, if he had not been restrained by his more prudent father. The old steward represented to him, that as the note was neither signed nor written by the hand of Tracassier, no proof could be brought home to him, and the attempt to convict one of so powerful a party would only bring certain destruction upon the accusers. Besides, such was at this time the general depravity of manners, that numbers would keep the guilty in countenance. There was no crime which the mask of patriotism could not cover.

“There is one comfort we have in our misfortunes, which these men can never have,” said the old man; “when their downfall comes, and come it will most certainly, they will not feel as we do, INNOCENT. Victoire, look up! and do not give way to despair—all will yet be well.”

“At all events, you have done what is right, so do not reproach yourself,” said Basile. “Every body—I mean every body who is good for any thing—must respect, admire, and love you, Victoire.”

CHAPTER XVI.

“Ne mal cio che v’annoia’;

Quello e vero gioire

Che nasce da virtue dopo il soffrire.”

BASILE had not seen without emotion the various instances of goodness which Victoire showed during the illness of Sister Frances. Her conduct towards M. Tracassier increased his esteem and attachment; but he forbore to declare his affection, because he could not, consistently with prudence, or with gratitude to his father, think of marrying, now that he was not able to maintain a wife and family. The honest earnings of many years of service had been wrested from the old steward at the time the Château de Fleury was seized, and he now depended on the industry of his son for the daily support of his age. His dependence was just, and not likely to be disappointed; for he had given his son an education suitable to his condition in life. Basile was an exact arithmetician, could write an excellent hand, and was a ready draughtsman and surveyor. To bring these useful talents into action, and to find employment for them, with men by whom they would be honestly rewarded, was the only difficulty—a difficulty which Victoire’s brother Maurice soon removed. His reputation as a smith had introduced him, among his many customers, to a gentleman of worth and scientific knowledge, who was at this time employed to make models and plans of all the fortified places in Europe; he was in want of a good clerk and draughtsman, of whose integrity he could be secure. Maurice mentioned his friend Basile;

and upon inquiry into his character, and upon trial of his abilities, he was found suited to the place, and was accepted. By his well-earned salary, he supported himself and his father; and began, with the sanguine hopes of a young man, to flatter himself that he should soon be rich enough to marry, and that then he might declare his attachment to Victoire. Notwithstanding all his boasted prudence, he had betrayed sufficient symptoms of his passion to have rendered a declaration unnecessary to any clear-sighted observer; but Victoire was not thinking of conquests, she was wholly occupied with a scheme of earning a certain sum of money for her benefactress, who was now, as she feared, in want. All Madame de Fleury's former pupils contributed their share to the common stock; and the mantuamaker, the confectioner, the servants of different sorts, who had been educated at her school, had laid by, during the years of her banishment, an annual portion of their wages and savings: with the sum which Victoire now added to the fund, it amounted to ten thousand livres. The person who undertook to carry this money to Madame de Fleury was François, her former footman, who had procured a pass to go to England as a hair-dresser. The night before he set out was a happy night for Victoire, as all her companions met, by Madame Feuillot's invitation, at her house; and after tea they had the pleasure of packing up the little box in which each, beside the money, sent some token of their gratitude, and some proof of their ingenuity. They would, with all their hearts, have sent twice as many *souvenirs* as François could carry.

“D’abord c’est impossible!” cried he, when he saw the box that was prepared for him to carry to England: but his good-nature was unable to resist the entreaties of each to have her offering carried, “which would take up no room.”

He departed—arrived safe in England—found out Madame de Fleury, who was in real distress, in obscure lodgings at Richmond. He delivered the money, and all the presents of which he had taken charge: but the person to whom she trusted a letter, in answer to Victoire, was not so punctual, or was more unlucky; for the letter never reached her, and she and her companions were long uncertain whether their little treasure had been received. They still continued, however, with indefatigable gratitude, to lay by a portion of their earnings for their benefactress; and the pleasure they had in this perseverance made them more than amends for the loss of the little amusements and privations to which they submitted in consequence of their resolution.

In the mean time Basile, going on steadily with his employments, advanced every day in the favour of his master, and his salary was increased in proportion to his abilities and industry; so that he thought he could now, without any imprudence, marry. He consulted his father, who approved of his choice; he consulted Maurice as to the probability of his being accepted by Victoire; and encouraged by both his father and his friend, he was upon the eve of addressing himself to Victoire, when he was prevented by a new and unforeseen misfortune. His father was taken up, by an emissary of Tracassier's, and brought before one of their revolutionary committees, where he was accused of various acts of incivisme. Among other things equally criminal, it was proved, that one Sunday, when he went to see La petite Trianon, then a public-house, he exclaimed, “C'est ici que la canaille danse, et que les honnêtes gens pleurent!”

Basile was present at this mock examination of his father—he saw him on the point of being dragged to prison—when a hint was given that he might save his father by enlisting immediately, and going with the army out of France.

Victoire was full in Basile's recollection—but there was no other means of saving his father. He enlisted, and in twenty-four hours left Paris.

What appear to be the most unfortunate circumstances of life often prove ultimately the most advantageous. Indeed, those who have knowledge, activity, and integrity, can convert the apparent blanks in the lottery of fortune into prizes. Basile was recommended to his commanding officer by the gentleman who had lately employed him as a clerk—his skill in drawing plans, and in taking rapid surveys of the countries through which they passed, was extremely useful to his general; and his integrity made it safe to trust him as a secretary. His commanding officer, though a brave man, was illiterate, and a secretary was to him a necessary of life. Basile was not only useful, but agreeable; without any mean arts or servile adulation, he pleased, by simply showing the desire to oblige, and the ability to serve.

“Diable !” exclaimed the general one day, as he looked at Basile's plan of a town, which the army was besieging, “How comes it that you are able to do all these things ! But you have a genius for this sort of work, apparently.”

“No, sir,” said Basile, “these things were taught to me, when I was a child, by a good friend.”

“A good friend he was, indeed ! He did more for you than if he had given you a fortune; for, in these times, that might have been soon taken from you; but now you have the means of making a fortune for yourself.”

This observation of the general's, obvious as it may seem, is deserving of the serious consideration of those who have children of their own to educate, or who have the disposal of money for public charities. In these times, no sensible person will venture to pronounce that a change of fortune and station may not await the highest and the lowest; whether we rise or fall in the scale of society, per-

sonal qualities and knowledge will be valuable. Those who fall, cannot be destitute; and those who rise, cannot be ridiculous or contemptible, if they have been prepared for their fortune by proper education. In shipwreck, those who carry their all in their minds are the most secure.

But to return to Basile. He had sense enough not to make his general jealous of him by any unseasonable display of his talents, or any officious intrusion of advice, even upon subjects which he best understood.

The talents of the warrior and the secretary were in such different lines, that there was no danger of competition; and the general, finding in his secretary the soul of all the arts, good sense, gradually acquired the habit of asking his opinion on every subject that came within his department. It happened that the general received orders from the Directory, at Paris, to take a certain town, let it cost what it would, within a given time: in his perplexity, he exclaimed before Basile against the unreasonableness of these orders, and declared his belief that it was impossible he should succeed, and that this was only a scheme of his enemies to prepare his ruin. Basile had attended to the operations of the engineer who acted under the general, and perfectly recollected the model of the mines of this town, which he had seen when he was employed as draughtsman by his Parisian friend. He remembered, that there was formerly an old mine, that had been stopped up somewhere near the place where the engineer was at work; he mentioned *in private* his suspicions to the general, who gave orders in consequence: the old mine was discovered, cleared out, and by these means the town was taken the day before the time appointed. Basile did not arrogate to himself any of the glory of this success—he kept his general's secret and his confidence. Upon their return to Paris, after a fortunate campaign, the general was more

grateful than some others have been, perhaps because more room was given by Basile's prudence for the exercise of this virtue.

"My friend," said he to Basile, "you have done me a great service by your counsel, and a greater still by holding your tongue. Speak now, and tell me freely, if there is any thing I can do for you. You see, as a victorious general, I have the upper hand amongst these fellows—Tracassier's scheme to ruin me missed—whatever I ask will at this moment be granted; speak freely, therefore."

Basile asked what he knew Victoire most desired—that M. and Madame de Fleury should be struck from the list of emigrants, and that their property now in the hands of the nation should be restored to them. The general promised that this should be done. A warm contest ensued upon the subject between him and Tracassier; but the general stood firm; and Tracassier, enraged, forgot his usual cunning, and quarrelling irrevocably with a party, now more powerful than his own, he and his adherents were driven from that station in which they had so long tyrannized. From being the rulers of France, they in a few hours became banished men, or, in the phrase of the times, *des déportés*.

We must not omit to mention the wretched end of Manon. The man with whom she lived perished by the guillotine. From his splendid house she went upon the stage—did not succeed—sunk from one degree of profligacy to another; and at last died in an hospital.

In the mean time, the order for the restoration of the Fleury property, and for permission for the Fleury family to return to France, was made out in due form, and Maurice begged to be the messenger of these good tidings:—he set out for England with the order.

Victoire immediately went down to the Château de

Fleury, to get every thing in readiness for the reception of the family.

Exiles are expeditious in their return to their native country. Victoire had but just time to complete her preparations, when M. and Madame de Fleury arrived at Calais. Victoire had assembled all her companions, all Madame de Fleury's former pupils; and the hour when she was expected home, they, with the peasants of the neighbourhood, were all in their holiday clothes, and, according to the custom of the country, singing and dancing. Without music and dancing there is no perfect joy in France. Never was *fête de village* or *fête de Seigneur* more joyful than this.

The old steward opened the gate—the carriage drove in. Madame de Fleury saw that home, which she had little expected ever more to behold; but all other thoughts were lost in the pleasure of meeting her beloved pupils.

“My children!” cried she, as they crowded round her the moment she got out of her carriage—“My dear *good* children!”

It was all she could say. She leaned on Victoire's arm as she went into the house, and by degrees recovering from the almost painful excess of pleasure, began to enjoy what she yet only confusedly felt.

Several of her pupils were so much grown and altered in their external appearance, that she could scarcely recollect them till they spoke, and then their voices and the expression of their countenances brought their childhood fully to her memory. Victoire, she thought, was changed the least, and at this she rejoiced.

The feeling and intelligent reader will imagine all the pleasure that Madame de Fleury enjoyed this day; nor was it merely the pleasure of a day. She heard from all her friends, with prolonged satisfaction, repeated accounts of

the good conduct of these young people during her absence. She learned with delight how her restoration to her country and her fortune had been effected; and is it necessary to add, that Victoire consented to marry Basile, and that she was suitably portioned, and, what is better still, that she was perfectly happy!—M. de Fleury rewarded the attachment and good conduct of Maurice, by taking him into his service; and making him his manager under the old steward at the Château de Fleury.

On Victoire's wedding-day, Madame de Fleury produced all the little offerings of gratitude which she had received from her and her companions during her exile. It was now her turn to confer favours, and she knew how to confer them both with grace and judgment.

“No gratitude in human nature! No gratitude in the lower classes of the people!” cried she: “How much those are mistaken who think so! I wish they could know my history and the history of these *my children*, and they would acknowledge their error.”

Edgeworths-town, 1805.

The good conduct of these young people during her absence. She learned with delight how her restoration to her country and her fortune had been effected; and it is necessary to add, that Victorine consented to marry Basil, and that she was suitably portioned, and, what is better still, that she was perfectly happy!—Mr. de Tilley rewarded the attention and good conduct of Maurice, by taking him into his service; and making him his manager under the old steward in the household of Fanny.

On Victorine's wedding-day, Madame de Tilley produced all the little offerings of gratitude which she had received from her and her companions during her exile. It was now her turn to confer favours, and she knew how to confer them both with grace and judgment. "No gratitude in the lower classes of the people!" cried she: "How much those are mistaken who think so! I wish they could know my history, and the history of those my relations, and they would acknowledge their error."

How right she was!—and how right she was to be so. The history of the lower classes of the people is a history of suffering and of struggle. It is a history of the struggle for existence, of the struggle for the right to live, and of the struggle for the right to be free. It is a history of the struggle for the right to be free, and of the struggle for the right to be free. It is a history of the struggle for the right to be free, and of the struggle for the right to be free.

And the struggle for the right to be free is a struggle for the right to be free. It is a struggle for the right to be free, and of the struggle for the right to be free. It is a struggle for the right to be free, and of the struggle for the right to be free.

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THE DUN.

“In the higher and middle classes of society,” says a celebrated writer, “it is a melancholy and distressing sight to observe, not unfrequently, a man of a noble and ingenuous disposition, once feelingly alive to a sense of honour and integrity, gradually sinking under the pressure of his circumstances, making his excuses at first with a blush of conscious shame, afraid to see the faces of his friends from whom he may have borrowed money, reduced to the meanest tricks and subterfuges to delay or avoid the payment of his just debts, till, ultimately grown familiar with falsehood, and at enmity with the world, he loses all the grace and dignity of man.”

Colonel Pembroke, the subject of the following story, had not, at the time his biographer first became acquainted with him, “grown familiar with falsehood;” his conscience was not entirely callous to reproach, nor was his heart insensible to compassion; but he was in a fair way to get rid of all troublesome feelings and principles. He was connected with a set of selfish young men of fashion, whose opinions stood him instead of law, equity, and morality; to them he appealed in all doubtful cases, and his self-complacency being daily and hourly dependent upon their decisions, he had seldom either leisure or inclination to consult his own judgment. His amusements and his ex

penses were consequently regulated by the example of his companions, not by his own choice. To follow them in every absurd variety of the mode, either in dress or equipage, was his first ambition; and all their factitious wants appeared to him objects of the first necessity. No matter how good the boots, the hat, the coat, the furniture, or the equipage might be, if they had outlived the fashion of the day, or even of the hour, they were absolutely worthless in his eyes. *Nobody* could be seen in such things—then of what use could they be to *any body*? Colonel Pembroke's finances were not exactly equal to the support of such *liberal* principles; but this was a misfortune which he had in common with several of his companions. It was no check to their spirit—they could live upon credit—credit, “that talisman, which realizes every thing it imagines, and which can imagine every thing.”* Without staying to reflect upon the immediate or remote consequences of this system, Pembroke, in his first attempts, found it easy to reduce it to practice: but, as he proceeded, he experienced some difficulties. Tradesmen's bills accumulated, and applications for payment became every day more frequent and pressing. He defended himself with much address and ingenuity, and practice perfected him in all the Fabian arts of delay. “*No faith with duns*” became, as he frankly declared, a maxim of his morality. He could now, with a most plausible face, protest to a *poor devil*, upon the honour of a gentleman, that he should be paid to-morrow; when nothing was further from his intentions or his power than to keep his word: and when *to-morrow* came, he could with the most easy assurance *damn the rascal* for putting a gentleman in mind of his promises. But there were persons more difficult to manage than *poor devils*. Colonel Pembroke's

* See Des Casaux sur le Mécanisme de Société.

tailor, who had begun by being the most accommodating fellow in the world, and who had in three years run him up a bill of thirteen hundred pounds, at length began to fail in complaisance, and had the impertinence to talk of his large family, and his urgent calls for money, etc. And next, the colonel's shoe and bootmaker, a man from whom he had been in the habit of taking two hundred pounds-worth of shoes and boots every year, for himself and his servants, now pretended to be in distress for ready money, and refused to furnish more goods upon credit. "Ungrateful dog!" Pembroke called him; and he actually believed his creditors to be ungrateful and insolent, when they asked for their money; for men frequently learn to believe what they are in the daily habit of asserting,* especially if their assertions be not contradicted by their audience. He knew that his tradesmen overcharged him in every article he bought, and therefore he thought it but just to delay payment whilst it suited his convenience. "Confound them, they can very well afford to wait!" As to their pleas of urgent demands for ready money, large families, etc., he considered these merely as words of course, tradesmen's cant, which should make no more impression upon a gentleman than the whining of a beggar.

One day when Pembroke was just going out to ride with some of his gay companions, he was stopped at his own door by a pale, thin, miserable-looking boy, of eight or nine years old, who presented him with a paper, which he took for granted was a petition; he threw the child half-a-crown. "There, take that," said he, "and stand out of the way of my horse's heels, I advise you, my little fellow."

The boy, however, still pressed closer; and without picking up the half-crown, held the paper to Colonel Pembroke, who had now vaulted into his saddle.

* Rochefoucault.

“O no! no! That’s too much, my lad—I never read petitions—I’d sooner give half-a-crown at any time than read a petition.”

“But, sir, this is not a petition——indeed, sir, I am not a beggar.”

“What is it then?—Heyday! a bill!—Then you’re worse than a beggar—a dun!—a dun! in the public streets, at your time of life! You little rascal, why what will you come to before you are your father’s age?” The boy sighed. “If,” pursued the colonel, “I were to serve you right, I should give you a good horse-whipping. Do you see this whip?”

“I do, sir,” said the boy; “but——”

“But what? you insolent little dun!—But what?”

“My father is dying,” said the child, bursting into tears, “and we have no money to buy him bread, or any thing.”

Struck by these words, Pembroke snatched the paper from the boy, and looking hastily at the total and title of the bill, read—“Twelve pounds, fourteen—John White, weaver.”—“I know of no such person!—I have no dealings with weavers, child,” said the colonel, laughing: “My name’s Pembroke—Colonel Pembroke.”

“Colonel Pembroke—yes, sir, the very person Mr. Close, the tailor, sent me to!”

“Close, the tailor! D—n the rascal: was it he sent you to dun me? for this trick he shall not see a farthing of my money this twelvemonth. You may tell him so, you little whining hypocrite!—And, hark you! the next time you come to me, take care to come with a better story—let your father and mother and six brothers and sisters be all lying ill of the fever—do you understand?”

He tore the bill into bits as he spoke, and showered it over the boy’s head. Pembroke’s companions laughed at this operation, and he facetiously called it “powdering a dun.” They rode off to the Park in high spirits; and the

poor boy picked up the half-crown, and returned home. His home was in a lane in Moorfields, about three miles distant from this gay part of the town. As the child had not eaten any thing that morning, he was feeble, and grew faint as he was crossing Covent Garden. He sat down upon the corner of a stage of flowers.

“What are you doing there?” cried a surly man, pulling him up by the arm; “what business have you lounging and loitering here, breaking my best balsam?”

“I did not mean to do any harm—I am not loitering, indeed, sir,—I’m only weak,” said the boy, “and hungry.”

“Oranges! oranges! fine china oranges!” cried a woman, rolling her barrow full of fine fruit towards him. “If you’ve a two-pence in the world, you can’t do better than take one of these fine ripe china oranges.”

“I have not two-pence of my own in the world,” said the boy.

“What’s that I see through the hole in your waistcoat pocket?” said the woman; “is not that silver?”

“Yes, half-a-crown; which I am carrying home to my father, who is ill, and wants it more than I do.”

“Pooh! take an orange out of it—it’s only two-pence—and it will do you good—I’m sure you look as if you wanted it badly enough.”

“That may be; but father wants it worse—No, I won’t change my half-crown,” said the boy, turning away from the tempting oranges.

The gruff gardener caught him by the hand.

“Here, I’ve moved the balsam a bit, and it is not broke, I see; sit ye down, child, and rest yourself, and eat this,” said he, putting into his hand half a ripe orange, which he had just cut.

“Thank you!—God bless you, sir!—How good it is—But,” said the child, stopping after he had tasted the sweet juice, “I am sorry I have sucked so much; I might have

carried it home to father, who is ill; and what a treat it would be to him!—I'll keep the rest."

"No—that you sha'n't," said the orange-woman. "But I'll tell you what you shall do—take this home to your father, which is a better one by half—I'm sure it will do him good—I never knew a ripe china orange do harm to man, woman, or child."

The boy thanked the good woman and the gardener, as only those can thank who have felt what it is to be in absolute want. When he was rested, and able to walk, he pursued his way home. His mother was watching for him at the street-door.

"Well, John, my dear, what news? Has he paid us?"

The boy shook his head.

"Then we must bear it as well as we can," said his mother, wiping the cold dew from her forehead.

"But look, mother, I have this half-crown, which the gentleman, thinking me a beggar, threw to me."

"Run with it, love, to the baker's.—No—stay, you're tired—I'll go myself; and do you step up to your father, and tell him the bread is coming in a minute."

"Don't run, for you're not able, mother; don't hurry so," said the boy, calling after her, and holding up his orange: "See, I have this for father whilst you are away."

He clambered up three flights of dark, narrow, broken stairs, to the room in which his father lay. The door hung by a single hinge, and the child had scarcely strength enough to raise it out of the hollow in the decayed floor into which it had sunk. He pushed it open, with as little noise as possible, just far enough to creep in.

Let those forbear to follow him whose fine feelings can be moved only by romantic elegant scenes of distress, whose delicate sensibility shrinks from the revolting sight of real misery. Here are no pictures for romance, no stage effect to be seen, no poetic language to be heard—

nothing to charm the imagination—every thing to disgust the senses.

This room was so dark, that upon first going into it, after having been in broad daylight, you could scarcely distinguish any one object it contained—and no one used to breathe a pure atmosphere, could probably have endured to remain many minutes in this garret. There were three beds in it—one on which the sick man lay : divided from it by a tattered rug was another, for his wife and daughter ; and a third for his little boy in the furthest corner. Underneath the window was fixed a loom, at which the poor weaver had worked hard many a day and year—too hard, indeed—even till the very hour he was taken ill. His shuttle now lay idle upon the frame. A girl of about sixteen—his daughter—was sitting at the foot of his bed, finishing some plainwork.

“O Anne! how your face is all flushed!” said her little brother, as she looked up when he came into the room.

“Have you brought us any money?” whispered she : “don’t say *No* loud, for fear father should hear you.”

The boy told her in a low voice all that had passed.

“Speak out, my dear, I’m not asleep,” said his father.

“So you are come back as you went?”

“No, father, not quite——there’s bread coming for you.”

“Give me some more water, Anne, for my mouth is quite parched.”

The little boy cut his orange in an instant, and gave a piece of it to his father, telling him at the same time how he came by it. The sick man raised his hands to heaven, and blessed the poor woman who gave it to him.

“O how I love her! and how I hate that cruel, unjust, rich man, who won’t pay father for all the hard work he has done for him!” cried the child : “how I hate him!”

“God forgive him!” said the weaver. “I don’t know

what will become of you all, when I'm gone; and no one to befriend you—or even to work at the loom. Anne, I think if I was up," said he, raising himself, "I could still contrive to do a little good."

"Dear father, don't think of getting up; the best you can do for us is to lie still and take rest."

"Rest!—I can take no rest, Anne. Rest! there's none for me in this world. And whilst I'm in it, is not it my duty to work for my wife and children? Reach me my clothes, and I'll get up."

It was vain to contend with him, when this notion seized him that it was his duty to work till the last. All opposition fretted and made him worse; so that his daughter and his wife, even from affection, were forced to yield, and to let him go to the loom, when his trembling hands were scarcely able to throw the shuttle. He did not know how weak he was till he tried to walk. As he stepped out of bed, his wife came in with a loaf of bread in her hand—at the unexpected sight he made an exclamation of joy; sprang forward to meet her, but fell upon the floor in a swoon, before he could put one bit of the bread which she broke for him into his mouth. Want of sustenance, the having been overworked, and the constant anxiety which preyed upon his spirits, had reduced him to this deplorable state of weakness. When he recovered his senses, his wife showed him his little boy eating a large piece of bread—she also ate, and made Anne eat before him, to relieve his mind from that dread which had seized it—and not without some reason—that he should see his wife and children starve to death.

"You find, father, there's no danger for to-day," said Anne; "and to-morrow I shall be paid for my plain-work, and then we shall do very well for a few days longer; and I dare say in that time Mr. Close, the tailor, will receive

some money from some of the great many rich gentlemen who owe him so much; and you know he promised that as soon as ever he was able he would pay us."

With such hopes, and the remembrance of such promises, the poor man's spirits could not be much raised; he knew, alas! how little dependence was to be placed on them. As soon as he had eaten, and felt his strength revive, he insisted upon going to the loom: his mind was bent upon finishing a pattern, for which he was to receive five guineas in ready money—he worked, and worked, then lay down and rested himself, then worked again, and so on during the remainder of the day; and during several hours of the night he continued to throw the shuttle, whilst his little boy and his wife by turns wound spools for him.

He completed his work, and threw himself upon his bed quite exhausted, just as the neighbouring clock struck one.

At this hour Colonel Pembroke was in the midst of a gay and brilliant assembly at Mrs. York's, in a splendid saloon illuminated with wax-lights in profusion, the floor crayoned with roses and myrtles, which the dancers' feet effaced, the walls hung with the most expensive hot-house flowers; in short, he was surrounded with luxury in all its extravagance. It is said that the peaches alone at this entertainment amounted to six hundred guineas. They cost a guinea apiece: the price of one of them, which Colonel Pembroke threw away because it was not perfectly ripe, would have supported the weaver and his whole family for a week.

There are political advocates for luxury, who assert, perhaps justly, that the extravagance of individuals increases the wealth of nations. But even upon this system, those who by false hopes excite the industrious to exertion, without paying them their just wages, commit not only the most cruel private injustice, but the most important

public injury. The permanence of industry in any state must be proportioned to the certainty of its reward.

Amongst the masks at Mrs. York's were three, who amused the company particularly: the festive mob followed them as they moved, and their bon-mots were applauded and repeated by all the best, that is to say, the most fashionable male and female judges of wit. The three distinguished characters were a spendthrift, a bailiff, and a dun. The spendthrift was supported with great spirit and *truth* by Colonel Pembroke, and two of his companions were *great* and *correct* in the parts of the bailiff and the dun. The happy idea of appearing in these characters this night had been suggested by the circumstance that happened in the morning. Colonel Pembroke gave himself great credit, he said, for thus "striking novelty even from difficulty;" and he rejoiced that the rascal of a weaver had sent his boy to dun him, and had thus furnished him with diversion for the evening as well as the morning. We are much concerned that we cannot, for the advantage of posterity, record any of the innumerable *good things* which undoubtedly were uttered by this trio. Even the newspapers of the day could speak only in general panegyric. The probability, however, is, that the colonel deserved the praises that were lavished upon his manner of supporting his character. No man was better acquainted than himself with all those anecdotes of men of fashion, which could illustrate the spendthrift system. At least fifty times he had repeated, and always with the same *glee*, the reply of a great character to a creditor, who, upon being asked when his *bond* debts were likely to be paid, answered, "On the day of judgment."

Probably the admiration, which this and similar sallies of wit have excited, must have produced a strong desire in the minds of many young men of spirit to perform similar

feats; and though the ruin of innumerable poor creditors may be the consequence, that will not surely be deemed by a certain class of reasoners worthy of a moment's regret, or even a moment's thought. Persons of tender consciences may perhaps be shocked at the idea of committing injustice and cruelty by starving their creditors, but they may strengthen their minds by taking an enlarged political view of the subject.

It is obvious, that whether a hundred guineas be in the pocket of A or B, the total sum of the wealth of the nation remains the same; and whether the enjoyments of A be as 100, and those of B as 0,—or whether these enjoyments be equally divided between A and B,—is a matter of no importance to the political arithmetician, because in both cases it is obvious that the total sum of national happiness remains the same. The happiness of individuals is nothing compared with the general mass.

And if the individual B should fancy himself ill used by our political arithmetician, and should take it into his head to observe, that though the happiness of B is nothing to the general mass, yet that it is every thing to him—the politician of course takes snuff, and replies, that his observation is foreign to the purpose—that the good of the whole society is the object in view. And if B immediately accede to this position, and only ask humbly whether the good of the whole be not made up of the good of the parts—and whether as a part he has not some right to his share of good—the dexterous logical arithmetician answers, that B is totally out of the question, because B is a negative quantity in the equation. And if obstinate B, still conceiving himself aggrieved, objects to this total annihilation of himself and his interests, and asks why the lot of extinction should not fall upon the debtor C, or even upon the calculator himself, by whatever letter of the alphabet he happens to be designated, the calculator must

knit his brow, and answer—any thing he pleases—except, *I don't know*—for this is a phrase below the dignity of a philosopher. This argument is produced, not as a statement of what is really the case, but as a popular argument against political sophistry.

Colonel Pembroke, notwithstanding his success at Mrs. York's masquerade in his character of a spendthrift, could not by his utmost wit and address satisfy or silence his impertinent tailor. Mr. Close absolutely refused to give further credit without valuable consideration; and the colonel was compelled to pass his bond for the whole sum which was claimed, which was fifty pounds more than was strictly due, in order to compound with the tailor for the want of ready money. When the bond was fairly signed, sealed, and delivered, Mr. Close produced the poor weaver's bill.

“Colonel Pembroke,” said he, “I have a trifling bill here—I am really ashamed to speak to you about such a trifle—but as we are settling all accounts—and as this White, the weaver, is so wretchedly poor, that he or some of his family are with me every day of my life dunning me to get me to speak about their little demand——”

“Who is this White?” said Mr. Pembroke.

“You recollect the elegant waistcoat pattern of which you afterwards bought up the whole piece, lest it should become common and vulgar?—this White was the weaver, from whom we got it.”

“Bless me! why that's two years ago: I thought that fellow was paid long ago!”

“No, indeed; I wish he had; for he has been the torment of my life this many a month—I never saw people so eager about their money.”

“But why do you employ such miserable, greedy creatures? What can you expect but to be dunned every hour of your life?”

“Very true, indeed, colonel; it is what I always, on that

principle, avoid as far as possibly I can : but I can't blame myself in this particular instance ; for this White, at the time I employed him first, was a very decent man, and in a very good way, for one of his sort : but I suppose he has taken to drink, for he is worth not a farthing now."

"What business has a fellow of his sort to drink? he should leave that for his betters," said Colonel Pembroke, laughing. "Drinking's too great a pleasure for a weaver. The drunken rascal's money is safer in my hands, tell him, than in his own."

The tailor's conscience twinged him a little at this instant, for he had spoken entirely at random, not having the slightest grounds for his insinuation that this poor weaver had ruined himself by drunkenness.

"Upon my word, sir," said Close, retracting, "the man may not be a drunken fellow for any thing I know positively—I purely surmised *that* might be the case, from his having fallen into such distress, which is no otherwise accountable for, to my comprehension, except we believe his own story, that he has money due to him which he cannot get paid, and that this has been his ruin."

Colonel Pembroke cleared his throat two or three times upon hearing this last suggestion, and actually took up the weaver's bill with some intention of paying it; but he recollected that he should want the ready money he had in his pocket for another indispensable occasion; for he was *obliged* to go to Brookes's that night; so he contented his humanity by recommending it to Mr. Close to pay White and have done with him.

"If you let him have the money, you know, you can put it down to my account, or make a memorandum of it at the back of the bond. In short, settle it as you will, but let me hear no more about it. I have not leisure to think of such trifles—Good morning to you, Mr. Close."

Mr. Close was far from having any intentions of com-

plying with the colonel's request. When the weaver's wife called upon him after his return home, he assured her that he had not seen the colour of one guinea, or one farthing, of Colonel Pembroke's money, and that it was absolutely impossible that he could pay Mr. White till he was paid himself—that it could not be expected he should advance money for any body out of his own pocket—that he begged he might not be pestered and dunned any more, for that *he really had not leisure to think of such trifles.*

For want of this trifle, of which neither the fashionable colonel nor his fashionable tailor had leisure to think, the poor weaver and his whole family were reduced to the last degree of human misery—to absolute famine. The man had exerted himself to the utmost to finish a pattern, which had been bespoke for a tradesman, who promised, upon the delivery of it, to pay him five guineas in hand. This money he received: but four guineas of it were due to his landlord for rent of his wretched garret, and the remaining guinea was divided between the baker, to whom an old bill was due, and the apothecary, to whom they were obliged to have recourse, as the weaver was extremely ill. They had literally nothing now to depend upon but what the wife and daughter could earn by needlework; and they were known to be so miserably poor, that the *prudent* neighbours did not like to trust them with plainwork, lest it should not be returned safely. Besides, in such a dirty place as they lived in, how could it be expected that they should put any work out of their hands decently clean? The woman to whom the house belonged, however, at last procured them work from Mrs. Carver, a widow lady, who she said was extremely charitable. She advised Anne to carry home the work as soon as it was finished, and to wait to see the lady herself, who might perhaps be as charitable to her as she was to many others. Anne resolved to take this advice: but when she carried home her work

to the place to which she was directed, her heart almost failed her; for she found Mrs. Carver lived in such a handsome house, that there was little chance of a poor girl being admitted by the servants further than the hall-door or the kitchen. The lady, however, happened to be just coming out of her parlour at the moment the hall-door was opened for Anne; and she bid her come in, and show her work—approved of it—commended her industry—asked her several questions about her family—seemed to be touched with compassion by Anne's account of their distress—and after paying what she had charged for the work, put half-a-guinea into her hand, and bid her call the next day, when she hoped that she should be able to do something more for her. This unexpected bounty, and the kindness of voice and look with which it was accompanied, had such an effect upon the poor girl, that if she had not caught hold of a chair to support herself she would have sunk to the ground. Mrs. Carver immediately made her sit down—"O madam! I'm well, quite well now—it was nothing—only surprise," said she, bursting into tears. "I beg your pardon for this foolishness—but it is only because I'm weaker to day than usual, for want of eating."

"For want of eating! my poor child! How she trembles! she is weak indeed—and must not leave my house in this condition."

Mrs. Carver rang the bell, and ordered a glass of wine: but Anne was afraid to drink it, as she was not used to wine, and as she knew that it would affect her head if she drank without eating. When the lady found that she refused the wine, she did not press it, but insisted upon her eating something.

"O madam!" said the poor girl, "it is long, long indeed, since I have eaten so heartily; and it is almost a shame for me to stay eating such dainties, when my father and mother are all the while in the way they are. But I'll

run home with the half-guinea, and tell them how good you have been, and they will be so joyful and so thankful to you! My mother will come herself, I'm sure, with me to-morrow morning—she can thank you so much better than I can!”

Those only who have known the extreme of want can imagine the joy and gratitude with which the half-guinea was received by this poor family. Half-a-guinea!—Colonel Pembroke spent six half-guineas this very day in a fruit-shop, and ten times that sum at a jeweller's on seals and baubles for which he had no manner of use.

When Anne and her mother called the next morning to thank their benefactress, she was not up; but her servant gave them a parcel from his mistress: it contained a fresh supply of needlework, a gown, and some other clothes, which were directed *for Anne*. The servant said, that if she would call again about eight in the evening, his lady would probably be able to see her, and that she begged to have the work finished by that time. The work was finished, though with some difficulty, by the appointed hour; and Anne, dressed in her new clothes, was at Mrs. Carver's door just as the clock struck eight. The old lady was alone at tea; she seemed to be well pleased by Anne's punctuality; said that she had made inquiries respecting Mr. and Mrs. White, and that she heard an excellent character of them; that therefore she was disposed to do every thing she could to serve them. She added, that she “should soon part with her own maid, and that perhaps Anne might supply her place.” Nothing could be more agreeable to the poor girl than this proposal: her father and mother were rejoiced at the idea of seeing her so well placed; and they now looked forward impatiently for the day when Mrs. Carver's maid was to be dismissed. In the mean time the old lady continued to employ Anne, and to make her presents, sometimes of clothes, and sometimes

of money. The money she always gave to her parents; and she loved her "good old lady," as she always called her, more for putting it in her power thus to help her father and mother than for all the rest. The weaver's disease had arisen from want of sufficient food, from fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind; and he grew rapidly better, now that he was relieved from want, and inspired with hope. Mrs. Carver bespoke from him two pieces of waist-coating, which she promised to dispose of for him most advantageously, by a raffle, for which she had raised subscriptions amongst her numerous acquaintance. She expressed great indignation, when Anne told her how Mr. White had been ruined by persons who would not pay their just debts; and when she knew that the weaver was overcharged for all his working materials, because he took them upon credit, she generously offered to lend them whatever ready money might be necessary, which she said Anne might repay, at her leisure, out of her wages.

"O madam!" said Anne, "you are too good to us, indeed—too good! and if you could but see into our hearts, you would know that we are not ungrateful."

"I am sure *that* is what you never will be, my dear," said the old lady; "at least such is my opinion of you."

"Thank you, ma'am! thank you, from the bottom of my heart!—We should all have been starved, if it had not been for you. And it is owing to you that we are so happy now—quite different creatures from what we were."

"Quite a different creature indeed, you look, child, from what you did the first day I saw you. To-morrow my own maid goes, and you may come at ten o'clock; and I hope we shall agree very well together—you'll find me an easy mistress, and I make no doubt I shall always find you the good grateful girl you seem to be."

Anne was impatient for the moment when she was to enter into the service of her benefactress; and she lay awake half the night, considering how she should ever be able to show sufficient gratitude. As Mrs. Carver had often expressed her desire to have Anne look neat and smart, she dressed herself as well as she possibly could; and when her poor father and mother took leave of her, they could not help observing, as Mrs. Carver had done the day before, that “Anne looked quite a different creature from what she was a few weeks ago.” She was, indeed, an extremely pretty girl; but we need not stop to relate all the fond praises that were bestowed upon her beauty by her partial parents. Her little brother John was not at home when she was going away; he was at a carpenter’s shop in the neighbourhood mending a wheelbarrow, which belonged to that good-natured orange-woman who gave him the orange for his father. Anne called at the carpenter’s shop to take leave of her brother. The woman was there waiting for her barrow—she looked earnestly at Anne when she entered, and then whispered to the boy, “Is that your sister?”—“Yes,” said the boy, “and as good a sister she is as ever was born.”

“May be so,” said the woman; “but she is not likely to be good for much long, in the way she is going on now.”

“What way?—what do you mean?” said Anne, colouring violently.

“O, you understand me well enough, though you look so innocent.”

“I do not understand you in the least.”

“No!—Why, is not it you that I see going almost every day to that house in Chiswell-street?”

“Mrs. Carver’s?—Yes.”

“Mrs. Carver’s, indeed!” cried the woman, throwing an

orange-peel from her with an air of disdain—"a pretty come off indeed! as if I did not know her name, and all about her, as well as you do."

"Do you?" said Anne; "then I am sure you know one of the best women in the world."

The woman looked still more earnestly than before in Anne's countenance; and then taking hold of both her hands, exclaimed, "You poor young creature! what are you about? I do believe you don't know what you are about—if you do, you are the greatest cheat I ever looked in the face, long as I've lived in this cheating world."

"You frighten my sister," said the boy: "do pray tell her what you mean at once, for look how pale she turns."

"So much the better, for now I have good hope of her. Then to tell you all at once—no matter how I frighten her, it's for her good—this Mrs. Carver, as you call her, is only Mrs. Carver when she wants to pass upon such as you for a good woman."

"To *pass* for a good woman!" repeated Anne with indignation. "O, she is, she is a good woman—you do not know her as I do."

"I know her a great deal better, I tell you: if you choose not to believe me, go your ways—go to your ruin—go to your shame—go to your grave—as hundreds have gone, by the same road, before you. Your Mrs. Carver keeps two houses, and one of them is a bad house—and that's the house you'll soon go to, if you trust to her: now you know the whole truth."

The poor girl was shocked so much, that for several minutes she could neither speak nor think. As soon as she had recovered sufficient presence of mind to consider what she should do, she declared that she would that instant go home and put on her rags again, and return to the wicked Mrs. Carver all the clothes she had given her.

"But what will become of us all?—She has lent my fa-

ther money—a great deal of money. How can he pay her?—O, I will pay her all—I will go into some honest service, now I am well and strong enough to do any sort of hard work, and God knows I am willing.”

Full of these resolutions, Anne hurried home, intending to tell her father and mother all that had happened; but they were neither of them within. She flew to the mistress of the house, who had first recommended her to Mrs. Carver, and reproached her in the most moving terms which the agony of her mind could suggest. Her landlady listened to her with astonishment, either real or admirably well affected—declared that she knew nothing more of Mrs. Carver but that she lived in a large fine house, and that she had been very charitable to some poor people in Moorfields—that she bore the best of characters—and that if nothing could be said against her but by an orange-woman, there was no great reason to believe such scandal.

Anne now began to think that the whole of what she had heard might be a falsehood, or a mistake; one moment she blamed herself for so easily suspecting a person who had shown her so much kindness; but the next minute the emphatic words and warning looks of the woman recurred to her mind; and though they were but the words and looks of an orange-woman, she could not help dreading that there was some truth in them. The clock struck ten whilst she was in this uncertainty. The woman of the house urged her to go without further delay to Mrs. Carver's, who would undoubtedly be displeased by any want of punctuality; but Anne wished to wait for the return of her father and mother.

“They will not be back, either of them, these three hours; for your mother is gone to the other end of the town about that old bill of Colonel Pembroke's, and your father is gone to buy some silk for weaving—he told me he should not be home before three o'clock.”

Notwithstanding these remonstrances, Anne persisted in her resolution: she took off the clothes which she had received from Mrs. Carver, and put on those which she had been used to wear. Her mother was much surprised, when she came in, to see her in this condition; and no words can describe her grief, when she heard the cause of this change. She blamed herself severely for not having made inquiries concerning Mrs. Carver before she had suffered her daughter to accept of any presents from her; and she wept bitterly, when she recollected the money which this woman had lent her husband.

“She will throw him into jail, I am sure she will—we shall be worse off a thousand times than ever we were in our worst days. The work that is in the loom, by which he hoped to get so much, is all for her, and it will be left upon hands now; and how are we to pay the woman of this house for the lodgings?—O! I see it all coming upon us at once,” continued the poor woman, wringing her hands. “If that Colonel Pembroke would but let us have our own!—But there I’ve been all the morning hunting him out, and at last, when I did see him, he only swore, and said we were all a family of *duns*, or some such nonsense. And then he called after me from the top of his fine stairs, just to say, that he had ordered Close, the tailor, to pay us; and when I went to him, there was no satisfaction to be got from him—his shop was full of customers, and he hustled me away, giving me for answer, that when Colonel Pembroke paid him, he would pay us, and no sooner. Ah! these purse-proud tradesfolk, and these sparks of fashion, what do they know of all we suffer? What do they care for us?—It is not for charity I ask any of them—only for what my own husband has justly earned, and hardly toiled for too; and this I cannot get out of their hands. If I could, we might defy this wicked woman—but now we are laid under her feet, and she will trample us to death.”

In the midst of these lamentations, Anne's father came in : when he learnt the cause of them, he stood for a moment in silence ; then snatched from his daughter's hand the bundle of clothes, which she had prepared to return to Mrs. Carver.

"Give them to me ; I will go to this woman myself," cried he with indignation : "Anne shall never more set her foot within those doors."

"Dear father," cried Anne, stopping him as he went out of the door, "perhaps it is all a mistake : do pray inquire from somebody else before you speak to Mrs. Carver—she looks so good, she has been so kind to me, I cannot believe that she is wicked. Do pray inquire of a great many people before you knock at the door."

He promised that he would do all his daughter desired.

With most impatient anxiety they waited for his return : the time of his absence appeared insupportably long, and they formed new fears and new conjectures every instant. Every time they heard a footstep upon the stairs, they ran out to see who it was : sometimes it was the landlady—sometimes the lodgers or their visitors—at last came the person they longed to see ; but the moment they beheld him, all their fears were confirmed. He was pale as death, and his lips trembled with convulsive motion. He walked directly up to his loom, and without speaking one syllable began to cut the unfinished work out of it.

"What are you about, my dear?" cried his wife. "Consider what you are about—this work of yours is the only dependence we have in the world."

"You have nothing in this world to depend upon, I tell you," cried he, continuing to cut out the web with a hurried hand—"you must not depend on me—you must not depend on my work—I shall never throw this shuttle more whilst I live—think of me as if I was dead—to-morrow I shall be dead to you—I shall be in a jail, and there must

lie till carried out in my coffin. Here, take this work just as it is to our landlady—she met me on the stairs, and said she must have her rent directly—that will pay her—I'll pay all I can. As for the loom, that's only hired—the silk I bought to-day will pay the hire—I'll pay all my debts to the uttermost farthing, as far as I am able—but the ten guineas to that wicked woman I cannot pay—so I must rot in a jail. Don't cry, Anne; don't cry so, my good girl—you'll break my heart, wife, if you take on so. Why! have not we one comfort, that let us go out of this world when we may, or how we may, we shall go out of it honest, having no one's ruin to answer for, having done our duty to God and man, as far as we are able?—My child," continued he, catching Anne in his arms, "I have you safe, and I thank God for it!"

When this poor man had thus, in an incoherent manner, given vent to his first feelings, he became somewhat more composed, and was able to relate all that had passed between him and Mrs. Carver. The inquiries which he made before he saw her sufficiently confirmed the orange-woman's story; and when he returned the presents, which Anne had unfortunately received, Mrs. Carver, with all the audacity of a woman hardened in guilt, avowed her purpose and her profession—declared that whatever ignorance and innocence Anne or her parents might now find it convenient to affect, she "was confident they had all the time perfectly understood what she was about, and that she would not be cheated at last by a parcel of swindling hypocrites." With horrid imprecations she then swore, that if Anne was kept from her she would have vengeance—and that her vengeance should know no bounds. The event showed that these were not empty threats—the very next day she sent two bailiffs to arrest Anne's father. They met him in the street, as he was going to pay the last farthing he had to the baker. The wretched man in vain endea-

voured to move the ear of justice, by relating the simple truth. Mrs. Carver was rich—her victim was poor. He was committed to jail; and he entered his prison with the firm belief, that there he must drag out the remainder of his days.

One faint hope remained in his wife's heart—she imagined that if she could but prevail upon Colonel Pembroke's servants, either to obtain for her a sight of their master, or if they would carry to him a letter containing an exact account of her distress, he would immediately pay the fourteen pounds, which had been so long due. With this money she could obtain her husband's liberty, and she fancied all might yet be well. Her son, who could write a very legible hand, wrote the petition. "Ah, mother!" said he, "don't hope that Colonel Pembroke will read it—he will tear it to pieces, as he did one that I carried him before."

"I can but try," said she; "I cannot believe that any gentleman is so cruel, and so unjust—he must and will pay us when he knows the whole truth."

Colonel Pembroke was dressing in a hurry, to go to a great dinner at the Crown and Anchor tavern. One of Pembroke's gay companions had called, and was in the room waiting for him. It was at this inauspicious time that Mrs. White arrived. Her petition the servant at first absolutely refused to take from her hands; but at last a young lad, whom the colonel had lately brought from the country, and who had either more natural feeling, or less acquired power of equivocating, than his fellows, consented to carry up the petition, when he should, as he expected, be called by his master to report the state of a favourite horse that was sick. While his master's hair was dressing, the lad was summoned; and when the health of the horse had been anxiously inquired into, the lad, with country awkwardness, scratched his head, and laid the petition be-

fore his master, saying—"Sir, there's a poor woman below waiting for an answer; and if so be what she says is true, as I take it to be, 'tis enough to break one's heart."

"Your heart, my lad, is not seasoned to London yet, I perceive," said Colonel Pembroke, smiling; "why your heart will be broke a thousand times over by every beggar you meet."

"No, no: I be too much of a man for that," replied the groom, wiping his eyes hastily with the back of his hand—"not such a noodle as that comes too neither—beggars are beggars, and so to be treated—but this woman, sir, is no common beggar—not she; nor is she begging any ways—only to be paid her bill—so I brought it, as I was coming up."

"Then, sir, as you are going down, you may take it down again, if you please," cried Colonel Pembroke; "and in future, sir, I recommend it to you to look after your horses, and to trust me to look after my own affairs."

The groom retreated; and his master gave the poor woman's petition, without reading it, to the hair-dresser, who was looking for a piece of paper to try the heat of his irons.

"I should be pestered with bills and petitions from morning till night, if I did not frighten these fellows out of the trick of bringing them to me," continued Colonel Pembroke, turning to his companion. "That blockhead of a groom is but just come to town; he does not know yet how to drive away a dun—but he'll learn. They say that the American dogs did not know how to bark, till they learnt it from their civilized betters."

Colonel Pembroke habitually drove away reflection, and silenced the whispers of conscience, by noisy declamation, or sallies of wit.

At the bottom of the singed paper, which the hair-dresser left on the table, the name of White was sufficiently

visible. “White!” exclaimed Mr. Pembroke, “as I hope to live and breathe, these Whites have been this half-year the torment of my life.” He started up, rang the bell, and gave immediate orders to his servant, that *these Whites* should never more be let in, and that no more of their bills and petitions in any form whatever should be brought to him. I’ll punish them for their insolence—I won’t pay them one farthing this twelvemonth: and if the woman is not gone, pray tell her so—I bid Close, the tailor, pay them: if he has not, it is no fault of mine. Let me not hear a syllable more about it—I’ll part with the first of you who dares to disobey me.”

“The woman is gone, I believe, sir,” said the footman; “it was not I let her in, and I refused to bring up the letter.”

“You did right. Let me hear no more about the matter. We shall be late at the Crown and Anchor. I beg your pardon, my dear friend, for detaining you so long.”

Whilst the colonel went to his jovial meeting, where he was the life and spirit of the company, the poor woman returned in despair to the prison where her husband was confined.

We forbear to describe the horrible situation to which this family were soon reduced. Beyond a certain point, the human heart cannot feel compassion.

One day, as Anne was returning from the prison, where she had been with her father, she was met by a porter, who put a letter into her hands, then turned down a narrow lane, and was out of sight before she could inquire from whom he came. When she read the letter, however, she could not be in doubt—it came from Mrs. Carver, and contained these words:—

“You can gain nothing by your present obstinacy—you are the cause of your father’s lying in jail, and of your mother’s being, as she is, nearly starved to death. You can

relieve them from misery worse than death, and place them in ease and comfort for the remainder of their days. Be assured, they do not speak sincerely to you, when they pretend not to wish that your compliance should put an end to their present sufferings. It is you that are cruel to them—it is you that are cruel to yourself, and can blame nobody else. You might live all your days in a house as good as mine, and have a plentiful table served from one year's end to another, with all the dainties of the season, and you might be dressed as elegantly as the most elegant lady in London (which, by-the-by, your beauty deserves), and you would have servants of your own, and a carriage of your own, and nothing to do all day long but take your pleasure. And after all, what is asked of you?—only to make a person happy, whom half the town would envy you, that would make it a study to gratify you in every wish of your heart. The person alluded to you have seen, and more than once, when you have been talking to me of work in my parlour. He is a very rich and generous gentleman. If you come to Chiswell-street about six this evening you will find all I say true—if not, you and yours must take the consequences.”

Coarse as the eloquence of this letter may appear, Anne could not read it without emotion: it raised in her heart a violent contest. Virtue, with poverty and famine, were on one side—and vice, with affluence, love, and every worldly pleasure, on the other.

Those who have been bred up in the lap of luxury; whom the breath of heaven has never visited too roughly; whose minds, from their earliest infancy, have been guarded even with more care than their persons; who in the dangerous season of youth are surrounded by all that the solicitude of experienced friends, and all that polished society, can devise for their security; are not perhaps competent

to judge of the temptations by which beauty in the lower classes of life may be assailed. They who have never seen a father in prison, or a mother perishing for want of the absolute necessities of life—they who have never themselves known the cravings of famine, cannot form an adequate idea of this poor girl's feelings, and of the temptation to which she was now exposed. She wept—she hesitated—and “the woman that deliberates is lost.” Perhaps those who are the most truly virtuous of her sex will be the most disposed to feel for this poor creature, who was literally half famished before her good resolutions were conquered. At last she yielded to necessity. At the appointed hour, she was in Mrs. Carver's house. This woman received her with triumph—she supplied Anne immediately with food, and then hastened to deck out her victim in the most attractive manner. The girl was quite passive in her hands. She promised, though scarcely knowing that she uttered the words, to obey the instructions that were given to her, and she suffered herself, without struggle, or apparent emotion, to be led to destruction. She appeared quite insensible—but at last she was roused from this state of stupefaction, by the voice of a person with whom she found herself alone. The stranger, who was a young and gay gentleman, pleasing both in his person and manners, attempted by every possible means to render himself agreeable to her, to raise her spirits, and calm her apprehensions. By degrees, his manner changed from levity to tenderness. He represented to her, that he was not a brutal wretch, who could be gratified by any triumph in which the affections of the heart have no share; and he assured her, that in any connexion which she might be prevailed upon to form with him, she should be treated with honour and delicacy.

Touched by his manner of speaking, and overpowered by the sense of her own situation, Anne could not reply

one single word to all he said—but burst into an agony of tears, and sinking on her knees before him, exclaimed, “Save me! save me from myself!—Restore me to my parents, before they have reason to hate me.”—

The gentleman seemed to be somewhat in doubt whether this was *acting* or nature; but he raised Anne from the ground, and placed her upon a seat beside him. “Am I to understand, then, that I have been deceived, and that our present meeting is against your own consent?”

“No, I cannot say that—O, how I wish that I could!—I did wrong, very wrong, to come here—but I repent—I was half-starved—I have a father in jail—I thought I could set him free with the money——but I will not pretend to be better than I am—I believe I thought that, beside relieving my father, I should live all my days without ever more knowing what distress is—and I thought I should be happy—but now I have changed my mind—I never could be happy with a bad conscience—I know—by what I have felt this last hour.”

Her voice failed; and she sobbed for some moments without being able to speak. The gentleman, who now was convinced that she was quite artless and thoroughly in earnest, was struck with compassion; but his compassion was not unmixed with other feelings, and he had hopes that, by treating her with tenderness, he should in time make it her wish to live with him as his mistress. He was anxious to hear what her former way of life had been; and she related, at his request, the circumstances by which she and her parents had been reduced to such distress. His countenance presently showed how much he was interested in her story—he grew red and pale—he started from his seat, and walked up and down the room in great agitation, till at last, when she mentioned the name of Colonel Pembroke, he stopped short, and exclaimed, “I am the man—I am Colonel Pembroke—I am that unjust, unfeeling wretch!

How often, in the bitterness of your hearts, you must have cursed me !”

“O ! no—my father, when he was at the worst, never cursed you ; and I am sure he will have reason to bless you now, if you send his daughter back again to him, such as she was when she left him.”

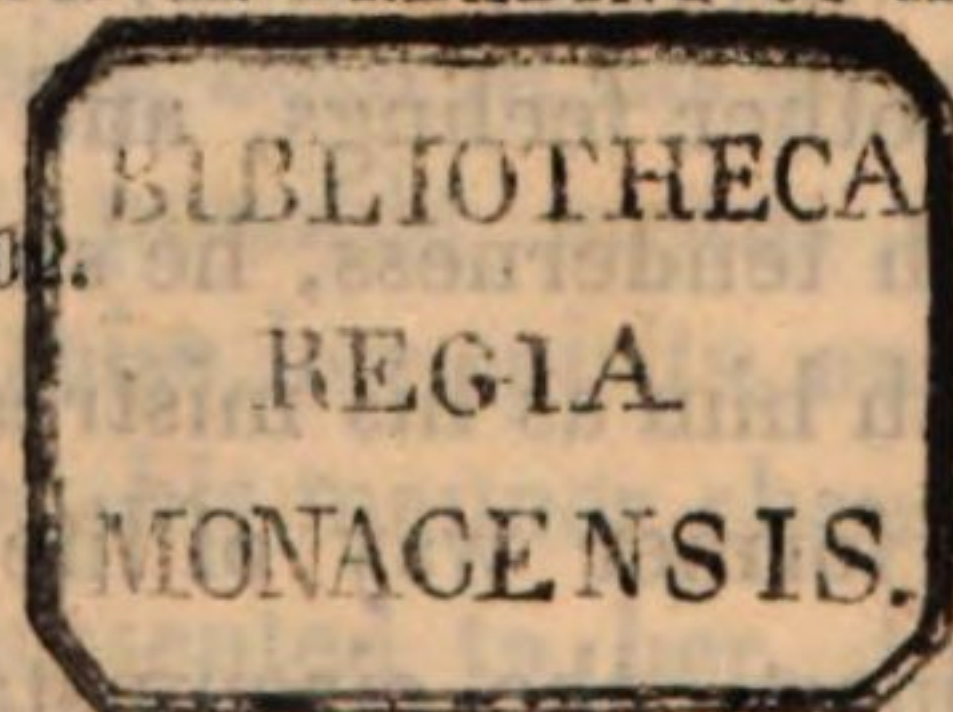
“That shall be done,” said Colonel Pembroke ; “and in doing so, I make some sacrifice, and have some merit. It is time I should make some reparation for the evils I have occasioned,” continued he, taking a handful of guineas from his pocket : “but first let me pay my just debts.”

“My poor father !” exclaimed Anne,—“to-morrow he will be out of prison.”

“I will go with you to the prison, where your father is confined—I will force myself to behold all the evils I have occasioned.”

Colonel Pembroke went to the prison ; and he was so much struck by the scene, that he not only relieved the misery of this family, but in two months afterwards his debts were paid, his race-horses sold, and all his expenses regulated, so as to render him ever afterwards truly independent. He no longer spent his days, like many young men of fashion, either in DREADING OR IN DAMNING DUNS.

Edgeworth's-town, 1802.



END OF VOL. I.



Schinner

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Tales of fashionable life

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